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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS

OF THE LATE

SUSANNA MASON;

WITH A BRIEF MEMOIR OF HER LIFE,

BY HER DAUGHTER.

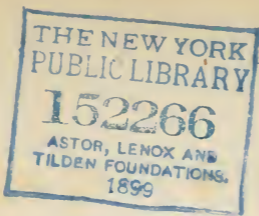
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INTRODUCTION.

“Long shall my care the sweet memorials save,
The hand that traced them rests within the grave.”

E. SMITH.

WITH a desire to preserve from oblivion every delineation of the mind and character of a beloved mother, I have long been collecting such letters as are yet extant; but from among the numerous epistolary friends who, from early life till within the last eight years of her sojourn with the children of probation corresponded with her, I regret that so few compositions have been gathered. Several that are here presented signed S. H., were taken from rough draughts found among her papers, some with neither superscription nor date; but they have been arranged according to the supposed period of time in which they were written, before she had so fully submitted to the refining process of truth, which, in after years, circumscribed her pen to more serious themes.

I am well aware, that the happiest efforts of her pen previously to her marriage, are among the missing, as letters to her, from men, eminent in talents and exalted in piety, evince that her literary productions were highly

appreciated by them ; but they have long since ceased to mingle with the habitants of earth, and their descendants are scattered, and to me unknown.

But these, defective as they may appear to the critical observer, will, I believe, be perused with interest by those to whom her memory is still precious ; and being frequently solicited by many to give them access to the manuscript in my keeping, I have become willing to dispose them into a little volume, in order to gratify all who may wish to scan its pages.

“Thoughts on Education,” I believe were written with a view to publication, as the theme was dear to her heart, and her desire active, to arouse the attention of parents and teachers to the importance of impressing upon the youthful mind the culture of the moral law, as given in its purity by the Saviour of men. “The Reverie, or Vision, written by a Mother for the instruction of her children,” was more particularly designed for their benefit. It appears in part, to be an imitation of allegories to the same print, already extant ; but should it serve to arrest one soul gliding down the current of Time, regardless of the vortex into which habits adverse to the precepts and doctrine of the blessed Redeemer fail not to draw the mind, I trust her motive will be answered, for the word of the Lord, through whatever medium conveyed to his rational creation, “shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that which He please, and prosper in the thing where unto it is sent.”

It may be observed by the dates, that at least thirty

years have rolled away since the last traces of her pen : and taking into view the advancement of literature in this country since that day, allowance must be made by the connoisseur in modes of expression, should exceptions to harmony fall upon his ear. My endeavours have been to preserve her sentiments unchanged ; hence her own phraseology has been retained in every important point she has touched upon.

Some words now obsolete or seldom used, will occasionally present, but they may be found in the Dictionary compiled in part by Thomas Dychè, author of the Guide to the English Tongue, and completed by William Pardon, which was published in 1771, and to which she most probably referred.

With a desire that the attention of the reader may dwell upon the doctrine of self-denial, regeneration, and an humble walk before God, which she has placed among the essentials to salvation, more than upon scholastic attainments, this volume is submitted to the Public.

A SKETCH

OF THE

CHARACTER OF SUSANNA MASON.

IN drawing the distinguishing features of a character, that from the earliest dawn of remembrance has been associated with the warmest affections of the heart, it may be supposed that the delineation has received some touches from the hand of partiality ; but from the memoirs, letters, and other writings here presented, a pretty correct estimate of her mind may be gathered.

She was the daughter of William and Rachel Hopkins, of Deer Creek, Harford County, Maryland. Her father was a Member of the Religious Society of Friends, her mother belonged to the Episcopal Church, and was a diligent adherer to its rites and ceremonies for many years after her marriage ; the daughters, three in number, were committed to her guidance in spiritual matters ; the sons attended worship with their father, though without restriction on either side.

Most of her early years were spent in acquiring the best education that country schools at that time afforded ; but to her own energies, love of literature, and re-

flecting habits, she owed more than to aid received from teachers. She was endowed with a lively imagination; her wit keen and well directed against the follies that so frequently blemish the beauty and dignity of the rational creation, cast her at a distance from the vain devotees at the altar of self complacency, and caused them to shrink from her criticism. But she was aware that this propensity needed a vigilant guard, which may be deduced from the following fragment found among her papers: "I experience with Paul, a law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and inducing me to do at times, that which I would not, a disposition to sport and vagary, and in my most serious moments, when occasion presents, I see it as quickly as a spider a fly that is entangled in its web, of which the wily creature takes advantage. Perhaps the ease and tranquillity of my present condition in life, render me more obnoxious to such temptations which I know to be hurtful to the better part. I sometimes feel a longing of soul to partake more fully of that cup and baptism, which I am sensible can only purify from all dross and defilement; but should they be administered in larger draughts and deeper plungings, perhaps feeble nature would shrink and repine under them."

In early life, an attachment subsisted between her and a young clergyman, and his premature death, probably strengthened the bias of her mind to retirement, reading, and reflection.

She had an uncle and aunt Hall, residing at Mount

Welcome, in Cecil County, Maryland, where many of the hours of her youthful hilarity were spent, and from whence some of her letters are dated that describe her amusements and avocations whilst there. She also made frequent visits to Philadelphia, where she was kindly welcomed by her affectionate relatives, Charles and Patience Marshall, in whose house of hospitable fame she ever found an agreeable home. Here, her society was courted and her talents appreciated by many of the first order in the literary galaxy of that day, and among her intimate friends were enrolled the names of Benezet, Duchè, Hopkinson, and many others of different religious denominations ; for she was not a sectarian, but willingly accepted the fruits of mind wherever offered, and assimilated with practical piety regardless of its external habiliments.

As nearly as can be ascertained from circumstances, she became a member of the Religious Society of Friends, about her twentieth year. It is to be regretted that so scanty a record of this interesting period is necessarily made, as the contemporaries of the morning of her day have all filled up their measure of probation, and been added to the myriads of spiritual beings from whom no tidings return to mortal ears.

In 1779, she entered into matrimonial connexion with George Mason, of Chester County, Pennsylvania, and removed to reside with him on his paternal inheritance. Of this seat of industry, rural beauty, and comfort, she has given a correct delineation in a poetical epistle, ad-

dressed from a friend in the country to a friend in the city.

Here, blessed with peace and competency, she proved herself a grateful receiver by "a closer walk with God," and having embraced the cross of Christ in the morning of her day, she was concerned to fill up her measure of duties with a steady eye to the divine injunction, to do unto others as she would they should do unto her. Not long after the transfer of her right of membership from Deer Creek to New Garden monthly meeting, she was successively appointed an overseer and an elder in the church, and in the relative responsibilities devolving upon each of those stations, she endeavoured to act as a steward who must render an account, seeking after the wandering sheep of the flock, and with the persuasiveness of gospel love, tempting them back to the fold of safety.

Her society was particularly attractive to those in early life who were in quest of improvement: with these she harmoniously blended in social communion, not closely scanning their inexperience, but holding out incentives to press after the useful and the refined in mental acquisitions: she was frequently made the confident of their attempts to select the fruits and flowers of literature, and her aid invited in the arrangement thereof. Her tender regard for the feelings of those placed in the station of domestics in the family, was worthy of remembrance and of imitation; every request her children made of them, must be in respectful

terms ; nor did she tolerate a rehearsal of their defects, or the unguarded expressions of dislike or discontent, which are often elicited from these children of toil unconnected with any requisitions on the part of those who claim their labour. Once going to her with tidings from the kitchen respecting one who occupied that department, which I thought must gain access to her ear, after hearing the matter, she proposed a humiliating reward for the tale : It was a just rebuke which I have appreciated through all the subsequent periods of my life, often having had to mourn over the latitude which many parents give their children in this particular. When I had sufficiently recovered from the mortification to hear an admonition, she called me to her and remonstrated on the impropriety of watching over any one for evil ; that I was not acquainted with the many things that occurred in the line of their daily avocations to fret and try their tempers, and should they say or do any thing under excitement of this kind, it was very likely they would soon feel sorry for it, and hope it was unnoticed ; that it was not doing as I would be done by to expose their weakness and destroy her confidence in them. But the better to guard the susceptible minds of those committed to her maternal guidance, she kept us from associating with those whose labour was needful to her, but whose manner and converse were often baneful to the inexperienced, hence we were her hourly companions ; by her we were instructed in the rudiments of education, and till the most of us had attained

our twelfth year, were we not entrusted to the care of other teachers.

Frequently were we directed by her to an unfailling monitor in our own breasts, and desired to test our conduct by its unerring standard; if peace were wanting, then had we transgressed against that all-seeing eye who scans the inmost recesses of every heart, and discovers every secret motive, whether it centre in selfish feelings or have its basis on the love of God and man; and ever shall I have cause to commemorate with gratitude, her vigilance in setting before us the awful consequences of a departure from strict veracity. To give the greater force to her precepts, frequently were the pages of the inspired penmen opened to our inspection, and portions selected to suit the occasion: thus the fate of Ananias and Sapphira admonished us on one point, whilst the different states of Dives and Lazarus urged to an humble walk before God, who makes the lowly in heart the objects of his peculiar care and love.

It was her invariable practice to peruse every book before we were privileged to read it; having, as she apprehended, made her pathway to the kingdom of purity and peace more difficult to tread by her own indulgent excursions over regions of fancy and falsehood; she was particularly careful to warn us of the danger, and to guard every outlet of our mind from seeking after, or participating in the deleterious fruits which cluster around an untutored imagination; and knowing our incompetency to discriminate between the sweet native

flowrets of the wild, and the poisonous herbage that luxuriates in equal beauty before the observer, inexperienced in research into the component properties of the human mind, she permitted no tale of fiction, save the Vicar of Wakefield, to be placed within our reach; this, with selections from Homer's Iliad, his Odyssey, the allegories of Addison and Johnson, the poetry of Thomson, and other chaste and approved authors, formed our light reading. Thus did she endeavour, day by day, to acquit herself of the solemn obligation to train us up in the fear of the Lord, and to preserve us from the desolating inroads of a selfish worldly spirit; and however far we may fall short of attaining the mark to which her aim was directed, yet to her, I believe, the language is applicable, "let her alone, she hath done what she could."

In the cause of injured innocence she was intrepid. Regardless of the high standing of the calumniator as to wealth, power or influence, she stepped forth the advocate of the wantonly assailed character, and silenced detraction, either by opposing truths in her possession, or an inquiry whence came the liberty to assail the absent, or cast a venomous weapon at an unarmed and unsuspecting brother or sister in the common relation of life. The cause that she knew not she searched out, not for the mean purpose of relating to others a tale of human weaknesses, but for the benign object of restoring to the path of rectitude those who had wandered therefrom.

With a mind duly impressed with the scriptural truth, that “to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin,” it was her practice to seek those who were bearing deteriorating charges and tell them thereof, thereby giving them an opportunity to rebut falsehood or take the admonition to amend their ways. In thus doing, she felt that she was discharging an obligation which, as Christians bound “to watch over each other for good,” was due at her hands.

The people of colour who were placed under her care and direction, shared her endeavours to promote their present and future good, and like her own children, were instructed at stated hours in the day in reading, sewing, knitting, and other useful branches of education. She had been reared on the labour of slaves; her mother introduced a number into the family at the time of her marriage, in addition to those held by her father; and at the period when it became the discipline of the Society of Friends in Maryland to free itself from this piece of injustice to these oppressed children of the same heavenly lineage, and created for the same glorious end, according to the purposes of Infinite Wisdom, who “made of *one blood*, *all* the nations of men to dwell upon the earth,” her father mistakingly imagined their services were indispensable in carrying on his husbandry, and preferred relinquishing his right of membership, to awarding them their native rights; this the more strongly impressed upon her mind, the debt due from her to these defrauded people, who, after the de-

mise of her mother, were all manumitted by her descendants ; those whom she took into her own family she regarded with parental desires for their advancement in the scale of being, and endeavoured to raise their minds to a just estimate of their designed dignity on the theatre of action. Culinary preparations were abridged on the first day of the week, in order to make way for their attendance of religious meetings, where they were seen nearly as punctually as her own children, and ever were they as ready to administer to her comfort, as if a bond of consanguinity had bound them thereto. To their kindness to her through a season of peculiar trial meted to her in the inscrutable wisdom of Him who oft-times makes darkness his pavilion, she has paid a tribute of grateful remembrance in a short memoir of that desolating period, wherein a son, daughter, and little coloured girl were all called from time into eternity, in the short space of four days ; and she immediately after, was laid on a bed of excruciating bodily suffering, and her mind enveloped in clouds and thick darkness, wherein she was led to bewail her condition as one without hope ; but He who apportions to his children the discipline needful for their refinement from the dregs of earth, in his own due and appointed time, was pleased to say, "it is enough," and gave her "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Her health, long delicate, sustained a shock at that time, from which she never wholly recovered. Having removed with her family to Baltimore,

a few months previously to this afflictive season, she found a change of air needful to her wasted physical powers; and accordingly went into the country, where she remained till the autumn, when, finding herself much recovered, she returned to the city and resumed her domestic duties: and in accordance with an impression long resting on her mind, that she was called to exert the talents entrusted to her, in giving instruction to the rising youth, for this purpose she opened a school, which was soon filled with as many as she felt competent to manage; but as the warm season again returned, her strength failed, and my father being disposed to explore the western wilds, for a situation more healthful and agreeable to him, and where his two remaining children might be brought up detached from the contaminating examples that surround those who are cast among "the busy haunts of men," set out on that expedition, and my mother concluded to break up housekeeping, store the furniture, place my brother at a school, provide situations for her trusty domestics, and take me with her to her sister Waters, in Prince George's county, from whom she had long been separated. This plan she put in execution, and to which she refers in her memoirs. Here, most of the summer passed away, but her feeble frame needed more efforts to regain its wonted powers, and her mind being turned toward her beloved friends in Philadelphia, thither we bent our course. There she spent several weeks in pleasant intercourse with many who were dear to her,

and with whom she had often taken sweet counsel in her frequent attendance of the Yearly Meetings held there, and of which she had been an active and useful member till her removal from within its verge.

My father having by this time returned from his western expedition, so well pleased that he contemplated locating his family there the succeeding summer or autumn, wished once more to view his paternal habitation, and mingle with the kind friends and companions of his “gone by days,” came and met her in Philadelphia; and after a time of consultation, they concluded to leave me under the charge of their valuable relatives C. and P. Marshall, that I might have an opportunity of attending school, and gaining instruction in many useful things. This was a close trial to both, as we had never long been separated from each other; but before we parted she gave me many admonitions, and directions how to demean myself. Her deep solicitude for my present and eternal welfare, is depicted in lively colours in some of her letters addressed to me during the period of my sojourn there. Among the objects of her concern was a fear that my reading would not be judicious, and in serious accents she warned me against the perusal of novels: on this point her testimony was strong, being built on experience, and any book prejudicial to the morals, or subversive of the order of the gospel, if found in the hands of her sons, was apt to find an appropriate position in the fire; they, never presuming to inquire concerning its fate;

for, with a strength of affection seldom if ever surpassed, she blended a firmness that made her word a law, and rendered a second solicitation to swerve therefrom needless. She carefully surveyed her motives for a refusal before the words passed her lips, and the futile promises so often made and so often broken by many parents, how they will act in case of future default, were to us unknown. When we committed deeds worthy of punishment, it was then inflicted so as ultimately to spare her feelings the repetition of unpleasant contests, to promote our happiness, and to relieve those with whom we mingled from the annoyance of witnessing commands reiterated, but still eluded or wholly disregarded. Hence arises a proneness in children to evade the truth, seeing its mandates are not implicitly obeyed by those on whom their penetrating eyes are turned for example.

After a short sojourn in Chester County, they returned to Baltimore, and in the spring my father again set out for the west, with a determination to make arrangements there for the reception of his dispersed family. My mother remained in Baltimore with her kind and sympathising friends, J. and M. Carey; being separated from husband and children, and uncertain where her lot in life would be cast, she passed through deep baptisms, but the sustaining arm of Almighty Goodness was underneath, and preserved her feeble bark from sinking beneath the beating waves. Thus months passed on, and seeing no way to leave the city

except on occasional visits to her friends and relatives in different parts of the country, her mind was ardently engaged to press after a state of entire resignation to the will of her heavenly Father, who, knowing the infirmities of his children, graciously administers the very regimen suited to a cure; and though bitter the compound, yet she patiently and meekly accepted the chalice from his sanative hand, and found living virtue therein, and “like ships in seas, whilst in” she dwelt “above the world.”

My Father having selected a spot he thought would answer his purpose, was engaged in culturing and making the requisite preparations before introducing his family, unused to the difficulties and privations experienced in newly settled countries, but owing, as she believed, to a secretly guiding power that often wisely frustrates many a seemingly fair prospect, he could not find liberty to proceed, but remained to gather in his produce and settle up his business there.

Eighteen months had now rolled around, and her health somewhat renovated, she determined upon resuming her school, and meeting with every encouragement she desired, she once more found herself surrounded by a numerous flock of little immortals, for whom she was deeply interested, and who took so firm a hold upon her affections, that her most pleasing avocations were in their service. Her dispersed family being once more collected, time glided on in a smooth and gentle current, and her heart expanded in gratitude

to the Author of every good and perfect gift, in that the well spring of life was again open and her spirit privileged to drink from its invigorating stream, whilst renewed health, peace, and competency were her portion. In the liberty that truth gives, she was now seen the cheerful companion in the habitations of her many kind friends, and her feelings enlisted in the innocent pleasantries of those in the morning walks of life; she frequently was my attendant in the visits I made, and my contemporaries gave to none other a warmer welcome to their social board.

To the poor and the afflicted she was a kind benefactress and friend. Moved with sympathy for sufferings her own resources were inadequate to meet, she promoted the organization of a female association for their relief, in the winter of 1797; the first, I believe, of the kind in Baltimore, at least none existed at that time to explore the lowly dwellings of the widow and the fatherless, and to pour the oil of gladness into their hearts, by supplying the pittance needful to their condition. This society elected her its secretary, which office she held for several years, whilst it continued its successful operations in meliorating the wants of those who were unable to help themselves.

But not to this class only was her benevolence extended. To those whose improvidence had reduced them from affluence or a comfortable competency, to need the bread that had once fallen from their own tables, and whose children were sharing the penalty of

parental prodigality, she extended a helping hand, and with her own, and occasional supplies from those to whom she had related the tale of their woes, she frequented the markets, and with an eye to economy but to wholesome fare, procured for them the needful supplies from week to week, till the severity of the winter was passed, and work suited to their capacity to execute more readily attained.

Eight years were thus numbered without any thing materially diverse from the lot of mortality to mark their course, though her health was very precarious, and several violent spells of illness aroused our fears ; but at length in the vicissitudes of life, and in the fulfilment of the inscription attached to all of earth, I saw with an anxious eye the inroads of that disease, which when once entered is seldom dislodged till its work terminates in the silence of the grave. An increased cough, hectic, nightly sudorifics were the harbingers that conveyed to my mind the dread tidings that she, whose counsel had been my guide in juvenile days, and whose companionship had enlightened and cheered my maturer years, was about to leave me desolated of all that gave most of value to human life.

For two years she continued to vacillate from great languor to renewed strength ; but at length the period came, when the measure of probation was filled, and the redeemed spirit called to join its kindred throng

“ In worlds beyond the sun,
Where Time’s far wand’ring tide has never run.”

She was confined to her chamber only two weeks, and during that time conversed but little ; she said she regretted the doctors had prescribed anodynes for her cough ; that she would refuse taking them were it to do over again, in order that her mind might be more alive at such an important period, though she could not see how the scale would turn, but she was resigned either way ; she believed her work was done ; she charged me never to lose my hold on the precious Faith which in the course of her vicissitudes, she thought she had sometimes nearly done.

Among the many evidences that in foretaste she was participating in heavenly scenes, a few days before her release, when just arousing from a slumber, she called me to her bed side, and queried who were all those little girls and boys with wings on their shoulders, and who looked like angels ; she said her chamber appeared to be full of them. I told her she had been dreaming, that I was alone with her ; but it was some time before she was convinced that I was not mistaken—then repeated, “ I suppose it was a dream ; I thought, too, that something had separated me from thee, and I was distressed and searched every where, at last I found thee changed into a little child.”

The night previously to her close, she slept pretty well ; but about eight o'clock in the morning, her countenance changed, and her breathing became more difficult, presaging the rapid approach of the awful hour. Her near relations, most of whom being in town, at-

tending Yearly Meeting, were sent for. Her sister H., to whom she frequently refers in her writings, residing nearly a day's ride from the city, did not arrive in time to be recognised by her; I seated myself on the head of the bed, and watched the fading embers of life which occasionally emitted a brightness that gave credulity to hope that the parting scene might be delayed, and a mother's accents again fall sweetly on my ear: but it was all fallacious—about five o'clock in the afternoon, the enfranchised spirit took its flight from earth, and I doubt not, found an entrance into joys unutterable, there to perpetuate in angelic anthems the wonders of redeeming love; proclaiming, “blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever.”

She departed this life on the 11th of the 10th mo. 1805, in the 57th year of her age, and this brief record of her excellence, I believe is due from her affectionate

DAUGHTER.

TO SARAH ORRICK.

Deer Creek, 1769.

MY DEAR AUNT,

Were there any probability that time or distance would erase you from my memory and affection, the privation in the heart of your Susan, would certainly ere this have taken place; especially as I have had no proof that my dear aunt retains her remembrance of me, since our sorrowful parting, within an hour of your sailing for the Eastern Shore, where I suppose your time and thoughts have been engrossed by your gay and agreeable acquaintances. But be assured that in all the gay circle, you will not find one that loves you more than Susan.

With the sensibility of a heart anxious for your welfare, I perused the sum total of your worldly felicity, in your letter to uncle Hall, which I suppose we may include in a well-chosen partner for life. Did I not tell you there was more in store for you than ever was revealed by any of your good doctors of physic or divinity in Cecil?

Please to present my intended uncle with my best respects, and tell him your niece reverences him as the happy gentleman, who, with the blessing of Providence, I hope, will render you as completely blessed as the vicissitudes of time and temporal enjoyments can possibly admit.

But a wish for your happiness extending no further than the verge of time, would in reality be no happiness at all, or at best but a dream : For it is an established maxim, that worldly enjoyment is always greater in expectation than in fruition, and often much less in retrospect ; but the solid and leading pleasure I sincerely wish you, is only to be found in the perfection of every Christian virtue in time, and the reward of such virtue in eternity.

I have lived a very recluse life since I have been separated from my friend B. and you. I have made an acquaintance with a very worthy young gentleman of the clergy, whose library supplies me with an ample field for all my thoughts and meditations upon the most important subjects, and my evening's entertainment is generally one of those instructive pieces among the trees of this our rural seat. After this description of my life, you cannot expect I have any news to entertain you with.

The current topic of conversation among the gentlemen (they being mostly politicians) is the affairs of State, and every brave son of Liberty is for leaving to posterity that inestimable blessing, by breaking off every connexion he possibly can with Europe. The good wives, inspired with the same noble resolution, are turning around the spinning wheel, in order to improve that most useful branch of the American manufactures.

I hope, my dear aunt, that when you commence

wife, we shall see you an illustrious pattern to the matrons of this age, and that the name of the worthy Sarah Chilton, will make a figure upon record with the names of the rest of the wives in the noble cause of liberty. But the parting prayer of your Susan is, that your name may be found written on the everlasting record of the book of life, with the name of your affectionate niece,

SUSAN.

“As an apology for the mode of addressing an individual in the plural number, the preceding letter was written at an early age, and before the author was a member of the Religious Society of Friends: whose peculiarity in this respect is deduced from scripture example, without any exception, from the first recorded converse with the head of the human family in the garden of Eden, till the exiled disciple of the Son of God closed his account of divine revelations in the Isle of Patmos.

CRITICISM.

The subsequent piece in the form of a letter, appears to be a criticism upon some exceptionable points in the work alluded to, but upon whom she thus comments, is unknown to the transcriber. It is without date; but, presume it may be placed at an early period, from the circumstance of the plural number being used in her address to an individual.”

A part of this letter merits the attention of the sex to which it is inscribed, and manifests that the author is well acquainted with the rocks and shoals upon which numbers have been cast away. Finding him so good a critic on our foibles and vanities in the first part, I expected to discover the same accuracy and depth of penetration throughout the whole performance, but was not only disappointed, but displeased, when in general terms he confines the brightest genius of our sex to economy and household affairs, as the only things for which nature formed them, and which are the highest qualifications they are capable of attaining. Do not you, my friend, think the person very contracted in his notions who would have us to be nothing more than domestic animals? He was certainly very ignorant of the designs of nature, for in the beginning, she designed no superfluities, without which our time could not be wholly engrossed in providing the necessaries of life. The motive for exciting us to this wond'rous degree of perfection, and the sweet'ner of every toil in attaining it, according to his estimate, is this: The hope of being *rewarded* at last with the affection of (whatever Nature intended in the formation of man, she now rarely produces) a man of worth. If it be an established maxim, that the stream can rise no higher than the fountain whence it flows, what then becomes of the immortal part, which, with lenity, he allows us to have? This scheme for the improvement of the mind of a female, is but a negative one, and terminating here, would

in reality be no improvement at all. It is a known truth, that there are those of the sex who, so far from being excited to the performance of this duty by the motives above mentioned, are actuated by a divine energy, which aspires after a more lasting happiness than aught on earth can give. Their sole ambition is to prepare for the fruition of such happiness in time, and to perpetuate it through eternity, by following the great model of Christian perfection, and thereby gain a noble victory over their own passions, and become wise in the knowledge of themselves. And if inclination should lead them to search into systems of divinity or philosophy, it is in order, in this twilight of human understanding, to gain a more explicit knowledge of the Deity they worship, and to seek him in his attributes, that they may the more adore his goodness.

It is not for want of understanding, that such are not acquainted with the arts and sciences; but a well-informed judgment teaches them that the above mentioned attainments in true wisdom, will procure for them more lasting happiness, fame, and renown, than all your scientific knowledge in astronomy, geometry, metaphysics, &c. &c.

If the victory over our passions, the true knowledge of ourselves, and the serving of God, be the most worthy pursuits in life, then judge, *you* who are *capable* of forming a right judgment, whether *we*, though so much the subjects of your satire, may not vie with you in point of real merit.

S. HOPKINS.

MY DEAR ———,

I know I owe thee all that is due to friendship; but whether a solution of thy question may properly be said to be thy right, is a matter I have doubts about; however, as there can be no great danger in the present case, I will venture to answer thy request, and inform thee what manner of person, fortune, family and character it is, that is likely to prove successful with the celebrated Belinda. As to his fortune, I am told it is unexceptionable, and his family respectable. His character may not be fixed in all points, of which I can give thee some idea. It happened that I was at a quilting some time ago, where were several agreeable but talkative women, both married and single; of course our conversation was diversified; among the topics, Lemuel's expected marriage with Belinda was one. Some asserted that he was a good natured man; others were of a different opinion, giving for a reason that he was much addicted to profane swearing in common conversation. Some alledged that it was only a custom he had unfortunately imbibed, and that he meant no harm by it; others again, thought it was impossible he could be amiable, believing no person swore unless out of humour, and that there was an evident want of delicacy and taste in a lady to whom an habitual swearer was agreeable. In short, his character was dissected and held up to view in every possible point, but upon the whole, I found swearing was the most sable part.

Though I had frequently seen him, yet I had formed

but a slight acquaintance, till some time in the preceding summer I paid a visit to the agreeable G.'s, where one morning as I sat with the family, which consisted of the old gentleman, his wife, their two daughters and young Charles, with pen, ink, and paper on a little table near the window; and having a mind to amuse myself, in order to be a little retired without quite withdrawing, I unfolded a screen that was intended to keep out the cold air, as occasion needed. I had not long been thus fixed, when a person came in, whom by his voice and salutation I knew to be Lemuel: he appeared quite in good humour, but as usual, interspersed all his discourse with swearing. As I sat concealed, with materials before me, it just occurred to take down what he said in writing; accordingly I began—wrote on the head of the paper, “A gentleman’s salutation and subsequent discourse.” In the very first line were two oaths; he afterwards entertained them with an account of a fox-chase, that he with some others had had the day before; the sequel of which was, that after several hours embarrassment and difficulty, they lost the fox. As he was very earnest in this narrative, I suppose he swore the more vehemently. Though the volubility of his tongue outran the expertness of my pen, yet, upon the whole, I believe I took it down nearly verbatim, not omitting any of the swearing part. Though he does not lack good sense, yet I assure thee, his discourse appeared very ridiculous on paper. After I had taken down a sufficient specimen, I underwrote, “Know ye

not that for every idle word a man shall speak, he shall give an account in the day of judgment?" And having an opportunity to withdraw, by him unseen, I went into the kitchen and desired the girl to go in and shut up the screen, which (as he since told me) he never observed. I went round and entered the front door, as if just returning from a walk; he spoke very pleasantly to me, and after we had talked over the state of the weather and several other never-failing topics, he arose and humming a tune, walked several times across the room, took a transient view of some pictures then askance at himself in a glass, walked up to the table where the paper was, just cast his eyes upon it, and turned upon his heel, walked to the other end of the room and back again, several times, till at length, the oftener he looked on the table the more his curiosity was raised, and stooping down he muttered a line or two; then taking it up he read it silently, held it in his hand awhile, then read it again. "Well, now," said he, "who has done this?" Young Charles going to him, took it from his hand and read it, partly audibly, and partly to himself. The old gentleman then demanded what it was, and desired them to hand it to him, and putting on his spectacles read it aloud. As neither he nor any of his family were in any wise accustomed to the use of such expressions, they sounded very uncouthly from him; the girls laughed immoderately, but to me it was a serious thing, fearing he would be offended; but he had never seen my hand-

writing, nor knew what kind of a genius I was, and my coming in as I did, seemed to clear me of all suspicion. He looked like one thunderstruck and in amazement; however, after awhile he assumed something of his usual cheerfulness, but it was evident it was forced, and soon after told us he was our humble servant, and went away. For several days we were at a loss to conjecture what effect the matter would have upon him; but after awhile he came again and saluted us with his accustomed pleasantry, but swore none at all. I was very sociable with him, and bantered him upon being the victor among so many combatants for such a prize as Belinda, which he appeared to relish very well. But the first opportunity he had, he told me he had a favour to ask, and begged I would not refuse it. I told him I was disposed to obey him in any thing reasonable; he then queried if I could tell him who wrote the paper he found on the table? I told him if he would take no means of revenge, either directly or indirectly, against the person who did it, I would, which he promised he would comply with; I then told him how I was fixed when he entered; that it was a sudden turn of thought, without purpose, end, or design, when I began, but it just crossed my mind that perhaps such a picture of himself might alarm and convince him, which induced me to leave it there, and not with any intent to ridicule or offend him. He then asked to see it; I told him I had burnt it; he said it was kind, and that he never appeared so ridiculous in his own eyes; that swearing

was a practice he had ever despised, and had from time to time determined to break himself of it, but through the prevalence of habit he had omitted it, but now was resolved to make a beginning. We had some serious conversation on the subject, and I have hopes that I shall make a proselyte.

I have seen him several times since, and we are upon very good terms; so that I think Belinda's chance with Lemuel is by no means the worst.



TO C. M., OF PHILADELPHIA.

Maryland, Jan. 1770.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The hours I have spent with you, afford me a very pleasing retrospect.

How delightful the society of those similar to each other in taste, sentiment, &c. Yet this is a satisfaction in which I have but a small share in the part of the world where it is my lot to be situated.

Such is the constitution of temporal things, that we must not expect every earthly good at one time, and we must be satisfied with such a portion as Providence sees meet to bestow upon us. I cannot think myself unhappy whilst blessed as I am with kind indulgent parents, who limit none of my desires that are within the bounds of their circumstances, and through whom, I now enjoy the privilege of being retired from the

world, with a few books, suitably adapted to improve the mind.

But indulgent Heaven never gave us time and opportunity, powers and faculties, without intending we should improve them; and I retain so much of the tincture of my mother Eve, as still to desire an increase of knowledge; but in this thirst I hope I am blameless, for the kind of knowledge I aspire after, is that from which our first parents fell, and it is a natural propensity of the mind to regain it.

Surely it is not beyond the bounds assigned to our sex to soar above the narrow skies, and by profound contemplation, search into the attributes of the Deity we profess to worship. Though we must know that the utmost stretch of human comprehension can trace but a faint delineation of the great Original, but to those who seek from right motives, it may perhaps be given to conceive of the Deity somewhat consistently with truth. The attribute which is the most pleasing subject of my musing mind, is that which many have defined God in his essence to be, and that is love.

The mystery that angels desire to look into, that desire I to be acquainted with, which is the redemption of fallen creatures through Jesus Christ. Here is a field for the most ardent stretch of thought, though the boldest flight of intellectual powers can never comprehend the height, the depth, the length and the breadth of the love of God to his creature man. Yet, the wider the field, the more room there is for imagination to

roam. Are we not then the more liable to err? Sensible of my own imbecility, I am fearful of diving into matters wherein I have no business to intermeddle whilst on the stage of time. But I know not how to bound my desires ; and when I turn my view outward and see the differing, and seemingly jarring opinions of good men, in regard to the dispensations of Providence to his rational creation, I am at a loss where to fix my assent and where to withhold. But from this external view I seldom derive any advantage. I find more benefit in examining what passes within my own breast, than I think I should receive from what pertains to the operations of nature, were they all displayed to my finite view.

Philadelphia, April 4th, 1770.

HONEST SUSAN,

I must be indulged in addressing thee after this manner, being fully convinced it is applicable to my friend Susan, by the frequent and agreeable conversations during thy sojourn amongst us, as well as by the preservation of that spark of friendship, which by thy kind letter I find retains all its lustre. Notwithstanding thy diffidence lest a multiplicity of business should so engross my attention as not to be able to make a suitable return, I am now willing to remove thy doubts by scribbling a few lines, though they may not be worth

reading among the budget our friend Porter* will bear thee.

I have now to observe respecting thy letter, that as thou hast but little company of congenial taste and sentiment, and delightest in reading and retirement, these, if blended with contentment, are better than all the gaiety and pleasures of this life.

I fully approve the subject of thy musing mind, when it is on so exalted a theme as the redemption of mankind by Jesus Christ: this I hope we may ever have in view, as it is our principal duty and interest. May we, my dear friend, profit by the manifestations of Divine Grace communicated, and come to know our day's work to be accomplished with our day. Surely were we to number with grateful hearts the many favours and mercies bestowed, that extraordinary ray of Divine Light emanating from the Sun of Righteousness, would at last swallow up all in victory. Considerations like these, my friend, should teach us to abhor every appearance of ingratitude to so kind and merciful a Being, and stimulate us to press onward to a state of perfection. The promised reward to those who diligently seek, is that they shall be as Kings and Priests, and shall reign with Christ in his kingdom. These are the first fruits unto God of a sweet savour over which the second death can have no power. Our worthy friend, Porter, has frequently favoured me with his company; the truly Christian sentiments entertained

* A young Clergyman.

by him, engaged me to desire he may be preserved in simplicity, which is Godliness, and as he is now returning home, I recommend him to *thy care* and *notice*.

My spouse and little flock are all in the enjoyment of health, which I hope is thy case, with every other blessing.

My wife frequently speaks of thee with pleasure, on recalling the agreeable hours you have spent together.

Her love is to thee ; also our little Bell desires hers may be accepted : and believe me to be sincerely, thy affectionate friend,

C. M.



Mount Welcome, Cecil County.

Thy friendly sympathy, my dear girl, so tenderly expressed, was very consolatory. I doubt not, to you who are spending your time so pleasantly amidst weddings and festivity, my present allotment may seem trying, to be thus confined a prisoner on this side the water, for such a length of time. I believe it would be so in reality, were it not for the consciousness I feel of being in the line of duty. This, where the mind is not agitated with vain hopes, or fruitless fears, may render almost any situation, if not agreeable, yet tolerable.

My aunt has been very poorly all winter, and the child we hardly expect will live. I have sat up with

it half of every night for three weeks, which I find very trying on my constitution.

Though I am out of my ordinary line in some things, yet even here, I meet with various occurrences, novel and entertaining.

Being persons of *note* and *distinction*, we are consequently visited by the better kind of people, among whom are two clergymen and their wives, and one without a wife. One is a resident, and has a meeting-house about nine miles distant, where he officiates when the weather admits; the second is upon a visit with his wife to her relations in this quarter; and the third superintends a school in the neighbourhood, till opportunity offers for him to get into better bread.

Those three have circularly preached at three different neighbours' houses; my uncle's is one of them; and when it happens there, I have opportunities of hearing them. One of them is an orator, and can adapt his discourses very well. He was one time expatiating very eloquently upon the uncertainty of time, and the carelessness of too many in suffering it to lapse away, without improving it as the consequence requires, when he observed several young persons very inattentively smiling at each other; fixing his eye upon them, and reaching his hand toward where they sat, he added, this, my young friends, is a glaring instance of your carelessness and disregard, but the time may come, and sooner than you are aware, when you may think a thousand worlds a small compensation for the loss you may

sustain by your present inattention to your truest interests. This rebuke, thou mayest be assured, sobered them for awhile.

He is a man naturally of a good understanding, very facetious and pleasant in conversation, has a share of wit and humor, and mostly leaves us in better spirits than he found us.

The second is of a singular make, both in person and mind; and I should pay very little attention to him in any respect, further than civility, were it not that he serves to develop the difference that exists among men. He is esteemed a good man, but by no means formed for a dramatist of any kind. In the first place, he is uncommonly hard featured, which is an unfortunate circumstance to one so universally gazed at as their ministers while preaching generally are by these people. A handsome person, graceful carriage, and good delivery, are certainly more than half in enforcing their precepts.

In the next place, he has so little sensibility in his looks, that all his declaiming and emotions cannot touch a single cord of our feelings; he also disclaims plagiarism, which, upon occasions, might help him out in hard, knotty points, in which he is apt to deal, and setting up for an original, he is often so hampered and embarrassed, that he reminds me of the old proverb, "give a man rope enough, and he will hang himself." His sermon one day, consisted chiefly, in attempting to prove that the Almighty foreknew and foreordained,

before Adam was created, that he should fall, and that it was best he should fall, because thereby the justice and mercy of God became manifest in the eternal destruction of the reprobate, and in his unmerited love in the redemption of the elect, through Jesus Christ. After he had declaimed upon this subject with great vehemence, for more than an hour, he desisted, leaving his audience and himself (I am persuaded) not one whit wiser or better than when he began ; for my part, nothing but the novelty of his figure and subject engaged my attention. In conversation he is stiff and formal, aiming at mystery or sublimity in all his remarks and communications, and I generally make my face longer than usual, and am very grave in his presence.

The other is a single gentleman, lately ordained, and by no means disagreeable in person or conversation ; his subjects, both social and public, are mostly well chosen, and his manner of treating them would be elegant, were they not too much interspersed with *enex cogitable* terms and expression, nowise adapted to the capacities of his hearers, they being (a few families excepted) rather of the lower class.

It was my lot, the last time he preached, to sit pretty near him ; after the sermon was ended he laid upon the table a little pocket bible, which he had held in his hand, and often looked into whilst speaking, wherein, I suspect, he concealed notes to assist his memory. Several persons went up to speak to him, and the table

being in the way, some one gave it a shove close to where I sat, when I recollected I had in my pocket a petition written by Dean Swift, praying a Pastor, in a catalogue of long hard words, to adapt his discourses to the A, B, C darian conceptions of his hearers ; this I slipped into his Bible ; it was written small, on thin paper, and nowise discoverable. He quickly after put it in his pocket and went away.

I have heard my parents say, that from infancy I have had a turn for sly mischief ; and to this day I find, when opportunity offers, I spy it as quickly as a cat does a mouse. At times I indulge this propensity ; at others, obey the dictates of prudence in restraint.

I am here paying the debt of my mother, who says that my aunt, in her younger years, did the same for her when she was alike circumstanced ; and if I can but persevere to the end with the same cheerfulness that I have hitherto done, I may, perhaps, afterwards prescribe a clue for finding the philosopher's stone, which I am told lies in a contented mind. True, but let me not boast too soon, though at present many pleasant reflections upon the blessings I enjoy, and my exemption from any real cause of inquietude, may shut out discontent and sorrow from my bosom ; yet it may be, that events which now lie concealed in the darkness of futurity, may some day prove my magnanimity, and leave me as divested thereof as the murmuring galley slave, chained to the oar for life. But why do I anticipate what may never be ? " Thy will be done," is a

sovereign remedy for all temporary evils. In this resigned disposition, I remain, as heretofore, thy affectionate

SUSAN.

Mount Welcome, Cecil County, Maryland.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Being still a prisoner on this side the Susquehanna, where agreeable variety is sometimes wanting to diversify the scene, I thought I would so far indulge the scribbling vein, as to present thee with a few more of my lucubrations. I hope soon, however, to converse with thee through a more animated medium, as I think there is some prospect of my being released ere long.

My aunt is getting better, and the infant over whom I have kept nightly vigils for more than three weeks is now recovering. He was a fine healthy boy till about three weeks old, when he was taken very sick, and continued casting up every thing he received into his stomach almost as soon as it was down, and then appeared hungry and ravenous again. It reminded me of Luther's kiln crops on Changling Head. The little creature daily pined away, and grew weaker and weaker, till we had not much prospect of his recovery. Various were the conjectures of the neighbourhood respecting him; but at last he vomited a worm of considerable length, and is now likely to do well again; since which, being a little more at liberty, I was soli-

cited by several young acquaintances to accompany them upon a visit to a respectable family a few miles distant; and having my uncle and aunt's concurrence, I went, and was pleased with the people, they being of the sober kind of Presbyterians. The first night we were there, the junior part of the company being in a room by themselves, soon began to be talkative and merry, and sang several songs. A proposal was made for every one in company to do the like. As I was the only one in the garb of a Quaker among them, I felt some tenaciousness to support the character as I thought it ought to be maintained. Whilst I was considering how I should act, the *good man* of the house, not approving (as I supposed) of singing vain songs, summoned us all to attend upon family worship, at an earlier hour than usual; he read a chapter, sang a hymn, and then offered up prayers. The part of scripture he chose was 2d Peter, 3d chap. When he came to the eleventh and twelfth verses, he made a pause, which, whether he had selected it out for his purpose, or whether it was accidental, I could not tell; but he performed the whole with a degree of solemnity that settled the spirits of the company the remainder of the evening. Among those of the family collected, I observed several blacks, who were warmly and decently clad, and whose sleek skins bespoke no want of bread. I also found they had instructed them to read the Bible, and were careful to get them to meetings on the Sabbath days.

The next day we were informed, that the young people belonging to a certain congregation were to meet at a house not very distant, to exercise themselves in singing hymns and psalms; and it was proposed that we should go also. As to the propriety of my doing so, I did not stand to consider it; and the matter being novel, I agreed to make one of the party. Accordingly, toward evening we repaired to the place, and found a pretty large collection of young people, with a few elderly ones, and their minister: these latter, I apprehended, were to see that order was kept, and thought myself in no danger of being excited to any undue levity; and what they were about to learn, was to methodize that part of their religious worship. When about thirty were collected, we were invited up stairs, into a room warmed by a stove. Here they exercised themselves for several hours, singing by rote, or by note, as seemed best to suit. I tried to feel if there was any thing like devotion, worship, or religion in it, but I must confess that I was not sensible of the least shred or trace, though I cherished nothing but charity and love toward the performers. When they had gone through what they deemed sufficient, the minister, about nine o'clock retired, and went home. He had not long been gone, when a man entered the room with a violin, the vibration of which soon set some of them to dancing. Among this company was a young doctor, in whom, when a lad, was discovered some genius for learning; and his parents, though but

low in the world in respect to wealth, concluded they would do so much toward the gospel of Christ as to make him a minister. Accordingly, by dint of industry, they scraped as much together as was sufficient to give him a liberal education; but a clerical profession not suiting the turn of his mind, he directed his attention to physical subjects, and became a doctor. The education and opportunity for improvement that were bestowed upon him were not lost, for he is now a sensible, polite young man, and by no means a novice in conversation. To him I observed, I did not expect to see such a contrast as music and dancing immediately after singing spiritual songs. He answered, that he saw no contrast in it, but that it was alike innocent. Indeed, upon second thought, I might have said so too, (as it seemed to be but a second part of the same tune.) He further observed, that he could say his prayers and think as good thoughts when he was dancing as at any other time. I told him, as to that, his experience had the better of mine, as dancing was a diversion I was not accustomed to, and I believed it was of small importance to the suggester of all evil how well we thought or prayed, provided we did not practise Godliness. He then instanced Yorick's French Peasant, whose grace after supper was a dance, by way of returning thanks, with joy and gladness, to the beneficent Creator, for all his benefits. I remarked that to me, this, as well as several other of Yorick's occurrences, had more of the air of novelty than truth in them, therefore unsafe to

be adopted as a precedent for the conduct of others. However, I was solicited to share in the exercise, but excused myself.

Their spirits being raised by this kind of hilarity, when they grew tired of it, they changed the diversion by setting on foot several plays, which at first were exhibited only by a few, in order to excite mirth in the rest, but at length something more general was proposed, to draw pawns from all that were present. I was in a sad dilemma, not knowing how to get away without offending the company, nor could I by any means think of submitting to the familiarity which this kind of diversion leads into, but I soon hit upon an expedient; as the heat of the stove did not suit me, I went and sat by it till I became sick, of which when I complained, the doctor advised me to try the fresh air. I went immediately down stairs where the elderly people whom I first mentioned were sitting; they furnished me with a drink of cold water, which, with a little fresh air let in at the door, soon recovered me, and I took my seat with them. I found them busily engaged in conversation. Among these was a man of no small ability for disputing, in which indeed they all claimed superiority. Here, again, I found myself in a box; one of the women took notice that my dress was a very good silk, but she thought the colour rather grave for a young person. I told her I preferred it to one of a gayer hue. Another then asked me why the Quakers dressed so differently from other people. I

told her we found the advice of Timothy ii, and 9th verse to correspond with our religious opinion in respect to our clothing. The man above alluded to, remarked that he should be inclined to think there was something of religion in it, if he did not see that though our dress was grave, yet we admitted that which was costly; and for his part, he thought the superfluity of dress consisted more in the expense than in the shape and colour. As he had me at a disadvantage, I justified it upon another scale, which was, that a plain dress was more becoming than a gay one. He said that he thought plainness best became handsome women: but in proportion as they were wanting in beauty and good qualities, the trappings of dress became more necessary to set them off; for, said he, take a right down ugly woman, who has neither sense nor merit, and dress her as some of your sort dress, rough and plain, and she is just nothing at all. The doctor who had come down to see how I was, asserted that for his part, he could conceive nothing upon earth more like an angel than a beautiful young Quaker, in whose countenance presided mildness and innocence, in a neat plain dress, especially, continued he, (looking me earnestly in the face) when there are added a few strokes which denote the most refined wit and understanding. I was going to give him a nod of thanks, but an after thought prevented me. I told him that my ideas of angelic forms were different; and if we might compare earthly visible beings with invisible heavenly ones,

I thought a real Christian, young or old, whose countenance wore that signature, under the exercise of true devotion came the nearest to my conception of an angel. The elderly man asked me if I meant every one who sat in a silent meeting, with plain clothes and demure looks, under which, he had no doubt, the devil was often very busy, and he had known great deception couched under some of them. I told him, no, nor those who in preaching, counterfeit emotions they do not feel, and in repeating their prayers with mock solemnity, turn their eyes up to the ceiling; nor faces drawn out of their natural shape by affected devotion; I did not mean grimace, but reality. He said the Quakers were a people he had a great respect for, and were it not for their denying the sacraments and the Lord's supper, he knew of no people, excepting his own society, he would more readily join in communion with.

Several messages had been sent requesting my company up stairs, which, to avoid, I was under the necessity of going deeper into those matters than otherwise I should have done. One of the women, who valued herself upon being a minister's daughter, and the advantages of her education, desired I would inform her why the Quakers differed from all the other Christians in regard to the sacraments. I was not disposed to give a direct answer, which she observing, said, I have often wondered why the best and wisest among you, when questioned, can give no account of your faith. You have some writers that pretend to do it, who, I

am told, define every thing mystically; and I have often thought they have made the word of God so abstruse, that very few of you understand your own principles. I told her they did not deny either the baptism or the Lord's supper; but as it required experimental knowledge to make us sensible how we held them, it was like prostituting things sacred to profane uses, to make them a subject of common chat, which we might learn from our Saviour's injunction, "cast not your pearls before swine;" but to a sober inquirer, who was desirous to ask for information, and not disputation, the least child, in experience, among us, would put him in a way of being informed. She said, from her education, she was perfectly acquainted with practical religion, and for her part, she would be glad were it to become more and more a subject of conversation. I told her, if she derived benefit from it, it would be well to make it a practice; that, according to Dr. Young,

"Those who make no other use of their religion but chat,
"T would be hard indeed, should be debar'd of that."

I began to think we had better part while we were friends, and desired they would use their influence for an adjournment, which they did, and the company broke up about two in the morning. We had no supper, and as soon as we reached my uncle's we regaled ourselves on some cold fare and retired. When I laid down, I could not close my eyes to sleep, till I had examined what had passed, and the share I had had in the transaction; and though I felt little or no condem-

nation, yet I believed were I to go again knowing what would be acted, I should not come off so clear : I then returned thanks to my kind Preserver, for all his favours, not forgetting that of my being born a piece of a Quaker.

Now, my dear, I think it is time to come to a period, which I shall do in subscribing myself thy affectionate
SUSAN.

SELF COMMUNION.

Let thy zeal be exercised in thy own reformation. before thou attemptest the reformation of thy brother or sister. Thou art very skilful in excusing thy own faults, but thou art slow in framing an excuse for the actions of others. Take heed to thyself ; consider at what a fearful distance thou art, from that charity which hopeth all things, beareth all things. Measure the space between thee and that humility and contrition of heart that knoweth no indignation nor resentment against any being but thyself. Here in thy own heart is thy harvest-field, where thou canst profitably labour, and where thy diligence will be requited with the wages of peace in time, whilst the cheering promise of gathering fruit unto life eternal, will be thy confidence through the burden and heat of the day.

Philadelphia.

If meeting with kindness and respect from a number of agreeable friends, relations, and acquaintances, and in sharing a pleasing variety of amusements can be supposed to confer happiness, then thou mayst think me very happy indeed, for these I have met with in this city far beyond my most sanguine expectations. But from my feelings at times, I am inclined to think that true happiness is something more sublime than the elevation of spirits which such circumstances are calculated to excite. I confess that amidst the hours of my most thoughtless vivacity in company with those who discover nothing more profound than myself, I am sometimes impressed with such a humiliating consciousness of what I am, and what I may expect to be after a few more fleeting days are numbered, that I feel a void which none of those pleasures and amusements are capable of filling, an anxiety they cannot allay, or in any way satisfy. But this is a subject I shall at present leave, in order to give thee some account of those occurrences which diversify my time and attention.

Thou mayst remember, that in some of our social interviews, we sometimes disputed on the force of love; how far it was capable of operating, so as to take life. My sentiments were, that no person died merely from disappointed love; thou thought the contrary. If the following narrative will throw any light upon the subject, so as to determine the matter, it is entirely at thy service. A few evenings since, I had just returned from

a ride with a pleasant party, and was rehearsing over the occurrences of the day, when a person came running into the house, in great haste, for some volatiles, adding, that a gentleman had fainted in the street, close by. He was readily supplied, and we repaired immediately to the front door to see what was going on; but the object of our inquiry was so closely surrounded by the kind and the curious, that we could not discern him. After a time he was sufficiently relieved to be removed, and being near the place of my sojourn, was brought in and placed in the front parlour. I waited till the bustle was a little over, and then went in to inquire concerning the cause of his indisposition. He was seated in an arm chair, with several around him; his faintness had passed away, but he was crying like a child that had been beaten. I supposed he was troubled with hypochondriacal notions, and sat some time viewing him with great commiseration; at length, I ventured to ask one of his attendants if this were the case; he answered, "no." "Has he just lost any near friend or relation?" "No." "Is he sick?" "No." I was fearful I should appear impertinent by further interrogations, and desisted. As I sat pondering what should occasion such distress, I concluded it could be no other, than that he had offended Him who made him, and that he considered himself under His divine displeasure. I could conceive no other cause in nature sufficient to excite in a man such emotions of sorrow. After some time he appeared a little more composed;

when I seated myself near him, and began to console him in the best manner I was capable, by reminding him of the goodness and mercy of the Almighty, who never afflicts but for our restoration, or refinement in virtue. He said he knew all that; through favour he was at no variance with his Maker; as to matters between them he felt no inquietude; he was perfectly reconciled to all his dispensations concerning him, which he was fully satisfied were ordered in best wisdom.

Here again I was utterly defeated, and had to leave him without any clue to his perturbation. He was soon after sufficiently calmed to make his departure; but still my curiosity was not satisfied. However, in a few days, I was invited to meet a dinner party at the house of a friend. I had not long been seated, when in came this very gentleman, with a lady leaning on his arm: his air, deportment, and countenance, were entirely changed, indicating that his trouble, whatever it might have been, was removed, and joy had displaced sorrow from his heart. I did not long remain ignorant of the cause. This lady, I found, was the object of his wishes, of his adoration; and she, knowing the ascendancy she had over his affections and his reason, ruled, at times, with the most arbitrary and insolent sway: whilst he, poor soul, though a man of very good sense in common affairs, in this, was the most perfect dupe I ever beheld. She is, professedly, a religious character, and celebrated for the strength of her understanding; but her vanity, to me, in this instance, was very disgusting.

After a little acquaintance with her, she informed me, *in confidence*, that she had occasioned the disorder I had witnessed in him a few evenings before, which she recurred to with much seeming satisfaction, praised him for his nice sensibility, of which she gave me another instance. She said she had spent some time in the country; that whilst there, they had kept up a regular correspondence. Once she had written a letter to him, but being disappointed in an opportunity to send it, she kept it till she returned, and then delivered it herself. He opened it in her presence, and as he read the tears trickled down his face, till at last he had to leave the room, to give vent to his tender emotions.

Upon taking in at once, the idea of the whole matter, the fainting, the bustle in the street, my mistake, her account, and their present deportment, I burst into a fit of laughter, without considering whether proper or not; but soon recollecting it was inconsistent with good manners to treat so lightly an affair, which to her appeared serious, I restrained my levity.

I think my argument has gained no strength by this relation; and whether the poor dupe may not yet be so far trifled with as to weep his life away, time must determine.

Upon pondering matters since, and observing how materially religiously disposed people err at times in conduct, I am ready to believe their errors arise from the want of a due restraint upon their passions. To effect this object, much sincere labour is requisite, to

subject them even to the laws of reason; and I am fully satisfied the sooner we begin, and the more earnest we are in the work, the more rational will our lives and conduct be in the sight of men, and surely more conformable to the example of Him who has left it as an indispensable duty, and a proof of true rectitude, to deny ourselves, to take up our daily cross, and follow him.

May we, my dear friend, ever keep an eye upon the straight gate and the narrow way, through which only admittance is gained into the heavenly Father's Kingdom; and with holy confidence encounter and put to flight every temptation to wander therefrom, is the parting salutation of thy

SUSAN.



TO P. M., PHILADELPHIA.

Baltimore County, Md., March 20th, 1770.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

Lest those friendly impressions which I desire to perpetuate in thy mind should be buried in oblivion, be pleased to accept this small token which is enclosed, and one for little E., who, I suppose, has before this time forgotten "Tuty" as she used to call me. How gladly would I testify my affection to both of you by doing all in my power to render it agreeable to you to spend some time in this healthful part of the world.

The vernal season will soon arrive, when each rural

scene will be clothed in all its beauty, and in other respects I think we can hold out some inducements for you to visit us.

I dreamed a few nights ago that I saw thee ; a serene and pleasant smile sat upon thy countenance, which indicated a happy mind ; thy face wore the bloom of a rose, in the morn of a spring day sun, and thy dress was neat and elegant ; now, if there be any thing in dreams, I hope this portends thy future good. May it please Divine Goodness to restore thy health, that thou mayst continue to be a comfort to the best of husbands, and that the minds of your tender offspring may still be instructed in the ways of piety by thy precept and example ; so that in the first dawn of their reason, a foundation may be laid whereon their happiness will stand securely when all sublunary things shall have been involved in one common fate.

And through whatever dispensations Providence may see meet to lead thee, may thy foundation of everlasting bliss be built upon the Rock of ages ; then neither the storms nor the tempests of life, nor yet the shock of death, that most gloomy hour, shall be able to shake the solid basis upon which thy hopes are built.

TO C. M., OF PHILADELPHIA.

Deer Creek, Maryland, May 8th, 1770.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

The reception of thy kind epistle was an acceptable proof of the continuance of thy friendship, which I shall ever be pleased to possess, and be assured that I am proud of my capacity to return a greater degree of true regard, than I have any right to expect from my friend C. M.

Thy sentiments on this point, as well as on many others, agree with my own; that is, if domestic scenes, rural life, and a few good books to employ hours of leisure, be mixed with content, they will ensure more peace of mind than all the amusements of the gay, or pursuits of the ambitious, for the scene of action on the stage of mortality will shortly be closed, and then we shall find it, as thou hast said, "to be our principal interest to know our day's work to be fully accomplished," that we may not experience a separation from Him, with whom our union is our only happiness.

I hope the consideration of those mercies thou hast mentioned, will ever be sufficient to suppress every feeling of ingratitude towards so kind and beneficent a Creator. I believe that all he does to, and for us, that all his dispensations tend toward the accomplishment of his grand design in creating finite intelligences, which, under his government and direction, would be verging onward to a state of perfection.

This idea of God's providence, I think, ought to be sufficient to inspire true resignation and pure love to the Deity, whom many profess to worship, but under very different apprehensions of his attributes. But, if in this Babel of opinions, we can find humility and love, we find the Kingdom of Heaven.



Baltimore County, Nov. 30th, 1770.

DEAR COUSIN,

I have, at length, arrived safely at my own habitation, but by some means I took a cold, and a pain in my side, which detained me a week at the house of a very honest farmer, about twenty miles from home, where I was kindly cared for. Our prospects of human life appear very different in sickness and in health, which thou, in thy present declining state, may perhaps experience.

Did we always enjoy uninterrupted health and prosperity, we should be likely to forget what poor frail creatures we are, and that we are daily obnoxious to those casualties, which sooner or later will sweep us off the stage of mortality into that eternal world, where true piety only will give distinction. How vain, then, it is, to value ourselves upon any thing less solid and permanent than that piety, which will, in the winding up of this momentary scene, recommend us to a place in the mansions of everlasting bliss. That thou, my

cousin, mayst find a seat there, is my ardent wish. But in order to obtain this blessedness, it is necessary to turn the eye of the mind inward, and there to cultivate the talent bestowed upon us by our great Master, who will shortly demand the interest with the sum given to improve upon. Were this improvement our principal study and pursuit, we should find little or no time or inclination to explore the defects of others, and by examining our own hearts, we should see our failings, numerous as they are, more clearly than those of other people.

Be pleased to tell John Proud I will accept the book he offered me. My respects to Uncle and Aunt Howell. Thy affectionate cousin,

SUSAN HOPKINS.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER, DATED 1771.

My sister H. and I intended to see you in Philadelphia last spring, but her only son was taken ill with a hectic fever, and the doctor thinks unless some unexpected alteration takes place, it will ere long terminate his earthly sojourn.

I have had a violent cold, which has nearly laid an embargo on my faculty of speech, but through mercy the powers of reflection are still continued, which afford me sufficient entertainment. A well disciplined mind surely is the source of our highest enjoyments ;

but I candidly confess that mine are not always sufficiently concentrated there, nor do I believe they ever will, till I have made a greater sacrifice of my own will and inclinations. The nearer I seem to approach Christianity, the straighter the gate, and the narrower the way appears, so that it may well be said, flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom.

But I hope, that through that Infinite Power which must fight all our battles for us, if we ever become conquerors, my spiritual enemies will yet be subdued, and my mind be prepared to receive, and to communicate all the good entrusted to my stewardship.



TO P. M. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Deer Creek, 5th Mo. 1772.

DEAR COUSIN,

Although the quietude of a rural situation furnishes nothing of moment to communicate to thee, yet still gratefully recurring to every instance of thy kind attention to me, I cannot rest satisfied without sometimes repeating that thou yet hast a part in the affections of thy cousin.

The beauties of the vernal season afford me at present a pleasing variety of amusements. The woods, fields, and meadows display a lovely green, the fruit trees diffuse a fragrant smell, and the birds among the branches delight the ear with their melody. With my

work, a book, or a friend, I sometimes spend an afternoon in some shady retreat, where the great Author of these and of every other blessing, is generally the subject of converse or of contemplation; and having some domestic cares, such as the tillage of a garden, and poultry of different kinds to look after, I find but little time to spend in idleness; and if Cousin C. and thyself will favour us with a visit next month, we will treat you to chickens and peas, strawberries and cream, (in which, when in season we always abound,) together with a hearty welcome to our mansion, where I shall be highly delighted to have an opportunity to retaliate some part of thy kindness to thy

SUSAN.



EXTRACT FROM A LETTER NOT DATED, TO A FRIEND
IN ENGLAND.

When I agreed to correspond with thee across the Atlantic, I little expected thou wouldst pitch upon a subject upon which I feel extremely awkward, especially when writing to a gentleman; because there are two things commonly used in treating upon it, the one is to dress out a little truth with much fiction, the other is coquetry, which I believe are often practised by both sexes, and as to the symptoms thou mentionest of palpitations, tremors, &c upon opening my letters, sighings and dreams afterward, I confess I am inclined to believe they are indications of the hypochondriac rather

than lover, and would recommend to thee, not to sit too intensely at thy studies ; use exercise, drink a moderate proportion of wine every day, and eat heartily of rye mush and milk. * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

Let no local attachment disqualify thee from acquiring every useful and ornamental accomplishment and excellence, which such an opportunity is calculated to afford.

Solomon wisely observes, there is a time for all things, and for every purpose under the sun ; therefore let me advertise thee that the present epoch with thee will be much misapplied, if not engaged in gaining a just and competent knowledge of men, manners, customs, laws, politics, &c. If to these thou should add a close investigation into the avenues of thy own heart, and trace thy high lineage, even an heir of immortality, yet still a child of the dust, thou wilt be the less likely to become initiated into the popular vices of the old world.



EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND, DATED

3d Mo. 1773.

I appeared to be verging toward a state of health, when I was taken with the meazles and was violently held. My friends were fearful of the consequences ;

but I had no expectation that my state of probation was so near its end as they supposed. My mental eye surveyed vicissitudes yet to come, before this mutable scene shall for ever close with me. May that solemn period, when it shall arrive, find me engaged as the faithful steward of whom we read, diligently watching, and faithfully discharging my duty. Let us, my dear friend, mutually endeavour to be ready, for we “know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.”

My dear father, though upward of three score years of age, has suffered with the same disease : this, added to other bodily infirmities, has made the conflict go hard with him.

I hope these admonitory lessons upon the uncertainty of human life, may induce me duly to appreciate each added day as a loan from the bountiful Donor, in order that I may fill up to his glory the station he has assigned me among the children of the dust. Which is, “to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before Him.”



Deer Creek.

Right or wrong, subject or no subject, still thou insistest upon the maintenance of a correspondence with Cleora ; thou sayest it is the most fashionable way of writing letters, to say a great deal, very handsomely, about nothing ; but I confess it is an art in literature I have not yet acquired ; and unless I really find some-

thing to say, I am like Yorick, when, after several fruitless attempts, he throws down his pen in despair, exclaiming, "I cannot write this self-same letter!"

But I have now a little matter, though it is not of much account, yet it may serve to amuse thee, and at the same time to show how ready I am to obey thy commands.

I lately made an excursion from home of about five and twenty miles; as I expected a female relation to accompany me back, I rode alone in the chaise; my brother Charles escorting me on horseback. The roads were bad most of the way, so that I had no leisure to amuse myself with any thing but taking thought how I might best avoid being overset. When we came to the Falls of Gunpowder, it was exceedingly dangerous crossing, especially to such as were not acquainted with the way, and being fearful, I drove up to a house not far off to make some inquiry about it; when out stept a handsome young beau, assuring me it was quite a risk for a stranger to attempt it, and kindly offered to conduct me over. I told him I would be obliged to him if he would; he instantly stept in, with a pleasure in his countenance that I could not account for. He had not been seated more than three minutes when he thus accosted me: "Well, madam, you are a widow, and I a widower." As it was an assertion, and not a question, I did not contradict him. He then asked me how long Mr. H. had been dead. I told him about eighteen months. He queried if I did not incline to marry

again. I told him a person who lost so good a husband as he was, ought to be very careful how she made a second choice. He said that was true, and doubted not I had prudence to direct me in so important an affair, adding, that if it were agreeable to me, he intended to pay his addresses to me. I observed, that he was in every respect an entire stranger to me, never having, to my knowledge, either seen or heard of him before. He wondered that I should so soon have forgotten him, it not being more than three months since he had the pleasure of conversing with me at such a place, and thought he had then given me some intimation of his intentions; that I had with me three beautiful little daughters; and notwithstanding my forgetfulness, and insensibility towards him, the impression which my beauty and agreeable conversation had made upon him, was not so easily effaced. I told him, as to intimations, I did not build much upon them, and that there was not the least trace of his person or any interview with him, in my ideas. He was amazed at that. He then proceeded to tell me his name, place of residence, &c.; referred me to several gentlemen of note, whom I knew, for his character, which, he said, were he not conscious of being clear from blemish, he would not presume to offer to a lady of my most distinguished merit. He then gave me a minute detail of his estate, which was considerable, and in which he assured me he did not deceive me, as he looked upon it to be every lady's right to be made fully acquainted with the cir-

cumstances of her proffered lover, before much procedure toward marriage. I told him it was candid. He then insisted, if, upon inquiry, I should find what he said was true, that he might be admitted as my admirer; he would leave every other contingency at present, not doubting I would use him generously, let my inclination turn as it might.

As we had now crossed the Falls, and driven more than a mile beyond, I began to turn the discourse, by apologizing for the trouble I had given him. He said he thought it none, but rather a fortunate circumstance that he had met with such an opportunity of serving me. I told him I could not impose upon his goodness by putting him to further trouble, as he would have to return on foot; and laying hold of the reins, stopped the horse, at the same time telling him I acknowledged his kindness, and when it should lay in my power, he might rest assured I would make him a grateful return. He seemed quite elated at this declaration, and I was sensible he put a construction upon it that I had not intended; then pressing my hand several times, he stepped out of the chaise. I again thanked him for his kindness, but told him I believed he had been mistaken in his object; that I was not the widow H——. “Not Mrs. H.?” said he. “No,” said I, “I am not.” Never did I see any creature so confounded. The horse was impatient to be going, and sat off; I looked back at some twenty yards distance, and he was standing still in the very same spot where he had alighted.

Though I meant no more by not undeceiving him sooner, than a little piece of diversion, yet I could not justify my conduct upon the principle of doing as I would be done by, however blameable he might be, for making suit to a person he had so little acquaintance with.

The mystery was this: My sister H. had met with him as she journeyed home from South River, with three of her children, whither she had been on a visit to sister H. Snowden. I was riding in the same chaise, drawn by the same horse, with the same kind of a riding dress, and strangers say there is a great likeness.

S. H.

“From this novel courtship, a curiosity may arise to know whether the astounded lover ever after sought an alliance with the widow H.; but, disheartened by his mortifying mistake, he abandoned his purpose, and never again ‘intimated his intentions’ to her, or had an interview with her. From many little occurrences I have heard related of her, she appears to have been pretty severe upon the self-presuming lords of creation. As an instance, one of these, in the form of a beau, a stranger to her, thinking to gain the favour of the fair, by unbending himself in long-continued freaks of frivolity, without any reference to those whose minds were stored with materials for rational pastime, at length desisted, and addressing her, said, “well, Miss, I have turned fool to-night just to please the ladies.” She

gravely remarked, that he had acted his part so well, that she thought he had always been one. This appropriate rebuke silenced his folly for the remainder of the evening."

"In the subjoined piece, written in answer to a communication published in the Pennsylvania Magazine, signed "An Old Bachelor," she has personated her sister, the widow H., and correctly delineated the character of her husband, to whom she was very early in life united, and over whose death, and her own desolations, she was early called to mourn."

Eliza would not wish to intrude, or presume to oppose to the more experienced in life, or skilled in the science of human nature, her sentiments, which have been formed in obscurity, and nursed in the shades of rural retirement; but my experience, somewhat different from any I have seen exhibited in the Pennsylvania Museum upon the subject, may at least serve to furnish variety.

When I was young, and my bosom a stranger to care—when judgment and sober reason had fixed upon my understanding but few principles for the government of my future life, or yet had rectified the foibles of the thoughtless vivacity of youth, I was courted by Guliemos, a man of sobriety, understanding, and a competent fortune; he possessed also many amiable

qualities of heart, which shone conspicuously through every part of his conduct, and attracted my highest esteem; on this was founded my sincerest affection.

Till Hymen had completed our union, my most sanguine expectations had never portrayed to my imagination the height of that felicity which a tenderly affectionate and sensible companion is capable of conferring. He seemed sufficiently blessed to see me happy, and omitted nothing in his power to make me so; nor days, nor years, effected any change in his tender assiduities. He was a fond, indulgent parent. Often have I seen his countenance glowing with parental delight, while the innocent prattlers, climbing his knees, would lisp their tender ideas, which he never failed to assist, with such instruction as their infantile reasons were capable of receiving. He was a kind master; his domestics paid the utmost cheerful obedience to his commands, through affection rather than fear. His conduct and example rendered his family regular and peaceful, and diffused happiness through all his borders. His heart was susceptible of the most tender feelings, yet, when death robbed us of a lovely boy, and under trials of a like nature, resignation and true Christian fortitude beaming from his brow, bespoke the inward rectitude and composure of his soul. He was magnanimous and brave, both in prosperity and in adversity; neither depressed by any worldly loss, nor elated by any fortuitous event. Thus armed with divine philosophy, he rose superior to the evils of time, and tasted, by antici-

pation, that happiness which he was formed to enjoy. To the poor, the widow, and the fatherless, he was a never failing friend and assistant; a useful member of society, both in a public and private capacity; and he endeavoured to promote order and happiness, by the means of perfect veracity and uncorrupted justice.

But how shall I recite the sad sequel, or recount the scene of my deepest sorrows? When the returning sun of eleven summers had matured our felicity, and cemented our union by five of the most engaging ties, the greatest of all afflictions severed from me this inestimable blessing. It is foreign to my purpose, nor indeed has language energy to describe the anguish of my soul on this occasion; but let it suffice to add, that taught by the melancholy dictates of a bleeding heart, the shortness and uncertainty of all earthly enjoyments, I became sensible that nothing but the comforting prospect which Christianity affords, can yield true support to a mind labouring under trials like these. And however we may neglect to improve, and enrich the mind with the truths of religion, yet a day will come when we shall need all the consolation it is calculated to administer.

To conclude—whatever reflections the wisdom and sagacity of the Literati may suggest, or the stupid duplicity of Ignoramus declare, upon the subject of marriage, it is evident beyond a shadow of doubt, that, to a mind like Guliemos', it is the highest state of human felicity, and resembles that of the beneficent Beings above, whose joys are increased by participation.

“ The following brief sketch of the location of her native home, with the appending scenery ; an account of the marriage of her sister H., her place of residence, &c. was taken in the summer of 1828, whilst on a visit there, and is here offered as a further development of circumstances connected with the days of her youth.”

Deer Creek, 8th Mo., 1828.

Though imbecile must prove my effort to delineate the varied feelings associated with the picturesque scenery now before me, yet in order to preserve a faint semblance, I have entrusted to my pen the pleasing task of tracing a week spent upon the native soil of her, whose maternal eye watched with unwavering solicitude my walk through early life, and whose memory is still cherished with all the strength of affection which marked that period, when her approving smile shed light upon my path, when Hope bore me on her pinions to the same exalted summit of moral, intellectual, and religious excellence, whereon she stood.

The ancient mansion where the day first dawned upon her being, is situated on one of the most elevated points in the surrounding neighbourhood, commanding an extensive view of country, beautifully diversified with hill and dale, wood and lawn, throughout which many a streamlet winds its way. Here, in this lovely spot of creation, calculated to inspire fancy and elicit sentiment, dwelt a band of brothers and sisters, ten of

whom have resigned to nature the little boon she lent; dust has mingled with dust, and ashes with ashes; one only survives to recount the incidents of the morning of their days. Here, imagination unrestrained has wandered over years long since numbered; their juvenile sports, their active career of life, their "sober autumn fading into age," and their "pale concluding winter," have all passed in review before me, and given to my thoughts a pensive sadness that I would not exchange for the gayest hour of thoughtless mirth my spirit ever knew.

In a morning's ramble with my uncle and an interesting cousin, I called to see the nearly desolated habitation of an aunt, once the loved and favourite sister of my endeared mother, and with whom she had spent many a pleasant intellectual hour. On her nuptial hour with one of the best of men, the sun of prosperity shone with peculiar brightness, but arrested ere the meridian of his day, by that potent arm which has consigned to the "clod of the valley" successive generations since the world began, she was left a young and an unskilful pilot on the waves of Time. Trained up in the lap of ease, and measuring the ingenuousness of others by her own guileless motives, she knew not the wiles of the world; but she was soon taught, in the school of experience, to feel her hold upon its favours was unstable—her confidence in its promises baseless. It was then a time to test a sister's affection; it was then that she, who was afterwards my revered mother,

cheerfully resigned the comforts of her paternal abode, to share her cares and to solace her widowhood.

Here, as I surveyed the effect of 'Time's dilapidating hand upon the several departments through which I wandered, my mind was drawn into reflections replete with instruction; life, in its pristine colours, arose before me, and whilst I turned aside to pay the tribute of a tear to its faded and its fading glories, my thoughts soared beyond its narrow bounds, and triumphed in the consciousness that

“ When suns have waned, and worlds sublime
Their final revolutions told,
This soul shall triumph over Time,
As though such orbs had never roll'd.”

But, quickly blending with the exalted theme a humiliating view of my own internal domain, I saw my liability to diverge from that centre toward which divine love had again and again drawn my heart; I felt that idols had shared the homage due only to the true and living God, and secretly did I aspire for renewed stability of mind to direct all my affections aright, to place my all of hope in Heaven, to draw my all of joy from its unadulterated stream.

We then pursued our walk to see a cousin, the daughter of the aunt alluded to, where we spent the remainder of the day. The cheerful sprightliness that prevailed in this unostentatious dwelling, where dark boding sorrow once had its reign, for she was a widow,

and the mother of a numerous flock, soon dissipated the sombre hue my spirits had previously imbibed, and in rational converse “unheeded flew the hours.” About dusk, seated on an old plough horse, which my uncle had directed to be sent for me, and attended by his son on foot, I had a ride which Napoleon, mounted on his charger, and scaling the Alps, might have envied. “The yellow moon, hanging on high,” shone in all its brilliancy; the shrill notes of the little choristers of the night were heard in lively cadence; a murmuring stream, gently gliding on, lent its music to the ear, and lighted windows, seen in the distance, all combined to throw a magic charm over my mind, which, blending with its morning seriousness, caused a mood just suited to contemplate such a scene with delightful emotions. My thoughts aspiring to the Sovereign Architect, and Lord of all, felt and acknowledged his might, his majesty, his goodness, and his love, whilst they encircled, as emanations of his benignity, those friendships which from time to time had arisen, like verdant spots on life’s desert waste, and tendered to my heart a sweet respite from darker hours.

A welcome reception awaited my return, and a pleasant evening succeeded, but the excited feelings which I had cherished through the day banished sleep beyond the midnight hour. The next morning I bade adieu, perhaps for ever, to this endeared spot of creation, where oft, when night and silence held their reign, I had communed with the grave, and measured out the

little span, that at its utmost bound must soon be journeyed over, and this fragile frame reach its last, its quiet resting place, and “the immortal spirit, emancipated from earth, read its final doom.”



TO RICHARD HOPKINS, SOUTH RIVER,

Deer Creek, Jan. 25th, 1774.

DEAR COUSIN,

To be silent, when I have an opportunity of conveying my thoughts to thee, would tacitly imply an indifference nowise agreeable to the present feelings of my heart, for be assured, my cousin, a longer acquaintance has produced a nearer union, not only with thyself, but with thy *nearest* friend, and the family to which thou hast lately been allied. I often look back with pleasure upon the moments I have spent with you, and dare I indulge a wish for any thing not placed within my power, it would be frequently to chat away some of my winter evenings with you; but I have no doubt your enjoyment is full, without such an addition to your social entertainments. I, too, have my home delights, with my friends present, but my absent ones share largely in my thoughts and my esteem.

Deer Creek affords no new thing worth communicating, excepting that matrimony is flourishing among us, and old and young are running their heads into the noose, which I suppose thou wilt approve. I hope

thou wilt have every cause still to commend the tie, and that you may long enjoy all the happiness that marriage in its most exalted state can bestow; and may you never cease to remember with gratitude the good hand whence every blessing flows, nor be content with only gaining an easy and prosperous voyage through Time, but provide, as you glide onward, for a safe landing upon the eternal shore, where shortly we must all arrive.

I shall be very glad to hear from you; do not miss giving me that satisfaction by the first opportunity. I desire to be affectionately remembered to thy father-in-law, Samuel Snowden, and wife, and in a very especial manner to thy Nancy. I remain, dear cousin, thy friend, and affectionate

SUSAN.



TO SUSAN HOPKINS.

March 13th, 1774.

I would as soon believe a priest, nay, one of your own clergymen, who changes his mind once in every twenty-four hours; I would take even his word before yours: and, what is worse, I will never believe you again. And mayst thou be the wife of some flattering priest, whose resolution has not the strength of a cobweb, whose habitation is in the barrens, live on corn bread and herring, or die that despicable creature, —

Yet, yet, my Susan, do not be angry, thou hast not offended me, my dear girl, and though I am vexed at the very heart, it is not at you.

Farewell, and believe that I love you as much as ever.

J. C.



FROM S. H. TO J. C.

Deer Creek, 1774.

Dear me! what have I done, or what has any body done to thee, that thou shouldst curse me so? Why, as uncle Toby* says, "I would not curse the dog so." What! marry a priest, reside in the barrens, live on corn bread and herrings, or die that despicable creature, —— O, my patience! what's the matter?" Thou art not angry with me; "I never offended thee;" but thou art vexed at the very heart about something. Well, what shall I say? I have a feeling heart, and would willingly yield thee all the comfort and consolation within my power; but shall first presume that some ill wind from the *West* has chagrined thee; by the *West*, I do not mean the place where the sun sets, nor either of the two-and-thirty points in the compass. What then? Inasmuch as thou knowest, it is not worth while to use any metaphors, allegories, parables, or paradoxes, about it, we will suppose it to mean "a priest," or "one of your own clergymen, that changes his mind once in

* Tristram Shandy.

every twenty-four hours." I will not say he is an unworthy subject of thy disgust, lest I offend thee, and shall leave thee to make thy own estimate of his merit; but were it left to me to weigh it, I believe I should make use of the apothecaries' scale and weights. But that is not the matter—we will suppose, for instance, that he, or some other thing, has heartily vexed thee. Now, what I am at, is to restore thy quiet and peace of mind. Philosophers and wise men have given us divers maxims and advices to prevent or cure such things; but the misfortune is, when we come to be tried, they are so very hard to be put into practice.

I knew a religious young man, who fell desperately in love with a young woman, (as I thought,) no way worthy of his attachment. After giving him encouragement, she conceived hopes of another that she preferred, and treated him with disdain. This was a heavy stroke upon him, which to alleviate, he applied himself more closely to reading religious books, Epictetus, Seneca, and I know not whom of the ancient philosophers; but it was an over match for all the religion and philosophy he was able to attain, and he seemed about to sink into a profound melancholy. He, in confidence, let me into the whole affair, and expressed his utter inability to quiet the commotion of his mind, by any means he had hitherto used. As he was a relation I dearly loved, and in whose welfare I was deeply interested, I became solicitous to find some remedy, and hit upon one, which, I believe, was very helpful; but I

fear to tell it thee, lest it encourage the indulgence of chimera or castle building, which the mind, familiar with tales of fiction, is prone to create ; but I ventured to recommend to him what Sterne has thus expressed : “ Sweet pliability of man’s spirit ! that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments ; when (says our author) my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it to some smooth velvet path, which fancy has scattered over with rose buds of delight ; and having taken a few turns in it, I come back strengthened and refreshed.” The event was, that he recovered his tranquillity of mind, and it was not long before he met with an object more deserving, who, sensible of his merit, repaid his affection and esteem as it deserved.

I could mention several such instances, which may serve to show, that could we anticipate a few years, and look back upon present circumstances and occurrences, we should find that which we deemed our greatest evil, was the best that could have happened to us ; and that which we most desired, the worst that could befall. Therefore, seeing we are so shortsighted it behoves us, as much as possible, to meet all events with an equal mind, nor ever complain of the trials that cross our way, for they are incident to human life, the inheritance of the children of the dust. That it is better to get over them by any means not really prejudicial, than to indulge in the remembrance of them to our

hurt; and, though I admit ideal pleasure is innocent and allowable upon some occasions, in order to elude the force of hurtful commotions and disquietude of mind, yet, beyond all dispute, Truth is the only sure basis of all permanent happiness; and the more we habituate the mind to the contemplation thereof, and to the practice of its dictates in, the less need we shall stand of illusive enjoyments to qualify the bitter draughts which more or less are administered to all, as they pass through the transitory vale of human life. If we can but order the point of the compass between murmuring and improper elevation, so as to hit a state of resigned cheerful thankfulness, there is no doubt but the drama will end well at last.

With unfeigned love, I remain thy friend,

SUSAN.



Deer Creek.

MY DEAR GIRL,

My last gave thee an account of the wedding, but as the messenger was then waiting, I had to leave part of my story untold, so I shall resume it just where I left off.

When the wedding feast was over, which lasted two days, and the company was repairing home, the agreeable family, with the bride and groom joined in importuning me to stay a few days longer. I pleaded that I

should have no company, as it did not suit my brother to stay, the old gentleman engaged that I should not want an escort, for if nobody else will, my son, said he, shall see you safely home. I looked at his son to see if I could translate his countenance into a concurrence with his father's proposal; he also looked at me with a kind of benignity which, as I felt rather disposed to comply with their request, served just then to satisfy me. This son is a young widower, having buried his wife about eighteen months since. I was told, that for a time his grief was very great, but since, it has appeared to subside, his behaviour is grave and sedate, seldom mixing in young company, and he is very reserved toward our sex. Though whilst I was there, we several times entered into conversation, in which his politeness and good sense appeared, but at the same time there was a gravity in his manner that produced something of an awe and timidity in me lest I should seem to make too free. After spending three days longer very agreeably, the time drew near when I must return home, and no other company as yet appearing, I confess, I never, upon a like occasion, felt under such an embarrassment. Willingly would I have foregone all the pleasure I had derived in staying. This said widower had not offered to wait on me home, nor seconded his father's proposal in words, though I had heard him giving directions to some of the domestics what to do in his absence, which implied that he intended to go, yet I reasoned thus—perhaps politeness and respect for his father may

induce him to submit, but it may hurt his more tender and delicate feelings, and he may wish me further than be thus situated. If he had offered I should have felt no scruple about it, and to excuse him without assigning a cause, might be misconstrued. This point was too delicate even to be hinted at ; what then was I to do ? As I was pondering over the dilemma I was in, whom should I see riding up, but my old friend and former preceptor Joseph Wilson ; he inquired when I intended to return home, and what company I expected ; offered to escort me himself if I would wait till he accomplished some business he had to attend to a few miles further on. But, said he, perhaps you have company you like better. I told him I had none without giving my friends trouble, and I would accept his proffered kindness. Edwin then ventured to say, that he did not think it a trouble ; however, I chose to wait for Joseph. In the mean time, the bride and groom, with their retinue, took their departure for Olney, and most of the family escorted them part of the way, so that I was left with the junior part of the household and Edwin. I suppose he had seen my embarrassment and perhaps suspected the cause. Being left in something of a lonely situation, he seemed more particularly desirous to contribute to my amusement. As he was a reader and a virtuoso in collecting manuscripts both in prose and poetry, he brought me a large bundle, and laying it on the table, desired me to amuse myself with the contents till his return, as he was under the neces-

sity of riding a few miles, but thought he would be back in about an hour.

After his departure I opened the bundle and found several smaller parcels tied up by themselves. Among them, was one more carefully folded up and tied with a piece of black riband. This, I first opened, which contained several pieces of poetry which I supposed were written by himself in his earlier days, and one addressed to him by his wife, written not long before her death, wherein she informed him of a presentiment she had of her approaching dissolution; her submission to the Divine will; mentioned the near unity that had subsisted between them, and in moving terms requested his tender care toward their dear little Lydia.

I almost repented my curiosity in reading it, for being considerably affected, I could not refrain from tears, and unwilling to be seen by any of the family, I put them carefully up, walked out alone, sat down in the shade, and indulged reflections intermingled with tears, which, according to Yorick on Sensibility, were a convincing proof that I had a soul as well as he, and after washing my face in a little stream, and wiping it with my pocket handkerchief, I went in and found him punctual to the hour he was to be absent. Joseph soon after came, and we set off homeward; Edwin escorting us several miles. Conduct so becoming his situation, with the amiable qualities which he discovered gained my esteem—quite disinterestedly I assure thee, for I

have not the most distant view of standing in any other relation to him than as a friend.

Though I hold Cupid in some sort of respect, yet I choose to distance his mark till I see my own advantage, and wish not to become myself, nor have others the sport of his vagaries.

I am, as ever, thy attached

SUSAN.



To ———, PHILADELPHIA.

Deer Creek, 1776.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

We arrived safely at home on the day after leaving Philadelphia, and found the whole system of our concerns in as good plight as we left them, which was a matter of satisfaction and thankfulness. My sister for awhile seemed to enjoy the favour, but beginning to reflect how uneasy she had been without a cause, and that the opportunity of enjoying the society of her friends in Philadelphia was past and probably might never occur again, she was not a little displeas'd with herself, but I endeavoured to reconcile her by reminding her that what was past could not be recalled, and that the happiness most worthy of her pursuit was still within her power, and no way dependant on outward place or circumstance. I am thankful that from a gift of nature I am as little liable to vain and fruitless anxi-

ety as most people, and sometimes I think I can subscribe to those lines of Dr. Young,

“What e'er the colour of my fate, my fate shall be my choice,
For I determine whilst I breath, to praise and to rejoice.”

Yet no doubt there are troubles and misfortunes in life which might greatly stagger my philosophy and cause my feeble bark to recede from its wonted course of resigned thankfulness; but Hope is an anchor that will sustain through all evils incident to human existence, provided Religion take the helm and we be vigilant in well-doing.



Deer Creek, 1776.

MY DEAR COUSIN C. M.

My sister's great anxiety about home was causeless; for when we arrived there, we found all well, which occasioned her to reflect upon herself, for suffering her mind to become so disturbed. I hope experience will teach her more wisdom; however, I am disposed to believe that we are sometimes impressed with a prophetic sense of what Providence is about to bring to pass, but did we rightly conceive of his unceasing goodness, we should readily allow it to be a weakness, if not a crime, to encourage any great degree of anxiety.

I am, indeed, yet less at home than I think consistent with my truest interest; the mind, which may properly be termed one's-self, being often absent; but

I hope a little more time and recollection will bring me back to my usual enjoyment of those quiet scenes, and enable me to fix a more steady attention toward the attainment of the one thing needful, which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it; every other pursuit is liable to vexation and disappointment, but in this, no casualty can frustrate our best endeavours.

It was thy desire that I should write to thee; but what consideration can I propose to a mind far more capacious than my own? The subject of my meditations would be nothing new to thee. Couldst thou find entertainment in a descriptive view of the lofty trees, verdant fields, and the murmuring streams, which oft have afforded me agreeable amusement for a pensive hour? The autumnal season begins to display a more solemn scene. Nature, on the decay, though attended with pleasing variety, cannot, I think, fail to excite serious impressions upon every attentive mind.

The similarity that appears between the external creation, and the changes and different stages of this our pilgrimage state, seems as if the All-wise Disposer of all things intended thereby, continually to remind us of what we are, and what we soon shall be.

May a due improvement of every visible, as well as internal manifestation of Divine power, wisdom, and goodness, prepare us for the winter, and closing period of our day.

The bearer of this, just calling, who is a near neigh-

bour, going to hazard the chance of war, bids me conclude.

How different, my friend, are those hostile scenes from the peaceable state prophecied by Isaiah, when “swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, when nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.” Does not it seem strange that the reverse of this, should be consistent with the permission of the Most High, whose kingdom consisteth in righteousness, peace, and joy, and who, according to an ancient testimony, “rules in the kingdoms of men, and gives them to whomsoever he will?” But we must not, in this dark state of things, pretend to scan the doings of Providence. I doubt not, when the grand arcanum of his economy in human affairs shall be unfolded to our view, that, with pleasing wonder, we shall trace all his dispensations toward his creature man, through paths of unerring wisdom and boundless love, and acknowledge, with humble gratitude, that he is just and equal in all his ways.

TO C. M., PHILADELPHIA.

Deer Creek, 1776.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

A melancholy kind of satisfaction attended the perusal of thy kind letter, which contained the particular

information I had been anxious to gain, whilst it revived my sorrow for the death of my dear friend.

I have truly borne a sympathising part with you all, but more especially with her endeared partner,

“When such friends part, 'tis the survivor dies.”

But I hope the same divine philosophy that armed his soul with fortitude at the trying scene of her departure, will still support and enable him to rise superior to his own loss, whilst with the eye of faith he beholds a beatified spirit entered into endless joy and felicity.

What a lesson, my dear friend, is death to surviving mortals? But is it not too often the case, that, when we have paid the rites of decent sorrow to the memory of a departed friend, and indulged a few serious reflections on time, death, and eternity, the impression wears off, without taking that effect upon our minds which such events are calculated to produce? I wish this were less my own experience. I well remember, that once when I attended a dear brother in his last illness, and was witness to the throes and agonies of his soul, lest he might not be sufficiently purified, or in a state of preparation to appear before the tribunal of a just Judge, his groans, and intercessions to the Throne of forgiving Mercy, sounded in mine ears long after he had gone to make the dread experiment.

My feelings, at that time, were not to be described, and I resolved, with Divine aid, to be constantly preparing for death, that its awful period might be met

without fear. Seeing the shortness of our passage from the cradle to the grave, it appeared only worth while to contemplate those regions which lie beyond the narrow boundaries of Time. But as my sorrow subsided, the world, which in many forms insinuates itself into the heart, began gradually to steal its affections from the one thing needful; and now I frequently find myself under the necessity of retiring within, to supplicate the Throne of Grace, that I may be delivered from its temptations and its snares, lest I be carried away, and at last be excluded from the arms of Divine Mercy.

My brother W. has had a long and painful struggle; his disorder was inflammatory fever, but through mercy he is now rising from the bed of affliction, and I hope he will be truly thankful, nor be like a people formerly, whom the hand of Almighty Power led through the Red Sea, and set their feet on the banks of deliverance,

“They sang his praise, but soon forgot his works.”

A few lines from thee, will at any time be gratefully received and acknowledged, by thy affectionate cousin,

SUSAN.



TO CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL.

Deer Creek, January 30th, 1777.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

So thoughtless was thy messenger of affection, that not till yesterday did it make its appearance. When I

examined the date, I could not forbear chiding its tardy movements on the way.

I have no doubt the effect of thy great loss is still manifest. Death makes sad inroads upon our finite enjoyments, but if under these, and all other trials, we can be truly resigned, I am convinced that the painful feelings of human nature in the hands of Infinite Wisdom and goodness, are made subservient to our truest interest. May this be the conclusion of all the trials and vicissitudes that may attend thee through thy pilgrimage state.

Since thy letter was written, I understand that you have been expelled from the city by well grounded fears of the enemy. It appears to be a time when the judgments of the Lord are in the earth. I hope the inhabitants thereof will learn righteousness. This is the important year, when, according to Clerke, the Millennium is to commence. The prospect, at present, is very different.

Let the voice of liberty stun the nation with feats of valour; but what is the glory of her prowess, when compared with the victory which a silent, humble, persevering diligence over the empire of our hearts obtains for us, whereby our spiritual enemies are put to flight, and we enabled to stand fast in that true Christian liberty, which pertains to the children of God?

THE CHRISTIAN'S STRENGTH.

Resign'd a Christian meets the ills of Time,
Nor fears the storms of this inclement clime:
Tho' thunders roar and terrors round him spread
"Eternal sunshine settles on his head."
He fears his God and hath no other fear,
His mind unclouded and his conscience clear,
His prospects vast, outshine the noontide beam,
His Faith no fancy, and his Hope no dream,
He fears not men of high or low degree,
No earthly power can bind his liberty;
Beyond their ken his treasure lies conceal'd
He only wishes 't were enough revealed,
That men might know its worth and prize it too,
He gladly would expose it to their view.
If suffering best should answer that design,
To suffer, freely doth himself resign.
He to the smiter turns his ready cheek,
As taught of Him who saith "I'm low and meek."
No provocation can his spirit move
To aught contrary to the law of love,
But prays with Him whom on the cross we view
"Father forgive, they know not what they do."
The royal law rejoiceth to fulfil
And only recompenseth good for ill.
Thus to the world proclaims, come taste and see
The love of God, behold how good is he!
Of bitter things he makes a wholesome sweet,
And rugged paths he smooths beneath our feet,

And tho' the wicked may our hurt intend,
E'en Angels stand to guard—the good man's friend.
Remember Joseph whom his Brethren sold
To the erratic Midianites for gold,
To bondage they the faultless youth consign'd,
But Providence had other things design'd;
Mark the vicissitudes through which he past,
Which paved his way to dignity at last.
The Christians strength and confidence, is *He*
Who hath set bounds and limits to the sea,
“Thus far saith He no further shalt thou go,”
Beyond its bound no turgid wave shall flow
Though swelling high. Firm on a rock he sings,
Glory and honour to the King of Kings:*
And though the fig tree strew no blossoms round,
Nor cheering juices in the vine be found,
The olive fail, the labour of the field,
In golden crops shall cease her meat to yield,
The flocks cut off, the shepherds pen no fold,
The stalls forsook, where once the herd were told,
Yet in the God of his salvation, he
Doth still rejoice in deep humility;
His heart responds to the angelic host,
And praises Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

* Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

Deer Creek—1777.

Deer Creek, 1778.

DEAR BROTHER LEVIN,

I cannot but esteem thee an honest fellow, for the candour of thy opinion in the matter I had entrusted to thee : such openness is worthy of true friendship.

When my friend speaks in my commendation, I am not sure that his motive is only to please ; but when he disapproves I think he is sincere.

I agree with thee, that Friends have no business to run after newspapers, or political publications. I seldom read either, as they are, generally, receptacles for such things as are of little importance to the Christian, whose converse is, or ought to be, in heaven. But as there is a danger of being led out into the spirit of the world, so likewise we ought to be careful that we get not too much contracted into the narrow shell of self-love, which concerns not what becomes of the rest of the human family, so we can think ourselves safe. To me, there is something God-like, and divine, in reaching after the most dissolute and wicked amongst men, in order to bring them home to a sense of duty ; but as I pretend to no fitness for such an undertaking, I must leave it to those more equal to the task, and only inquire a little, how it is with thee. Art thou advancing in the path of Christian perfection ? Or, art thou in a departure from thy first love, and, like the Church of Laodicea, becoming neither hot nor cold ? It's true I am no priest, therefore confession is not due to me, but

let the examination pass through thine own heart; it will do the best no harm, often to be looking how their accounts stand, lest they insensibly slide and fall away from grace and truth.

I know there is inherent in us a certain wandering of the desires, and backwardness to that constant labour and advertency which is indispensably needful for our perseverance in a religious progress, which, if remitted by us, we shall presently have but little else left of religion but the mere shell; hence I believe it is, that we have so many nominal Christians, who profess but possess not.

I do not accuse thee, my dear boy; I only speak to thee as I speak to the heart of thy affectionate sister,

SUSAN H.



Deer Creek, 1778.

MY DEAR BROTHER L.,

It has not been for the want of a due share of affection that I have conversed so little with thee, in an epistolary way, since thy removal from us. Thy omission of that golden rule of doing to others as thou wouldst be done by, has, perhaps, occasioned me to be rather remiss; but the voice of thy complaints having reached me, I was willing to silence them, by removing the cause. I cannot, however, promise that my lines shall be made acceptable to thee, by a com-

munication of good news ; for, indeed, I find such a call to industry at home, in a two-fold sense, that I seldom look or ask for any other intelligence abroad, than to know whether our friends are in the fruition of health : this blessing, with the additional ones of domestic peace and competency, they pretty generally enjoy.

I was glad to find by thy letter to mother, that thou art pleased with thy present situation, not only because I wish thee happiness, but I look upon it to be the indispensable duty of every Christian to be content, and humbly thankful for such a distribution of the good things of this life as Providence may see meet to assign him. A cheerful, resigned contentment, is certainly the most acceptable tribute of gratitude that we can pay to the Divine Disposer of events, and Author of all our mercies ; and, since we learn, both from observation and experience, that unmixed felicity is not the portion of this life, let us, my dear Levin, endeavour to secure that happiness in the next, by duly improving the fleeting moments as they pass, observing, with a persevering and steady eye, the counsel and instruction of that oracle within, which ever leads its true votaries in the way of self-denial and the cross.

We were lately at the Grove Quarterly Meeting, where were several of the most eminent amongst us, whose lively and powerful testimonies carried an evidence of their mission. On first day, at New Garden, appeared Jacob Lindley ; and it happening that I fell in company with him and his sister, we accepted their

invitation to their father's house. I was glad of an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with a person of whom I had conceived so exalted an opinion, and found no cause of diminution by an improvement thereof. He is certainly one of the brightest ornaments of Christianity; calculated, both by nature and grace, by the engaging, cheerful affability of his behaviour, as well as by the energy and power of his public testimonies, to promote the cause of God and religion. How lovely is religion, when it appears in the bloom and vigour of life! when the faculties, shining in their fullest magnitude, are brightened and improved by the noblest of all pursuits and attainments!

I have often, my dear brother, been uneasy, because of thy being situated, where it is to be feared, there are too few to whom thou oughtest to give the right hand of fellowship, or converse with upon subjects that might be to thy edification.

The way of life and salvation, as our blessed Lord declares, is straight and narrow, and if we be not exceedingly careful and watchful over ourselves, we shall imperceptibly wander from the path; therefore, let us be diligent in well-doing, for "it is the diligent hand that maketh rich."

I am, as ever, thy affectionate sister,

S. H.

To M. O.

Deer Creek, 1778.

I hope, my dear cousin M., thou hast not attributed the slowness of my answer to thine, to any want of that true affection peculiar to members of the same body. Though I sensibly feel this precious bond, yet so it is with me, I am not always at liberty to express my feelings, either verbally or in literary method, nor can I, in some matters that may appear trivial, safely or profitably act in mine own will or time; but ever find it meet for me to advert to that sure word of prophecy, unto which we all do well to take heed. It is an ancient prophecy, and, I believe, fulfilling in this our day, "A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things:" which, as I apprehend, refers to Christ and his Spirit in the hearts of believers; whose spiritual voice, if inwardly attended to, is to be heard in all things, teaching and directing his followers what is for the good of souls and the honour of His great and holy name, and what is not. Without some such manifestation of the Divine mind and will, revealed in us from time to time, I have no idea that we can rightly speak or act in his cause, however warm our zeal may be: and it may be, yea, I know it to be the case, that the work of grace may more effectually be carried on in the hearts of those whose desires are measurably turned heavenward, by entering into true stillness, and

waiting upon God in the silence of all flesh, than in a multitude of words; the experienced Christian knows there is at times a sublimity of divine feeling, in profound meditation;—true prayer and praise; that language has not energy to describe or express. This the unrenewed part of man or superficial Christian, calls mysticism or enthusiasm, but which to denominate truly, is no other than the pure and spiritual worship of a pure and spiritual God, and which unites us to him in the bonds of indissoluble love.

“Come then expressive silence muse his praise.”

Though I count myself a very little one in the flock and family of Christ, and of small experience in the mysteries of his Kingdom, yet I find that I have no might nor sufficiency of mine own, nothing laid up in store for the morrow that I can command in my own will and time, but am only so far fed and supported as I rely on, and receive of the divine bounty from one moment to another. True it is, that they who know an advancement in Christian perfection, must also know all self-dependence, self-sufficiency, self-complacency, &c. brought down, and laid low in the dust of self-annihilation, and God alone to be all in all both in and for them.

To thy expectation that my letters will prove spiritually useful, I have only to say, that we are likely to be helpful to each other in proportion as our minds are engaged to inquire where the Shepherd of Israel, the Beloved of our souls doth feed his flock, and cause them

to rest at noon day; in which inquiry, if we are enabled to discover to each other the footsteps of the flock that lead to the Shepherd's tent, the only useful end of a communication of sentiments is answered; for it is the Shepherd only that can conduct us to the banqueting-house, and fill us with the dainties of his Kingdom.

I have sometimes been called home from expecting or looking outward for help, by these expressions of an eminent saint, "O God who art the truth, make me one with thee in everlasting love. I am often weary of reading, and weary of hearing; in thee alone is the sum of all my desire, let all teachers be silent, let the whole creation be dumb before thee, and do thou only speak to my soul, lest being outwardly called, and not inwardly quickened, I die and become unfruitful; lest the word heard and not obeyed, known and not loved, professed, and not kept, turn to my condemnation."

I hope by this time, thou hast perfectly recovered from the ill consequences of thy journey from Deer Creek.

Please to remember me affectionately to thy uncle and aunt, and believe me to be thy affectionate friend and cousin.

S. HOPKINS.



"The following communication was addressed to a number of Friends, at that time confined in Lancaster

Jail, on account of their testimony against contributing to the support of the war, then existing between Great Britain and her colonies in North America.”

TO FRIENDS IN LANCASTER JAIL.

Deer Creek, 1778.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS,

Think not that He who hath appointed unto you your measure of sufferings hath forgotten to be gracious, or that his providential care toward the sheep of his pasture, and the flock of his fold is less now than in ages past, or that he permits the partial hand of justice to fall more heavily upon some than others, but for the wisest purposes.

The Most High, certainly presides over all his works, insomuch, that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without his notice, and behold, ye are of more value than many sparrows; therefore be encouraged still to trust in him who will never leave nor forsake his dependent children. Endeavour to draw your minds into the same state of seclusion from the world's intercourse, as are your bodies, so shall those walls, those bolts and bars which deprive you of your personal liberty and commerce with the world, prove an asylum from its snares and temptations, and thereby afford more abundant opportunity for the work of inward purification to be carried on, which will gradually lead and initiate you into that glorious state of true Christian liberty, which pertains to the children of God.

I believe the prayers of many are for you, that you may be strengthened and established in faith and patience, amongst which, be assured, are those of your truly sympathizing friend,

SUASAN HOPKINS.



“In personating a beloved brother, who was languishing under bodily and mental sufferings, she thus writes:”

For me no hope unfurls her spreading sails,
No pleasing views invite the wafting gales;
No cheerful fancy paints the coming day,
But leaden moments slowly roll away.
Youth, health, and joy together, blasted, fled,
E'en hope itself is numbered with the dead.
With painful thought and sadness I deplore
That pristine vigor I enjoy no more.
Like roses blighted in their early prime,
Or age that droops beneath the hand of Time;
Or like the insects of a summer's day,
I too, ere long, must surely pass away.
Low in the tomb forgetful I shall sleep;
There shall mine eye no painful vigils keep.
But oh! full well I know my early days
Have not been spent in Wisdom's pleasant ways.
My golden hours inglorious I have past,
Nor dream'd their lustre would decline so fast.
Oh! that my soul an early vow had made,
That I this early vow had duly paid,

To Him whose smiles can banish care away,
 And on my spirit shed meridian day.
 Sweetly resign'd I now had laid me down,
 Nor chang'd my prospects for a monarch's crown.



TO AN OFFICER OF DISTINCTION, 1778.

If he be a statesman or a magistrate, he founds all his politics upon justice, and pursues his ends without the low, vulgar artifices of a little mind. If he be a general of an army, or a soldier, he looks upon himself as the executor of divine justice, by war; but he banishes all private views, false glory, unbridled ambition, barbarous cruelties, and unjust exactions, says Plato.

When martial fire inspires thy soul,
 To take the hostile field,
 Let mercy all thy force control,
 When e'er thy foe shall yield.

Disarm'd, forget that late his aim
 To take thy life did bend;
 The golden rule, mark well the same,
 And treat him as thy friend.

Let not thine hand inflict distress,
 Where pity may be shown;
 Grant injured innocence redress,
 And make her cause thine own.

That charity which thinks no ill,
Pacific is, and kind,
Makes heroes greater heroes still,
And shows a noble mind.

When thou shalt judge of wrong and right,
Be calm as summer's eve ;
Be mild as morn, serene, as light,
Lest passion should deceive.

Rather let guilt escape thine hand,
Nor share the justice due,
Than wrong be done at thy command,
On those upright and true.

Ah! show thy kindness to that stock*
From whence thyself did spring,
Nor ravage a defenceless flock
For what their fleece will bring.

That monster, persecution, shun,
Nor give her edicts place,
Lest by her rules such deeds be done,
As freedom shall disgrace,

Or, lest her hideous, gorgon head,
Into dominion rise,
And o'er the land destruction spread,
In liberty's disguise.

Omniscient good presides o'er all,
Let man do what he will,
By him doth kingdoms stand or fall,
He rules omniscient still.

* General Green was educated a Quaker.

Trust thou in Him, he can defend,
And crush the force of wrong,
Nor on unrighteousness depend,
To make your barriers strong.

Whilst men by virtue do maintain
Their native dignity,
No earthly power can forge a chain
To bind their liberty.

But when debas'd the minds of men,
Corrupt in manners too,
A servile state befits them then,
Then liberty adieu!

Let each repent, and mend his way,
Be merciful and just,
And humbly walk from day to day,
And place in God his trust.

By other means our punishment
We may make more condign,
But can't deserved ill prevent,
Though hand in hand we join.

FRAGMENT.

We find, by all we learn in doctrine or experience, that we are as highly culpable for time, gifts, blessings, and opportunities misspent and misapplied, as for deeds that wear a darker aspect.

Witness the different sentences to those who had wisely improved their talents, and the slothful servant who had buried that committed to him in the earth. The lamentable consignment of the latter was into outer darkness, weeping, and gnashing of teeth.



Extract from a Sketch of a Journey through some parts of Pennsylvania, written to a friend.

We pursued our route by the written directions thou gavest us, and without missing our road, arrived at Ephrata about five o'clock in the afternoon. As thou hast been there, I shall not give a description of the place, the habits, manners, and customs of the people. The inhabitants treated us with great hospitality, and satisfied our curiosity in every particular. We inquired of the Sisters whether they would encourage us to come and live with them? They told us we looked too nice and delicate to bear the austerities and arduous labour they sometimes had to undergo; but they, being used to it, were content. Their minister, P. Miller, presented us with a confession of their faith, which is short. We spent the last evening we were there with three of the Brethren, who, for some religious reasons, had separated themselves from the rest. With a view to hear what answer they would give us, we proposed to them, that as we were young people, whose situations in life were amidst the allurements and temptations of the

world, and being desirous to make good our journey heavenward, whether from their own experience they could recommend it as the safest way, to come and join them in their recluse abode? They remained some moments silent: at length one of them replied, that “he should be unwilling to discourage any desire in us, proceeding from the right spirit, but a man’s enemies were those of his own house, his own evil passions and propensities, which, until the strong man armed, even the power and love of God, had so far obtained possession of the habitation of our hearts, as to bind and keep them in subjection, we should carry them wherever we went, and their fruits would appear in some form or other, in every place or circumstance in life; and he could not say that the beams of divine love shone any brighter, or the heart was any more susceptible of its influence in Ephrata than in any other part of the enlightened world; that even there, we might not be so free from temptation as we supposed;” and gave it as his opinion, that we might fill up our several stations, perform our duty in our present allotment, and be as much in the favour of God, and as near to his Kingdom, as if our dwellings were in the seclusions of Ephrata. An answer so in unison with my own views on the subject, was very satisfactory.

We next went to Litiz, where we were kindly received and conducted through all the apartments. I asked some of the Sisters whether they were really contented and happy in their sequestration from the

busy world? whether there was no uneasy void within at times? They answered they were happy, and felt none * * * * *

We then proceeded to Lancaster. The Yearly Meeting held there was in session. The first day we dined with a family of note, to whom some of us were related. The master of the mansion said grace; and after we were seated, he surveyed the table, then the side-board, which were sumptuously spread, and observed, that he was fearful we should not be able to make out our dinner. One of the company queried, "Why not?" He said he saw no plumb pudding served up, and he thought this was our plumb pudding feast, which he did not know but we were commanded to eat, as the Jews the passover. One of the guests, being a moralizer, observed, that something useful might be inferred from the joke: for instance, said he, addressing himself to us, we will suppose that your religion is a plumb pudding, and yours, sir, turning to the gentleman of the house, this loin of veal; they are both very good, and if received into a healthful stomach, they will afford gratification and nutriment. So, the religion of each, though not exactly the same thing, yet it is the food of the soul, and if properly exercised in a right disposition of mind, will answer the same great purpose to each of you.

We were pleased with his judicious remarks, and having nothing in reality to differ about, wit and pleasantry crowned the board.

Philadelphia, 1779.

Thou art, my friend, not a little mistaken in supposing the town has made me what I shall never be, nor aim I to be, “a fine lady.” I am too much grounded in my country airs and habits, to be so soon metamorphosed; as to being agreeably entertained and having opportunities to converse with those as wise as myself, I grant thee. But a person may pass here, as well as in the country without any uncommon share of understanding. A tolerable external appearance, a moderate degree of wit, a little modest assurance, and something of politeness, are sufficient qualifications to gain as much kindness and respect, as is needful. But in my opinion, Nature has been no more bountiful in bestowing her gifts upon the town, than the country people; yet in point of education and polish, they have rather the advantage. There is also a kind of varnish with which some are glazed over, that is neither education nor true polish, but something more superficial; I mean those, to whom the advantages of dress, or fortune, give an air of consequence and dignity, and who have attained by frequent intercourse with the world an easy affability and assurance, with a smattering of wit, and some knowledge in the art and mystery of repartee. These, with some, pass for knowing sensible people; but, for my part, I have notions of my own about persons and things, which, upon some occasions,

I find differ from general opinion, of which I shall give thee a few instances.

My kind friends with whom I lodge, were desirous of introducing me to an acquaintance with a young, or unmarried woman, (for she is not very young,) who is counted very sensible ; she being also very rich was another thing in her favour. It was not long before an opportunity offered. We were invited to dine at the same place on a public occasion. When she came in, I observed great respect was shown her by the company. My first remark upon her was, that she looked very consequential, and took every thing that was spoken as addressed to herself; of course she had more to say than any of us.

When we sat down to dinner, she took the right hand of the mistress of ceremonies, who politely asked to what she would be helped. She made her remarks upon several dishes, but at length fixed upon one, as she said, the most favourable to the mental faculties. The sauces, most of them, had some quality not salubrious to the stomach. The catsup excited thirst by being too powerfully impregnated with saline properties ; the vinegar, acid to excess ; the mustard, tyrannical ; the wine and beer too potent, and the cider corrosive. For my part, I could hardly forbear smiling, as I thought our kind entertainer might conclude she was finding fault with all the victuals and drink upon the table. After we retired from dinner, I attended closely to her conversation, to find if there were any thing in it

that might justify the report I had heard of her understanding; but, really, I could not discover that her ideas were anywise elevated above the common level. The only difference I could perceive between her and the generality, was, that she was better versed in diction, and however trivial the subject, she did not fail to dress it up in fine language, and I thought sometimes made an elbow in her discourse for the sake of taking in a hard word.

I fear thou wilt think me too censorious, but I would not upon any account say so much to any other person who knew of whom I was speaking. My view in sending thee a few disagreeable pictures of nature deformed, is to show thee how widely they differ from the native innocence and simplicity of which my dear C. is a lovely sample.

The next person that I became acquainted with, who, in my estimation, fell short of common opinion, was a young widow, that is accounted not only sensible, but very religious. Upon a short acquaintance, it was evident that she possessed a good share of understanding, which was improved by reading, and an intercourse with the better sort of company; but self, which seems to be interwoven, in some shape or other, into the very essence of our being, I could plainly perceive was the idol of her affections; and, in almost every thing she discoursed upon, it could be seen, that underneath there was a spirit of self-exaltation very opposite to that true humility which is a distinguishing

mark of real religion. Hence I could discover that, in both these points of religion and understanding, there is a tinsel, which at first sight, or a superficial view, dazzles a little, but, on a nearer scrutiny, has little reality in it.

Now, however short I may fall of the standard of a religious person, I firmly believe that there are none truly so, nor yet in the way of becoming such, who are not following the only way prescribed by Christ as a rule for every disciple of *His* to go by, without regard to name, or religious distinction: that is, “to deny ourselves, take up *His* cross daily, and follow *Him*,”—which is a spirit very different from that seen in many high professors of different religious societies.

My criterion of a good understanding is, when a person can (as is said of the good Scribe) bring forth out of the treasury of his own heart, things new and old, and vary his subjects as occasion may require, or be silent if silence be most fit and requisite; and if he can convey his ideas with ease and elegance, it is a pleasing embellishment, but if not, if he can in any way blunder out his just sentiments so as to make them understood, it is nevertheless a proof of a good understanding, and the worst that can be said of it is, that it wants the culture of a more liberal education, which all are not so circumstanced as to have bestowed upon them, yet that deficiency does not set aside or alter the natural gifts of heaven.

Setting aside that stiffness which country people

sometimes discover upon entering into company they may esteem their betters, and which some mistake for want of sense, (which is only the want of polish) allowing for the advantages that the city has over them in this respect, I really do not think there is any difference as to genuine good sense between town and country people. And indeed from some observations I have made upon the manners and customs of some of my young acquaintances, I have thought that their time and attention was spent too much in trifling and dissipation, to admit any real improvement in those things which would tend to their greatest advantage: and though I am much pleased with the variety and kind entertainment I meet with, yet my choice for a residence for life, would be amidst purling brooks and rural scenes.



OBSERVATIONS RESPECTING S. M.

“ Nothing has come into my hands relative to her marriage and removal from the land of her nativity, which took place in 1779, and but few records have been found of several succeeding years: yet I have never supposed that her energetic mind, bound down to a round of household occupations, found no appropriate seasons to unbend itself in her favourite pursuit after literary enjoyments, or that her pen was suffered to lie dormant whilst friendship was pleading for its

offerings and claiming as its meed a detail of events since changing the halcyon scenes of early days, for the responsible station mutually devolving upon those, leagued by the *sacred tie*, to promote each others' happiness in the varied relations of this probationary state.

“The subjoined letter is the first in date that I have found written by her after her marriage. It evinces the same vein of severity that was more freely indulged in “gone by days” upon the follies of those whose talents were designed by the beneficent Bestower thereof, to take a wider and a deeper range through the channel of Time, than was manifested by the communication to which this was a reply. As she premised, the object of her solicitude here alluded to, having slackened his hold upon the dignity of his station as a rational and immortal being whose end is to glorify God by employing the faculties he has given him in deeds of usefulness suited to his day and generation, and in rendering unto him the praise for every ability to advance the cause of truth and righteousness upon the earth, declined from all the ennobling powers of his mind in proportion as he embraced the fashionable foibles that invited his acceptance, till finally he sank into the awful vortex of sin and iniquity, and closed his wretched existence devoid of that cheering hope which illuminates the Christian's pathway through the ‘valley and shadow of death,’ and spreads before him in brightness and in beauty, the morning of his resurrection into life eternal.”

Kennet, 1780.

The Doctor's (what shall I call it) billet, (this will do to distinguish it) without a date, I received last 2nd month. As it expressed the continuance and reality of thy friendship, it was, on that account acceptable, for however vague and random thy expressions in other respects, in that I willingly believe thee, to be literal and sincere. But I must confess, that if I had not known the handwriting, I should be ready to question who wrote it, never having received any thing like it from thee before; I have been endeavouring to account for it in the most favourable manner that it will admit. I remember that it was said of John Milton, that his fancy and genius were different at different seasons, which occasioned great inequality in his literary compositions, also that the moon has an influence upon the intellects of some people. Perhaps it was near the change or full when thou *wrote* it. It is also said of Arion, the musician, that he had a certain coat that he used to wear when he strove for mastery in his art;—now perhaps thy new situation has occasioned thee to get a dress that has a less friendly effect upon thy understanding, than thy old one. However, upon examining thy letter, I find that thy design was to dress it up in some new or modish fashion, which thou callest the “Shandean style, such as the ladies were thou art, are fond of;” I cannot answer for their taste, but I have seen imitators of that style before, whose performances had no other tincture

of Shandy in them, than a few indelicate strokes, which are certainly the most exceptionable parts of his works. Now my advice, if I may presume to offer it, is, that thou hadst better keep to thy natural good sense, propriety of sentiment, and elegance of diction, than aim at that in which thou art by no means calculated to excel.

Thy acknowledged conformity thus far to fashion, induces me to credit a report which has gained here, that thou hast entered pupil to a dancing master: nay, a person of some veracity, says he was travelling not far from town, when he observed a tall man riding before him, who alighted from his horse, turned a little out of the road, and began to dance and cut many capers, he supposed him to be deranged; therefore made up to him, and accosting him with the greatest freedom, queried what he was about? The man told him his pathos was stimulated upon meditating the beauty and elegance of a certain *gavot* which he had been learning, and which just then coming pat into his mind, he was afraid he should lose the impression, if he did not immediately fix it by stepping it. Now do send me word whether thou wert the person or not. I must allow that to the simple and insignificant, who, if they were not about that, would be doing nothing of more consequence, dancing, abstractly considered, may to them be as innocent as saying their prayers; but when viewed with several other circumstances which generally are connected with the practice, it does not appear so harmless. But to see a man of the age of twenty-seven, or upwards, grown

to be (like Saul) head and shoulders taller than the generality, with an understanding proportioned to his stature, doing his honours among a number of half grown boys and girls, while the master is teaching one, two, three, and a scrape, and demurely setting one of his feet sideways, and the other parallel in order for the next manoeuvre, how grotesque ! Figure to thyself, thy old acquaintances with whom thou hast often smoked religion, philosophy and politics by our country fire-side, viewing thy movements, and let me know in thy next what thy feelings would be.

Forgive me, my friend, if I have indulged too much severity ; I think thou art sensible that a more sincere friendship seldom, if ever existed in the bosom of a female toward one of your sex, than in mine towards thee ; and I would not run the risk of gaining thy displeasure as I have hereby done, were it not designed for thy benefit. To me, it is a very serious matter to see a friend I esteem, whose situation in life exposes him to various temptations to vanity and folly, so readily close in therewith. My heart forebodes that the next step will be to fashionable vices, and when a person begins to slide down the hill of immorality, it is hard to say how fast and how far he may go. Farewell, and rest assured that none more sincerely desires thy preservation from evil, and thy advancement in that which is good, than thy friend,

SUSAN MASON.

Kennet.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

Thy last agreeable lines, received the 9th instant, were very acceptable and satisfactory, especially that part which informed, that from an impulse of duty, thou hadst come to a conclusion to superintend a school. I have no doubt, qualified as thou art, it will prove a blessing to those children who may be so favoured as to come under thy tuition. The education of youth, I have often thought, a matter of sufficient weight and importance, to receive a supernatural intimation or revelation; and if individuals kept their places in the order of truth, and obeyed the pointings thereof in their own minds, I believe there would not be such a scarcity of suitable teachers. I have ever conceived it to be a highly important trust, and the conscientious and upright discharge of duty therein, as honourable and dignifying as that of preaching the Gospel. So that, upon a proper acquittal of thy charge in this matter, I shall think the second seat in the ministers' gallery, might be more unfitly occupied than by thee.

There is one branch of useful literature, in which schools, generally, are deficient; I allude to composition. How many of both sexes do we find, of good natural abilities, and upon whose education much has been bestowed, mere dunces in composition, unable to trace their ideas upon paper, either with ease or elegance; and their failure may be attributed to the want

of proper culture, more than to any defect of understanding.

A youth, who was lately introduced to my acquaintance, as a person of understanding and erudition, put a performance of his into my hands, which I apprehend he thought well done; it was a letter addressed to his tutor, and is an instance, among many, of the loss sustained for want of proper instruction. I really thought it a curiosity; it commenced thus:

“If the contents of this exordium be presumption, I hope you will not exclude me from your beatifying regard, for my puerility and temerity.” It was a sample of bombastic phraseology throughout, and I lamented that his style had not received the needful attention from those to whose training he had been committed.

Extract from a letter to a desponding friend.

Thy knowledge and understanding far exceed mine. Thy extensive erudition has made thee acquainted with the languages of different nations. Travelling has gained thee a knowledge of their religion, manners, and customs. The sciences afford an ample field of study and speculation for the exercise of thy capacious mind. The many conspicuous virtues that aggrandize thy soul, render thee the object of just admiration and esteem. These endowments, with the advantages of wealth, we might suppose, would place thee among the happiest

of men. But thou art depressed and gloomy in spirits; proceeding, perhaps, from mere imaginings, more than from any real cause of inquietude. However, if such as thou, so favoured, so blessed, can be so chagrined, so disquieted and low spirited, we may justly conclude that the world, and all its stupendous gifts, cannot confer happiness upon a rational, reflecting mind, such as I believe thine to be. Though I really esteem thee much, and desire thy happiness nearly as I do my own, yet I cannot divest myself of pleasing impressions, nay, I truly enjoy thy disgust of "all thou hast, and all thou art," and am thankful for thy self-abnegation, believing it is an evidence of Divine love to thy soul, whereby he is about to bring thee acquainted with his law, and induce thy willingness to accept everlasting instead of perishable good. I am very desirous that thou shouldst not weary thyself with unprofitable thoughts and conjectures upon things that may never happen. If it be consistent with Best Wisdom, to take from thee thy good name, (which possibly may be thy idol,) I doubt not he will support thee under it, and endue thee with strength to bear every loss, becoming a wise man and a Christian. It is not now thy business, anxiously to be inquiring how thou wouldst behave under such and such circumstances. The best thou canst do, is to endeavour to act consistently with thy present situation, leaving the future to Him who has set limits to the sea, and who prescribes to the boisterous waves of affliction their bounds; "hitherto and

no further shalt thou go." Then be not disheartened, but strive to acquire those dispositions whereby the mind is brought to acquiesce in all the dispensations of unerring Wisdom. He has in mercy tarnished all thy pleasant pictures of seeming good, for the purpose of substituting in thy affections those that are eternal. Then seek ability to bless his power and to magnify his love in this, that he has drawn thee into a wilderness state of feeling, where he can more availingly speak comfortably to thy soul.



Kennet.

Notwithstanding my friend has ranked me among the insensibles, or such as remain a considerable part of their short existence in a torpid state, yet, be assured, I very feelingly sympathize with thee under thy late misfortunes. The loss of several hundreds by bankrupts, is indeed an adverse stroke of fortune, and which, as thou sayest, had it been spared thee, might have contributed to set thee off to better advantage in the world. The loss of thy horse, and favourite dog, what trials can equal them?

But do not mistakenly imagine that the world glides along so easily with me, or that my temper is so even and well modulated, that I feel no pain from cross occurrences. I can tell thee of several accidents which have lately befallen me in the course of my affairs, by which I was rather chagrined.

I had set a goose upon eleven eggs, and often visited her to see if all was well with her, when yesterday morning I went to pay my usual civility to her, and, to my astonishment and vexation, I found an old sow had demolished the whole nest of embryos, leaving such marks of her carnage, as convinced me she was a most voracious creature, and I was then ready to conclude, wisely prohibited by the Jewish legislator from being eaten; again, I thought if they were not made to be eaten, I know not for what they were formed, for, while they live upon the earth, they are only a nuisance.

I then took my little gang, and went to inquire after the welfare of a turkey, into whose maternal care, a few evenings before, we had committed seventeen eggs; the situation of her nest was of her own choosing, under a honey-suckle, not far from a little stream of water, and a meadow lay before it. This creature, thought I, surely has some sense of pleasure from the beauties of nature, and purposes to regale herself, during the solitary weeks of incubation, with the fragrance of the honey-suckle, the murmuring of the rivulet, and the loveliness of the verdure that covers the mead. To render her situation still more secure from the weather, we had officiously placed over and about her some boards and rails. But how shall I recite the sad catastrophe? The whole fabric had fallen down, crushed all the eggs, and broken one of the poor creature's legs, whereupon there was no small outcry and

lamentation among the little fry; some were most moved with compassion for the afflicted turkey; some blamed, and others excused. When I had returned to the house, I found the pet lamb had been in the garden, and cropped all my early sallad.

Was ever being so unfortunate! I could scarcely eat my breakfast for very vexation, and do not know but I should actually have taken to my chamber, had not my attention been diverted by an old man who came to the door asking charity; I invited him in, and gave him his breakfast, and as I thought I traced marks of good breeding in his manner of expression, rather above the vulgar style, I became curious to know his story. "I was," said he, "born in Yorkshire, Old England; my father was a considerable farmer, and having but myself and one daughter, he gave each of us a good education, but unfortunately for us, my mother died when we were nearly arrived at the state of a man and woman; my father afterwards married a young wife; they had several children, and fortune not favouring them as heretofore, his circumstances were declining, when I left him, and came to America upon redemption. I was sold to pay my passage, and met with a hard place; but time worked it over, and when I became a freeman, I applied myself to industry, and got a little forward in the world, and married a wife, who, for the time she was with me, was a very agreeable companion, and an industrious helpmate. When this unhappy war commenced between Eng-

land and America, we lived upon a rented farm in the Jersey, and had a store of horses, and stock, household furniture, &c. to render us quite comfortable, when the army on each side alternately stripped us of every thing we had in the world, not leaving us a second suit to put on:—my wife soon after died, and I was struck with the palsy, which disables me from working for my living, and I am now begging my way to a relation that I have living in Charleston, South Carolina.”

I was moved with compassion, and gave him some assistance, and reflecting that, however tried we may be, we may find others still in a worse situation. I became resigned under those accidents which before had set so heavily upon me, and which, as the best advice I can give, is recommended to thee, by thy friend,

S. MASON.



“I should feel some hesitation in adding a dream to the contents of this volume, knowing that any deference thereto is considered by many, as a proof of a weak and credulous mind. But those who believe in Scripture testimony, must admit that the purposes of the Most High in ages past, were frequently communicated to his intelligent creation through this medium. And I believe that he still continues at seasons to speak his will in dreams and visions of the night, to those, to whom in the dispensations of his wisdom, he sees

meet to unfold the future, in order to answer his own inscrutable designs.”

A DREAM.

“There are, (says George Fox) three sorts of dreams. Multitude of business sometimes causes dreams, and there are speakings of God to man in dreams, and there are whisperings of satan in man in the night season.” From what cause soever the following might arise, it deeply impressed my mind, and I was ready to believe that He, who hath followed me with many a tender visitation even from my very infantile years, was about to show me in a vision of the night what his purposes were, concerning me in future, that I might be encouraged to press forward toward that City, whose builder and maker is God; being many times much discouraged, from a sense of my own weaknesses, love of ease, and many besetments, I was sometimes ready to conclude it was in vain for me to set my face Zionward.

On the 21st night of the 1st month, 1781, I had a dream, the first whereof I remember, was my being very ill, lying upon a bed at a friend's house near a large city, and though my situation seemed to require some care and attendance, yet the family all appeared too busy about their domestic concerns to pay me any, and care and industry were sealed upon their countenances. As I lay considering what I had best do for myself, I remembered a kind friend who lived in the adjacent city, with whom I thought I had some acquaint-

ance: here I concluded I would arise and go, and accordingly got out of bed, and began to put on my clothes which appeared dirty and not fit to be seen abroad in: however, I was the more eager to be going to the friend's house where I expected to get clean ones. As I was wondering how I should pass along the most remote from observation, a maid-servant of the family came and opened a back door, and directed me to a retired way, but when I attempted to go on, I found it so blocked up with huge pieces of timber, workmen hewing them, and such a variety of lumber that I could make but little progress. I had no sooner surmounted one obstruction, than another lay in my way, and the difficulties I had to encounter appeared greater than to run the risk of general remark, so I turned into the high road, but found even then, that I did not know as perfectly where the friend lived as I had supposed: I made some inquiry, but none gave me any clear intelligence, and some gave wrong directions. I saw on the way a spacious building, with a large porch before the door, at which many roads met. As I drew near, I observed a number of men and women sitting in the porch, who appeared to be of the gayer kind of Quakers; those seemed to be much engaged in hearing and telling each other some new thing, and in making remarks upon travellers as they passed to and fro. Through this company I had to pass into the house, not knowing what it was, or who lived in it, but thought it might be a suitable place to inquire the way; when I entered, I found it a place of

merchandise, where great numbers were employed in buying, selling, and making up parcels, so that there appeared scarcely a vacant spot in the whole house, and business was carried on with the greatest interest.

After I had viewed it, I began to make inquiry of one whom I took to be the master of the house, if he could direct me to my friend; but for some time he seemed too busy either to hear or heed me; however, I continued to ask; he then told me to go out and take the straightest road. I felt some indignation at his conduct, both as to his worldly-mindedness, and his inattention to me, as he appeared to be a tolerably plain Friend, and in good esteem among them. I went out, determined to make no more inquiry of any of them. Still in doubt and uncertainty which road would lead me the most direct, I chose one, and being in great haste, I seemed to fly, yet still was uncertain of my being in the right; but observing, as I ran, that it grew darker, and that there were buildings which looked like desolation, and persons whom I knew standing about the doors, that appeared miserable, I became more confident that this was not the city I sought; I expected, every minute, that some plain path would strike across, that so I might turn out of this way, but none appeared, and the houses became so close that there was no space between them; the further I went, the more gloomy and terrible it appeared, and every countenance that I beheld wore the impression of woe and misery. I then made a full stop, took

a view of the place, and found there were three rows of buildings, made of straw and other light combustibles, which led to the brink of a great water, and to which I could see no opposite shore, though it was so dark, except now and then, that I could not discover any thing distinctly. I queried of myself, what place is this? I have heard of hell, and this looks like it; hopeless misery seems to reign; what shall I do? I can never stay here, and yet I see no way out; the street before me leads to yonder boundless ocean, and that, back to the great house of merchandise; on the right hand and on the left no way appears; alas! what shall I do: which way shall I go to avoid being shut up in some of these habitations of misery? As I was thus standing in the greatest perplexity, not knowing which way to turn, I saw a light, and heard a voice say unto me, "be encouraged, thy way lies through the very houses and habitations of this hell, and place of misery." "What," said I, "will become of me, should some of those ill-favoured demons enclose me, when I enter their wretched abodes?" "Fear not," said the light, or voice, "there is no other way for thee to get to the city thou seekest." I felt rejoiced and strengthened, that I had a director, whose counsel I could rely upon, though directed by it to that which, as I viewed it, was exceedingly hard: to enter these houses, where dismal darkness reigned, and horrid objects presented on every side, and which a glimmering light served only to make more terrifying. However, I pressed on through

the first, second, and third rows, a narrow street being between each. When I had passed the third row, this light, or voice, told me I had now to travel through a dark valley, but "set thy face toward the city, and press forward." Fears then arose, lest some of those wretched beings whom I saw, should pursue me in this dreary vale which lay before me, where no track or footstep was to be seen, and darkness, even to be felt, held her empire. I had not gone far, before three of those demons overtook me, two men and a woman, and one came and grinned horribly in my face; upon which I asked them what they wanted, and told them if they meant to strip me of what little money I had, I did not much regard that, but desired them not to offer me any further insult, for I had powerful friends in the city, to whom I would complain of them. "You don't know us," said one, "of whom, then, would you complain?" When he had so said, a clear light shone round about me and them, and I saw them plainly, and told them their names and occupations, and appealed to a fourth, who by this time had come up, if I were not right. The one who first accosted me, told me that woe and misery were their portion, and they wanted to make me as wretched as themselves. This, I thought, he spoke with a voice that excited pity, and all fear being now taken away, finding they had no power to hurt me, I began to exhort them to turn from their evil ways, and the Lord, in mercy, might be pleased to change their miserable condition; but the three turned and went

away; the fourth, I observed to be a builder in this dark valley, where nothing appeared to be complete or finished; some houses only planned, others were raised; some of a higher, others of a lower construction, and though they appeared to be busy, yet nothing went forward towards completing the work. I now thought I met with several who were bound for the city, and we seemed helpful to one another a little way, but when we came to the suburbs I saw them no more.

As we approached the city, it began to grow lighter, like the twilight in the evening, and I could just discern many of my old acquaintances, whom I was glad to see. Sometimes I sat down before the doors to converse with them, or went in to pay, as it were, a running visit, but found, when I came out, that it had grown darker. I said to the same light, or voice, (which became now more visible, and intelligible,) I believe I rather lose ground by stopping in this manner; it told me to proceed, for my difficulties were not yet at an end, so I went forward towards the middle of the city, without regarding or noticing any that I saw on the way, till coming to an exceedingly large unfinished building, I was shown a pair of stairs, which I had to ascend; some of the steps were missing, others loose, and others fastened so that it required all my vigilance and care to see where to set my feet, lest I should fall through. When I had gained one ascent, there appeared a broad flat step; then I had a second flight to go up, where there were not so many steps missing, or

loose ; and then a third, the last were mostly firm, and well fixed. When I arrived at the top, there was something overhead like a canopy. I stood still, and looked around me ; it appeared as a beautiful summer's morning, just before sunrise. I saw divers walking under this canopy, whose countenances appeared calm, sedate, and heavenly. I stood still, enjoying the beautiful prospect before me, and looking back on what I had passed through, my soul was filled with ecstasy, with which I awoke, and something like a heavenly sweetness remained with me for several days.

“ God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction.”—(Job, xxxiii. 14, 15, 16.)

REFLECTIONS.

The similitude of the mustard seed* and its growth, and the more secret operations of the little leaven in the three measures of meal,† I believe include the states of all who so walk in the path of rectitude as to answer the end of their creation. The tree represents the more opulent state, whilst the other presents a situation of mind, not less acceptable in the estimation of Him who dispenseth his gifts to his creatures in greater

* Matthew xiii—31.

† Matthew xiii—33.

and smaller proportions. To some he commits one talent, to another two, to others five, but the one talent is as capable of gaining another, as the two of four, or the five of ten ; and as we are found occupying and improving, so will our attainments and our reward be. We are not all called into one line of usefulness,—were parents to attend more to what is generally termed genius in their children, and dispose of them accordingly, than to honours, wealth and preferment, I believe human life would not present such a confused system as it now does, but like a well constructed machine composed of many parts, all would work together for the good of the whole.

Whatever change may suddenly be brought about so as to produce universal righteousness and order, by *Him* who has all power in his hand, and who acts by the laws of immutable wisdom, we know not. But certain it is, that that reformation which many desire, and some are looking for with the eagerness of expectation, must be individual before it can be general.

Surely the present aspect of things among men calls loudly for rectitude of conduct on the part of adults, and a proper mode of instruction for the young. •

“Among some of her fragments was found inscribed the following piece.”

REPENTANCE.

“Though the righteous fall seven times, they shall rise again.” These encouraging expressions having very often livingly revived in my mind, I hereby insert them.

Having given way to resentment on a trying occasion, and manifested it by some expressions before several, who, no doubt were sensible of its inconsistency, with a truly Christian spirit and disposition, and feeling inquietude of mind, and a want of that peace which is only to be found in reconciliation with God; I have been deeply bowed under an humbling sense of my own great imperfection and weakness, insomuch that I abhor myself (as it were,) in dust and ashes, and have been wont to cry out, “forgive me O Lord, as I forgive those that trespass against me; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.” Hereafter lay what thou pleasest upon me, only give me strength and patience to bear, as becometh a follower of thee; take what thou wilt from me, only deprive me not of thy holy spirit, nor hide thy presence from me, without which, I have found by experience all Nature and Creation to be but a howling wilderness, a desolate waste.

“Subjoined, is this solacing testimony to forgiving Love.”

For ever magnified and praised be thy great and glorious name, in that thou hast accepted me in this thing, hast pardoned my transgressions, and put to silence the accuser in me, who had suggested that I need not now any more look toward thy holy Temple, or stand for thy cause, seeing that I had erred.

O! may every deviation in thought, word or deed, make me more and more sensible of the frailness of my nature, and the necessity of its being refined by the fire of thy baptism, before I go hence, and of dying daily to self, in order that I may more fully witness the arising of that life which is hid with Christ in God, which is that white stone whereon is inscribed, a new name that none can read save those that have it.

SUPPLICATION.

O Thou, in whose hands are all our ways, if consistent with thy purposes concerning me, grant that my allotment in thy family may be sequestered and remote from observation. That I may find and enjoy thee, sitting under mine own vine and fig tree, neither making such high professions or pretensions towards thee, as shall unnecessarily draw upon me the attention of any, nor yet withstanding any mark of discipleship thou mayst see meet to guide into. In all things glorifying thee, yet truly meek and low in heart, ascribing

unto thee the praise of thine own works, prizing that humble self-abased state of mind, where only thy children can dwell in safety, above all gifts. S. M.

OBSERVATIONS.

A truly humbled, mortified Christian, whose growth and experience in the perfect way has placed him upon a summit above the reach of the praise or the blame of men, will, invariably pursue his Christian and moral duties, nor turn aside from his purposes of doing good, though all men pass censure upon him. He continues firm and steadfast in his purposes through good and through evil report, knowing his ways are ordered of Him who is the perfection of wisdom, and who will in the end, be justified of those who walk in his counsel. Upon this principle only is any individual justifiable in persisting in a line of conduct, contrary to the general rule of propriety. But inasmuch as we are fallible creatures, and the deceiver near, it would be well for us carefully to examine the foundation whereon we stand—the motives that actuate us. Upon a slight view we may think ourselves whole and very safe, when a strict scrutiny might discover the case to be far otherwise.

There is no medium between right and wrong, truth and error; one or the other must influence our minds and prompt to action. If it be the latter, in those who

who have advanced far in years, under the repute of being truly wise, and who have often administered wholesome counsel and admonition to others, I have sometimes observed a certain unpliant disposition, and backwardness to admit they have erred, or been mistaken; which have frequently proved fatal to themselves and to others. *He* who adjusts all things by numbers, weight, and measure, will one day precisely determine. When that awful period arrives when streams flow backward to their source, and actions are laid open and traced to their original spring, I believe many seemingly guilty, will be found innocent; whilst others, deemed whole and sound, and who appear to lack nothing, will, when weighed in the balance, be found wanting. 'The mystery of iniquity is great, and the subtle devices of the adversary not a few. Then, does it not behoove all carefully to proceed in the way of salvation, digging deep, and laying our foundation upon the immoveable Rock! For, in mutability, we may expect the powerful assaults of storms and floods, which will sweep off every fabric, however fair its aspect, and broad its base, if erected on the sandy ground of self-security.



“ Amongst her fragments, I found the following portrait of a practical Christian, and minister of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; whether

drawn from an original, or only taken from her own views of the needful and attainable purity that should designate the professors of this high and holy Name, I cannot determine. That it is a state we are called to press after, I have no doubt, or the injunction would not have been given, by unquestionable authority, 'be ye perfect.' How lovely is such a picture of the harmonizing influences of Divine love! How inviting to embrace its refining, regenerating power, whereby the human mind becomes divested of all its asperities, is re-moulded into an heavenly image, and peace and happiness enter its associates on the journey of life! Whilst, on the other hand, we realize in our own experience, as well as read it in the example of others, that the 'way of the transgressor is hard,' and his end without hope—that blessed hope which is an 'anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast,' enabling the battered bark to ride out the storms and tempests of time, and to moor at last in the haven of eternal rest."

Character of a genuine Christian, and Minister of the Gospel.

His life is an amiable transcript of his Redeemer, and, like him, he goes about doing good. He shines forth as a light in a dark place. His influence is known and felt by a sure, though a silent operation. His character is impressed with the image of the Deity, bearing the signature of unfeigned truth, and pure disinterested goodness. He is conspicuous in the sweetness of

his temper, the meekness of his deportment, the unaffected decency of his conversation, and his readiness to oblige, by the frequent sacrifice of private ease, to the interest, comfort, and convenience of the brethren. Above all, is his easy, cheerful, affectionate method of communicating what he knows to be useful and necessary, in temporal as well as in spiritual concerns. His is no sour, forbidden aspect. His house and his heart are open to all who need his assistance. The loveliness of true religion appears in his whole conduct: even those who will not imitate, dare not condemn him. He is not only a professor of the name, power, and spirit of our blessed God and Saviour, but he is a partaker of Christ in spirit, life, and conversation. A plain, meek, humble man of integrity, disdaining the artifices of the hypocrite. A man fearing God and hating iniquity. A man sanctified by the Holy Spirit, unto unfeigned, constant love of the brethren in Christ. A man sound in faith, in patience, in charity. He is a preacher of Christ and his righteousness in his conversation, as in his ministry and doctrine, wherein he is exemplary to believers. He is given up to serve the truth, and being of a tender spirit, truly sympathizes with the sufferer, pouring the oil and the wine into every wound, whether self-inflicted, or received through the indiscretion or the malice of others. He sees before him, in every human being, a brother or a sister, destined for immortality and eternal life. From those hungering and thirsting for heavenly sustenance, he withholds not

the gifts entrusted to him. To the sorrow-stricken, naked and destitute of consolation, he is found administering the word of life. Whilst the sin-sick, prison-bound soul, is equally the object of his solicitude and his love. In the fulfilment of his duty to God and man, he takes not to himself any praise, knowing the ability to receive or to do good is derived from *Him* who is the source and centre of every blessing. From the humiliation which marks his course through life, we may safely conclude, that when his work shall terminate on earth, his portion will be with those who are initiated into the joys of an endless eternity, with the welcome salutation, * “Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world.”



A just representation of a Pennsylvania farm; addressed from a friend in the country, to her friend in the city.

The wintry storms, lo! now they're past and gone,
 And verdant carpets deck the flow'ry lawn,
 The feathered tribes attune their throats to sing,
 And hail the glad return of cheerful Spring;
 The turtle's note again is heard to coo
 In plaintive notes within our borders too;

* Mark xxv. 34.

The fruit trees now in vivid bloom excel,
 And tender grapes give forth a goodly smell,
 Creation smiles and all her works look gay,
 Come forth my friend, my sister come away,
 See Nature's book her fairest leaves unfold,
 Of charming landscapes, beauteous to behold ;
 Hills towering high, and vales descending low,
 The distant plain where trees promiscuous grow
 Field beyond field in richest verdure clad,
 And blooming orchards make the peasant glad,
 The winding streams where finny nations play,
 Through fields and meads roll on their wand'ring way,
 In murmuring accents sometimes heard to pass
 And sometimes steal in silence through the grass,
 With treasures rare, add nurture to the soil,
 Which with full crops repay the labourer's toil,
 'Tis not the least of wonderful to see
 The chymic art of the industrious bee,
 " Extracting sweetness from each op'ning flower"
 " Gainst future want she plies the present hour."
 E'en meaner insects raise our wonder too,
 When close survey'd with microscopic view.
 Here flocks and herds are in fat pasture seen,
 And little lambkins frolic o'er the green.
 The sturdy oxen and the stately steed,
 Tear up the clod where Egbert sows the seed :
 Industry now leads forth her healthful train
 By useful labour each pursues his gain.
 Sire, son, and hireling hie with equal haste,
 Share the same labour and the same repast.
 No tardy slave impedes the needful toil,
 Their sweat we need not to enrich our soil

Huge timber fell'd surrounds the busy mill,
And heaps of stone supply the blazing kiln ;
At eve thou'lt hear in mingled notes a noise
Of fowl, of beast, of jovial men and boys,
Of waters pouring down the distant flood
Which echo answers from the neighbouring wood.
Here frugal plenty on our board is seen,
A house convenient, mostly, neat and clean ;
A few choice books, a few choice friends I boast,
Which seem to vie which shall engage me most,
Four darling objects of parental care,
Blooming in youth, of either sex a pair,—
My Egbert too, if I his worth might tell,
In modest merit, few would him excel :
For scenes like these, couldst thou awhile forego
The noisy town its pageantry and show,
Come take thy welcome, come, make no delay,
For times and seasons quickly pass away.

Never make your children mere creatures of burden for the sake of gathering riches ; but allow them leisure for cheerful relaxation and for mental culture. Remember they are destined for immortality.

“In reference to the subject of slavery, she thus writes to a collective body of Friends :”

1787.

It is not only the enlargement of an oppressed people that we seek ; but we feel an ardent desire that the

possessors may become separated from that iniquity. Many amongst us have found by experience, that they could not enter into the glorious liberty of the children of God, whilst they continued to hold their fellow-beings in bondage; and, after giving them up, according to Divine requisition, they have been made favoured instruments in the Lord's hand. Whilst the unfaithful and unbelieving, in this respect, have, with sorrow, been observed to become as the heath in the desert, that knoweth not when good cometh, even after frequent visitations of Divine love, have manifestly been extended to them. May none continue to reject the call of the Most High, "Come out and be ye separate therefrom," nor reason away the secret monitions of truth in their own minds, lest, when inquisition for blood is made, they be found among the guilty.



To J. G.

Kennet, 10th Mo. 30th, 1790.

I feel it a delicate point to express to thee, my friend, the overflowings of my mind, lest the freedom should hurt thy feelings and cause unpleasant impressions, which are very foreign from my purpose I assure thee. If I presume further than I ought, be pleased to impute it to a like officious care and concern which sometimes prevails, even more than is prudent in an affectionate mother toward her son;—such in measure is the tender

regard I feel for thee. I yet well remember the slippery paths of youth, the many innate propensities and powerful incitements to wander from strict rectitude; which, with the concurrence of other unfavourable circumstances, sometimes involve the comparatively innocent and virtuous in many difficulties, and from our inquietude under them we are ready to conclude that Providence has marked us out victims of his displeasure, though in our own view not more deservedly so, than numbers we behold enjoying his smiles and his benedictions. Thought crowds upon thought, reflection upon reflection, till we are ready to conclude it had been better for us had the part we contribute in the great chain of existence, been assigned to some link in Creation not subject to reason and intelligence. If this have been thy case, attend to the counsel of one who has had the same in her own experience, and who at times has been favored to see in a mystery the wonderful dealings of Almighty God toward his creature man. When we are crossed in those things which we esteem to be blessings, we are apt to conceive that great, or perhaps the greatest of evils has befallen us. But in our apprehensions of good and evil, when compared with the Most High, it may be said "as the Heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts higher than your thoughts, and my ways than your way." It is an undoubted truth that the love of the most tender father towards his only son, is but a faint similitude of the heavenly Father's love toward the workmanship of

his hands. His omniscient eye beholds us wherever we are, or however circumstanced, and his guardian power protects us from surrounding evils when we neither see nor apprehend danger;—into whatever condition or circumstance he permits us to be brought, though to our circumscribed view it may seem owing to chance, or we may consider it as an indication of Divine dereliction, yet witness the instance of Joseph, whom his brethren sold into Egypt. I have no doubt it is the very means whereby Infinite Wisdom intends to bring about our true interest and advantage. This He will assuredly effect in his own time, if we do not wilfully and perversely couter-act his gracious designs. The want of patience, even where we run into no extreme of vice, may overturn the whole scheme. Our progress, according to scripture and our own experience, from infecility to true fecility, is from tribulation to patience, from patience to experience, and from experience to hope—*that hope* which maketh not ashamed, but worketh for us a great and exceeding weight of glory. Let me therefore with the warmth of parental love and solicitude, recommend as a matter of the utmost consequence to thy present and future happiness, an earnest labour for patience, resignation, and an humble acquiescènce with thy present allotment. As thou attainest thereto, thou wilt assuredly find an internal serenity and peace which the world can neither give nor take away, and I fully believe, that after a short time of trial and probation, thou wilt find all else that is needful

added. Since I have thus far presumed, let me further recommend that thou apply thyself to some profitable employment, requiring attention; I am satisfied it sets the mind most at ease from corroding thoughts.

Shouldst thou incline to diversify the scene by an excursion into the country toward our habitation, be assured a visit from thee will be kindly received by thy countryman, my husband, and by me thy affectionate and sympathizing friend,

SUSANNA MASON.



The peculiarity of the following occurrence I thought worthy of some remarks:

The 20th of the 5th month, 1793, being the day of our Quarterly Meeting for business, at London Grove, it was attended by our friend John Simpson. After meeting was over, he expressed to one present a desire to speak to me, of which being informed, I went up to him. He took me by the hand and said, "my dear friend, I have often remembered thee, from one circumstance, which was, my being at your house soon after thou wast married; observing thy dress, I took occasion to remark to ———, who was there also, that thou wast very fine." "Yes," said he, "she is a Marylander, and they are like terrapins, carry all they are worth upon their backs." "A few years after, I heard thy name called, and saw thee at a Select Meeting in Philadelphia. It occurred to me that the terrapin had

crawled along very well to get there already ; and at the time, I had to remember the race between the hare and the tortoise. The hare thought very little of the tortoise, and supposed he might indulge himself in a sleep by the way, and still keep before the tortoise ; whilst he was doing this, the tortoise passed him and won the race." He then encouraged me to persevere in the way of well-doing, through every obstacle that might cross my path, and though my progress in the work of religion might seem small, comparable to the creeping of the tortoise, yet not to be discouraged, but endeavour to creep along, and the end would assuredly be blessed.

I was so far sensible of my own deficiency, and the smallness of my progress in the work of religion, as to prevent my placing his comparison of the hare and tortoise much to my own advantage ; but it occasioned the following reflections : That it is unsafe for any one, however exalted his state and condition may be, either as to spiritual or temporal worth and acquirements, to indulge a disposition to speak in a contemptuous manner of those he may deem his inferiors ; because in spirituals, nature and grace, good and evil, are ever striving for the mastery over us, and we are mutable. So that, in the nature of things, it is possible for those who have run well for a season, and have advanced pretty far in a good way, through the prevalence of nature, or evil, to step retrograde, instead of forward : whilst those who were as the weakest and hindermost of the flock, may, through the effect of grace, (which

is not bounded by man's uncharitableness,) step forward, and even outstrip such strong ones as those who think they stand firm; and yet these lowly ones feel assured they have nothing whereof to boast.

As to temporals; the wheel of fortune, as the vicissitudes of human affairs are often termed, may turn, and the highest to-day, may be the lowest to-morrow. When this happens, in either case, such expressions as tend to undervalue or evince contempt, are often remembered and applied to the disadvantage of those who spoke them. In the present instance, whether applicable or not, I shall leave. John Simpson had remembered it upward of thirteen years, and applied it as before cited.

I had further to reflect upon the occasion: For those who make high religious pretensions, to cast unkind, ungenerous reflections upon any, behind their backs, evinces that they are, at the time, off their guard, or that they are, in reality, not what they ought or pretend to be, which time and circumstances will make manifest.



“Prosperity makes friends: adversity tries them.”

How prosperous soever the wicked may be for a season, yet disgrace and condign punishment are often nearer than they are aware. This is instanced in the case of Haman; whilst, in the conduct of Harbona, we

discover the proneness of many to turn with the tide of human affairs. In a state of prosperity, it is hard to know our real friends, or secret enemies. Harbona, no doubt, had paid the accustomed honours and ceremonies to Haman, whilst court favour shone upon him, and whilst he had gifts and preferments to bestow; but it is by no means improbable, that at the same time, he envied him his exaltation, and despised him in his heart. Yet, not till royal displeasure marked him a victim to disgrace, did he presume to lift up his voice in condemnation against him. How preferable is the smallest token of sincere regard, to all the titles, empty forms and ceremonies, that time-serving sycophants can lavish upon us!



“This compendium upon Education, appears to refer more particularly to those of the same Religious Society of which she was a member; but as it contains an urgent call to heavenly-mindedness, as a necessary preparation to train up a child in the way he should go, the perusal of her sentiments cannot intercept the diligence of any in pressing after this desirable attainment.”

THOUGHTS UPON EDUCATION.

“ Like tender osiers children take the bow,
And as the twig is bent the tree will grow.”

Though parents or tutors cannot confer grace, nor impart powers which heaven has not implanted, yet by care and attention to the trust reposed in them, they undoubtedly may answer to the mission of him, who was the forerunner of Christ, “in preparing the way of the Lord, and making his paths straight.” To a common observer, it is evident, that the natural understanding and endowments of young minds, may be enlarged or compressed, according to the culture they receive; though there may be some instances, where, through Divine regard to the creatures of his forming hand, valuable men and women have arisen, upon whom very little proper cultivation had been bestowed. Yet there is reason to believe, that they might have been much more extensively useful, had their education been more proportionate to their abilities, and adapted to the goodness of their dispositions. On the other hand, instances of much pious care, and of expensive tuition, have been subverted to ill purposes; but still it is encouraging to observe, that the effect of a liberal and pious education is rarely so defaced that marks thereof will not remain, and often prove “as bread cast upon the waters,” to be “gathered after many days.”

That the mind of man is capable of great improve-

ment, is set forth by the parable of our blessed Lord, comparing the Kingdom of Heaven to a grain of mustard seed, which, in its first state, is a very small seed, but being sown in a garden, or field, (which denotes a place of cultivation,) becomes the greatest of herbs, shooting out branches, and becoming a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge under the shadow thereof. That this seed is sown in every heart, is a part of our Christian belief, and why it does not fructify and grow, so as to produce the same or similar effects in all, is a matter highly worthy of consideration.

Let all, upon whom devolves the important trust of training rational and immortal minds, seriously examine how far this deficiency may be owing to any error or neglect of theirs, that, when called to give an account of their stewardship, they may be ready to answer to their faithfulness herein.

The wise legislator of the Jews, from a sense that no time or opportunity should be lost in the instruction of children, in those things which they were to observe as the rule of their conduct in riper years, left to that people the following precepts:—"The words that I command thee shall be in thine heart, (a necessary preparation for what follows,) and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children; thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou risest up, and when thou liest down." From which we may learn, that the in-

formation of young minds is not to be a casual thing, or performed only at set times, but it ought so to engage our attention, that as often as opportunity presents, we should be prepared with needful instruction, caution, or counsel.

That too high a value is frequently set upon knowledge in the sciences and the languages, is no proof that they are not fit studies for the mind of man; but there are instructions necessary to accompany them, which, it is to be feared, are too often omitted, or perhaps not rightly apprehended by some tutors. Hence ensues that knowledge, spoken of by the Apostle Paul, "which puffeth up and maketh a man vain." But were they fully apprized that the utmost stretch of human knowledge consists in knowing how little can be attained and comprehended by the finite powers of man, which, after intense application, finds many objects of its search can be but dimly seen in this present state, and could they become acquainted with the whole contained in the book of nature, it would be no compensation for their ignorance in those things which relate to their eternal interest, they would, perhaps, better understand the rate at which human knowledge should be valued.

What the Apostle Paul remarks respecting the excellence of charity, which signifies the love of God and of our neighbour, and which is set above all other gifts and acquisitions, should be adopted by every one that is willing to have his or her judgment regulated by

the standard of truth:—"Though I speak with the tongue of men or angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, and as a tinkling cymbal." (1st Corinthians, xiii.)

I believe if a few summary rules were conscientiously inculcated by precept and example, that a blessing would follow, and parents thus engaged, would "see of the travail of their souls and be satisfied."

To commence this great work, it is needful our attention be directed to the first buddings of vice, steadily endeavouring to prune away the branches. To eradicate the root is the prerogative of Him who is the resurrection and the life in every soul, and till his inspeaking word of power shall wither and pluck up every plant in the garden of the mind, which is not of the heavenly Father's planting, we can do no more than nip the buds and crop the branches of the degenerate vine, which else might luxuriate, and so wholly take possession of the soil as to choke the good seed of the Kingdom. Hence the necessity of encouraging every propensity that leans to the side of virtue; early impressing upon youthful minds their duty to God, how much, and for what they stand indebted to him. He rewards the good and punishes the evil doers, yet is in himself so transcendently lovely, that for his own sake he is worthy the homage of the whole heart. Bind them in the strongest terms to a strict adherence to the truth upon all occasions, nor drive to extremity to avoid correction. Mimiery, repeating the ludicrous, or profane

sayings of others, prying into matters which do not concern them, divulging secrets, proneness to take offence, needless attention to diet, to trifling ornaments and to dress in general, domineering over servants, exposing their failings, and exacting from them offices which they themselves would healthfully and more properly be called to fulfil, are all matters of serious consequence, and need a parent's vigilant eye. Teach them the art and mystery of keeping silence, and when they are sufficiently disciplined therein, they may be the better qualified to speak and converse. Restrain them from all vain boasting of their own acquirements, endeavour to inspire a veneration for virtue, and an abhorrence of vice, and pity for the vicious. Allow them leisure to acquire a competent knowledge in profitable reading, and introduce them at times into suitable company; but guard them against forming indiscreet friendships, whereby many of the inexperienced have been lured into an entangled maze and suffered deeply thereby.

I am now but little turned from the meridian of life, and in the course of my observation thus far, I have found that those who have discovered marked evidences of vanity on account of any acquisition, perfection, gift, or favour of Providence, have in their allotment in the world, met with some mortifying circumstance, some cankerous evil which they could no way avoid; whilst others of seemingly far less merit, have passed on clear of such humiliating trials; for which I have assigned this reason, that "God will not give his glory to another,

nor his praise to graven images ; but he that glorieth, should glory only in this, that he understandeth and knoweth the Lord, who exerciseth loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth.”

As to the openly profane and wicked, whose conduct seems to set Omnipotence, and his laws at defiance, I have nothing to say. My mission is to endeavour to arouse those, who mistakenly attempt to reconcile wrong practices, with Christianity and good manners. These form a class of people I shall denominate time-killers ; who probably owe their errors to a misguided education. Having had much care and cost bestowed upon them in early life, to teach them excellence in mere externals, or ornamental accomplishments to the neglect of improvement in their intellectual faculties, they conceive what they have attained to be objects of the greatest importance ; hence it comes to pass that when they have arrived at years wherein we might suppose them capable of exercising the abilities which God has given them to some good purpose, they do little to any useful end, and some employ themselves in worse than nothing ; whereas, if they had been properly cultured and taught to understand in what the chief dignity of nature consists, they might have arrived at honourable and useful distinctions in life, according to their several capacities ; but from the vacuum within, and the want of matter to furnish agreeable and profitable entertainment, they are driven to many inventions to get time over. The card table and games of chance are

among their expedients for time-killing, and as they do not play for money, they are sure there is no harm in it. But if rational and immortal beings, "created but a little lower than the angels," and whose state in eternity depends upon the use and improvement of their short and uncertain tenure here, cannot find occasions for a more profitable exercise of their talents, and who, if they were not thus diverting themselves, have neither thought nor capacity for any thing better or higher—there I shall leave them; recommending to their perusal that passage of scripture respecting the unprofitable servant, who through sloth and wrong indulgence had wrapped up his talent and buried it in the earth, but whose excuses availed not to save him from a state of outer darkness, or a separation from the Divine harmony, for God is light, and in him is no darkness.

In near affinity to these, are those called time-servers, who fill up the chasm between religion and irreligion; who, without any hypocritical views, readily incline either way, as suits the occasion; and from a certain flexibility in their dispositions, can conform themselves to whatever kind of company or conversation they happen to fall in with. This condescension, they say, is due to politeness, and tends to enliven the spirit of social communion; that they can mechanically join in with the conversation and passtimes that please others, without entering into the spirit of it themselves. If such can reconcile this tax upon politeness to the testimonies of the witness within, the straight and narrow

way, and doctrine of the cross, pointed out by our Saviour, and are sure that their example casts no stumbling block in the way of any honest inquirer after the way to Zion, then I leave them to carry their politeness with them to that heaven which they are anticipating.

Though I have heard these excuses for time-serving, I cannot pass them by as just or valid, nor accept of such an affront upon genuine politeness, which, I am convinced, is of heavenly lineage; a communicable perfection of the Most High, flowing through channels of love, charity, benevolence, good-will, self-sacrifice, and all the philanthropic dispositions which reflect His goodness; and whatever does not stand the test of sincerity and truth, and wear the seal of heavenly-mindedness, is false coin in comparison as the gaudy tinsel to the pure gold.

A genteel behaviour and pleasing address comport well with politeness; but the thing itself is a compound of many virtues. Let none then be deceived, or endeavour to deceive, by passing off their cheap tinsel ware, composed of unmeaning titles, bows, gestures, and compliments, for which they had no draught upon any of the benign dispositions, and then think themselves entitled to the appellation of polite. But let them carefully examine the basis of their politeness, and perhaps they will find it to be an unwarrantable desire after popularity, or a dastardly spirit of denying Christ before men.

To the errors of education may be attributed the mistakes of many who deviate on the other hand. They are not concerned on account of others, as to pleasing or displeasing them, further than suits their interest ; they set no value on refinement of manners, polite accomplishments, human literature, knowledge of the world, books, or men, only as needful to the purposes of plain industry, and putting them on the alert in seeking their own advantage in transacting their mundane affairs ; which, to be sufficiently prepared for, requires an intimate acquaintance with the dark side of the human character.

That no man was formed for himself only, is an allowed and approved maxim. Each individual owes many services to the community at large, independently of, and even contrary to his own inclination and pleasure ; and according to his ability to render these services, he stands debtor to the community until they are paid. In order to qualify a youth for the discharge of these obligations, it is needful to commence very early to break the shell of self-love, into which some are naturally more contracted than others, by teaching them liberality in distributing justice, veracity, submission, an obliging behaviour, and all the social virtues. Where this is wanting in forming the mind, they become obstinate, obdurate, tenacious, self-willed, and uncivil in their behaviour and treatment of others.

I believe that so much may be paid to dress, and ad-

dress, as to give the youthful a becoming, modest assurance in company, that they need not feel abashed on account of their awkward and uncouth appearance. If this have been disregarded, they often acquire a turn for low company, where they can be more free and easy; and when such get from under the power of restraint, they are very apt to be more vain, fantastical, and ridiculous, than those who have had proper regard paid to them in this particular. Were such parents to consider, that human learning, when properly applied, is a hand-maid to virtue; that a knowledge of the world, books, and men, when discreetly culled and digested, and the good and useful extracted and separated from the evil, is a store-house of many valuable materials, very necessary and important in conducting the concerns of this world, and often proves an index to higher and holier interests in the world to come, they would not view it in so neglected a light. But from a mistake in this, they only bestow a small smattering of learning, and then tell them they have enough, by which they are built up with a conceit that they are sufficiently learned, and in what they do not understand they think there is no good. Hence, when they grow up, they often become intolerably vain and conceited, when more learning, properly inculcated, would show them that they were mere ignoramuses; that they had nothing of which to boast or be vain. But not having acquired a relish for reading, they can find no time to read, and an acquaintance with the manners and max-

ims of the world (they say) would bring them into an acquaintance with much evil, which might lead them into prodigality, and expensive vices; hence their understandings become compressed within a very narrow compass, and they are disqualified for many of the common duties of life, or for filling, with propriety, any office of trust or preferment in church or state. If they be raised to any thing above the common level, others are often embarrassed on account of their incapacity and ignorance. They are like an evil which King Solomon saw under the sun, "servants riding upon horses;" which surely is a greater incongruity than for "princes to go on foot." If such parents be lovers of mammon, they will not fail to teach their children by example and precept, that arts of industry, and getting forward in the world, are the material excellence, which maxim being so often inculcated, they think it a self-evident principle, and at length the world becomes the God they worship with all their soul, mind, will, and strength; hence arises unfeelingness toward the poor, thinking if they had done their duty as faithfully as themselves, they would be in better circumstances; and viewing them (as indeed they do all mankind not as watchful and thrifty as they) no better than Jews or Turks, just meet to be made an advantage of, that there is no harm in overreaching them in a bargain. When they get them into their power, and their necks down their throats, they think they do them unrequitable service if they do not bite off their heads. Next, they

have kept them so closely within the bounds of moral rectitude, as to induce a belief that they are sufficiently religious, and they go on, performing their round of labour and religious duty as mechanically as a clock its diurnal revolutions, and as instinctively as the ox repairs to the crib at the accustomed hour of feeding. As their religion and their labour centre in one point, they understand their whole system as intuitively as the most simple operation in nature. Their quota toward defraying public expenses is a grievous burden; if they give alms, or extend any small benefit, they are greatly magnified; if they pray, or give thanks to God, it is for some earthly good. If they read in scripture of the incompatibleness of the love of the world with the love of God, they think it belongs to others and not to them. From the general tenor of their lives and conversation, it cannot be found that their aims, thoughts, or comprehension extend any further, go any deeper, or rise any higher, than to plan, scheme, and occupy in the way of their worldly concerns; to investigate the affairs of the neighbourhood, and gather the contents of a newspaper or some other intelligencer. Thus they grow up, and live on in the world, (unless met in some narrow way, by a miracle of mercy turning their minds into some better path,) under the mistaken notion that they are journeying toward Heaven, whilst their affections are grovelling in the earth. At length the harbingers of death infirmity and old age, overtake them; they are inwardly disquieted and uneasy; they wonder what ails them.

they are not burdened with any great sins, and as for smaller ones and weaknesses, God is gracious and will pardon them. As they lived unbeloved they die unlamented; and when they are gone, I know of no epitaph better suited to them than, "Here lies a link between the rational and animal creation."

There are few who do not owe some wrong bias to the prejudice of education; and it would be well for all, as their understandings expand, carefully to examine the ground and foundation upon which they stand. An investigation into truth is not only useful but necessary in order to detect error. For want of this, we often observe a certain fixed attachment to one set of rules and customs in preference to another, for which we can give little or no other reason, than we were taught to believe they were right. Prejudice prevails, not only with some individuals, and societies of people, but is common with families, neighbourhoods, towns, states, and kingdoms; something like Lord K.'s remarks of the Greenlanders, they think but little of the Europeans, considering all real excellence to consist in the art of catching seals, and when strangers come among them, they are valued only as they resemble themselves.

A general acquaintance with mankind has a tendency to remove prejudice, enlarge the mind, and inspire liberality of sentiment toward those who, in some respects, differ widely from that which we have been accustomed to view as the only right standard. This

is evidenced by finding among the various ranks and conditions of life, men and women of distinguished merit, where, from a slight view, we little expected to find it.

Pride is an evil against which most people declaim ; but I believe many are not sensible in what it consists, and from not fully understanding the matter, conclude they are clear, when, in reality, it is one of the governing principles of their lives and actions.

Pride is a false estimate of our own merit. Whatever the condition or appearance may be, those who think more highly of themselves than they really deserve, may justly be termed proud. These we do not find limited to any particular description of people. It is a seed of nature, which, if not weakened by a proper education, and kept down by the gracious dealings of Divine Providence toward us, will grow, put forth branches, and bear fruit. What gives the differing ideas of pride is, that its productions are various, perhaps as much so as any other disposition of the mind, but the root and ground are this very false estimate of our merit. When we value ourselves upon religious attainments, this is spiritual pride. Let each one who wishes to find the lurking place of this evil, examine by this standard : “ In what estimation do I hold my own merit ? What signs do I observe of an overweening conceit thereof ? ” This would discover the fugitive where it exists. By the same rule we may judge of humility : “ Am I little in my own eyes ? Do I know

my own nothingness, weaknesses, and imperfections, and do I lament over my own failures? If so, so far am I opposed to pride, but no further."

Outward state and grandeur, and rich and fine clothing, are no certain proofs of a proud heart, any more than the reverse is of an humble one. Some, by placing pride altogether in exterior marks of its predominance, often judge amiss, whilst those to whom more properly belongs the epithet, pass uncondemned. But that those outward badges do not always indicate pride, or furnish a certain evidence of the state of the mind, is no argument that they are to be considered wholly as matters of mere indifference, having no hurtful tendency.

I am fully of the mind, that were professing Christians to attend more to their inward feelings, and be led and guided by that Divine principle of light and grace, universally bestowed, and instructed to understand its monitions and pointings than is generally the case; they would be more led out of the pomps and vanities of the world, into a plainer, easier, and more unmixed path. Neither would it require any great degree of religious experience to show, that such things are a superfluous encumbrance to the mind, whereby its spiritual growth and improvement are often much impeded. The precepts and example of our blessed Lord, when he pointed all, without exception, into the straight and narrow way, the daily exercise of the cross and self-denial, were no arbitrary infliction of penance, to mor-

tify and punish us ; but they are really more consistent with true Christian liberty, and minister freedom from under hard task-masters and their servile yoke of bondage.

Let me appeal to the experience of those captivated by the love of outward splendour, and who adhere to the changing fashions and customs of the world, whether it does not often occasion much fatigue of body and anxiety of mind, to support the appearance they wish? or, if they can be attained without any great exertion on their part, where must the mind be?

The galley-slave, chained to the galling oar for life, may have his mind free to prepare for that state of being, to which the present is but a prelude ; whilst those entangled, captivated ones, jeopard their eternal all for

“Straw-like trifles on life’s common stream.”

This was the confession of some, who I believe were measurably redeemed from the love of the world and its fading glories ; but who, from existing circumstances, thought it expedient to conform to fashion and custom, and appear as though they regarded them as high things, yet had to acknowledge they found them impediments in their way ; burdens they would gladly lay down if they knew how. My own observations upon the many trifling forms, ceremonies, and ridiculous customs which too much prevail in the world, have often made me thankful that I embraced the restraints of a Society,

whose predecessors walked in the path of simplicity, thereby making my way more plain and easy in these respects. From my connexion and intercourse with many who have been differently educated, I have discovered that the sensible and judicious part, consider our aberration from the wholesome restraints adopted by the Discipline of our Sect, as marks of our declension and apostacy, from our principles and profession, which they neither desire nor expect; but rather admire that noble independence of mind, which asserts its own prerogative, instead of yielding vassallage to the habits of others.

This brings to my remembrance an occurrence related by Thomas Colley, a few years ago, when on a religious visit from Old England to these States. “As the King and Queen of Great Britain were taking an accustomed walk, they noticed two young women walking near the same place, very fashionably dressed. The Queen said she supposed them to be Quakers; the King, from their appearance, had formed a different opinion; and to ascertain whose conjecture was right, directed their steps toward them. After the usual salutations, the King told them of the little dispute he and the Queen were engaged in, and asked them whether they professed to be Quakers? Upon their answering in the affirmative, ‘I am sorry,’ said he, ‘to see you have so far departed from your original plainness and simplicity.’” I give this as one example, that those who live up to what they profess, are the most es-

teemed by the sensible and discerning, who know what they ought to be, to be consistent.

However indifferent, gay, rich, and fashionable clothing may be to some to whom custom from earliest infancy has made it familiar, certainly it cannot be so light a matter to those who copy after them, contrary to the known rules of the religious society of which they are members, and which is often done in direct opposition to that duty which is due from a child to a parent, who, impressed with the magnitude of the trust, is endeavouring to guard the young and susceptible mind from the desolating inroads of a worldly spirit; to train it in the way it should go through life's besetting snares, and to point to a sure foundation whereon to build its hopes of happiness beyond the grave; even to Christ, the Redeemer, the wisdom and power of God manifested within, which crucifies to the world, and the world to us. I have heard some plead as an excuse for the liberty in which they indulge, that they did not see it to be wrong, if they did, they would not persist therein; but are we not scripturally informed, that it is only those who are faithful in the little, that shall be made rulers over more, and according as they yield obedience to the small manifestations of truth on their minds, are they made capable of receiving greater degrees of divine light and knowledge. For instance, we know it would be useless to set a pupil to answer a question in algebra, who would never submit to be instructed in the letters of the alphabet; so in spiritual things, it would be needless to

make large discoveries, or teach harder lessons to those who disregard the smaller and more easy ones; consequently their ignorance of themselves, and not that the spirit of truth is inconsistent in allowing some who are taught to walk by the same rule, and to mind the same things, to go in the broad path with impunity, and to make the straight and narrow way the only terms of acceptance with others.

Let me ask those who plead this excuse, that they have never seen such things to be wrong, whether they have been faithful in all things according to the best of their knowledge? If so, they are excusable for their want of sight; but if not, this prop falls to the ground.

The evangelical Prophet Isaiah thought it not beneath the dignity of his office, to particularize the many ornaments with which the daughters of that day adorned themselves, and in clear and conclusive terms mentions the displeasure of the Almighty, therewith in the following declaration. "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon: the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the head bands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings and the nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the whimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils."—Isa. iii. chap., from the 16th to the 24th verse.

I fully believe, were professing Christians to live up

to that purity which their religious principles require, there would be little or no difference among us in that which is essential to salvation, and far less in externals than now appears.

What language can more expressly set forth the duty and self-denying path of a Christian, than the following excellent form of words, adopted by Episcopalians when they stand surety for a child in its baptism? They promise and vow three things in its name; first, that it shall renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; secondly, that it shall believe all the articles of the Christian Faith; thirdly, it shall keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of its life. And the child in its catechism is taught to acknowledge, that he believes when he comes to age he is bound to make good this promise.

What can the doctrine and self-denying principles of Quakerism require more? I confess I have regretted that so excellent a form of expression should, through the falling away of backsliders, and the degeneracy of lukewarm professors, so far decline from its original design and import, as to become a mere empty form meaning nothing.

There is a species of insanity common to many people, which may be better understood by defining it a chimera of mind or untutored imagination, which is no small impediment to their growth in grace. This

busy faculty may so expand, as not to be bounded by probability or possibility. Its flights are often very extravagant, and to those who suffer their minds to be captivated thereby, it is wonderful what scenes it will exhibit.

I believe there are but few who cannot understand me; perhaps none who have not had illusive scenes and occurrences presented to their view, and so far as these are cherished, so far are they actually insane, though not observable to every beholder. From my own experience, I am confirmed that nothing has a greater tendency to excite this kind of insanity than reading plays and romances, and attending theatrical exhibitions, which being founded generally upon the fictions of fancy, can only feed the mind with the same kind of food.

Some of these performances, especially of the tragic kind, take their subjects from detached parts of history, but they are so disguised with hyperbole, as scarcely to bear any resemblance to the facts they are said to display.

When the ingenious author can so adapt his story as to work upon those unstable elements, the passions, it produces emotions and transports whereby the senses are actually imposed upon, and the ideas so deranged as to dispose the mind for admitting falsehood for truth, and truth for falsehood. There are some religious declamations that have much the same effect.

In order more fully to illustrate the plastic powers of

undisciplined imagination, I shall give a few instances : —once, in company with several others, I made a visit to a man that was insane ; we found him sitting on the ground patching an old garment which he wore ; he at first appeared rational and gave sensible answers to the questions put to him, but after a little free communication, began to open his mind to us and told us he was a king, and possessed great wealth and power. He related many occurrences feasible enough to be believed, and sent messages by us to several great men, with a demand upon some of them to remit him a sum of money, which if they refused, they should feel the effects of his displeasure.

I saw another, who imagined himself to be the general of all the American forces, and that his presence in the field of battle was of the utmost consequence.

I also knew a woman who had lived to the age of forty without marrying, and by accounts had never had an opportunity : she, too, was insane, and imagined herself a great beauty and a very accomplished lady ; that several gentlemen of the first rank had sought an alliance with her, and that fine houses, splendid furniture, coaches, horses, &c. awaited her acceptance.

These ideas, I supposed, being often and long indulged, became so fixed upon their minds, that they believed them realities, and no arguments could convince them of their non-entity. Though the powers of imagination may not operate so forcibly upon all, as to impel a belief that its visions are realities ; yet where they are

indulged only to amuse, they take up time and attention in dalliance with falsehood, effeminate the mind, and disqualify it for the acquisition of those virtues needful for the performance of good, and the suffering of evil, in a manner becoming the dignity of rational immortal beings. To examine every idea or impression, before we suffer it to fix upon the mind, and to be convinced that it is at least within the atmosphere of truth and reason, nor suffer the cogitations to roam beyond their ample bounds, is the part of wisdom: all beside belongs to the consuming fire.

But how shall we give the true portrait, or describe the distinguishing features of a character, that answers to the tree matured, as described in the parable? For example, we will suppose a youth just arrived at manhood, whence we will follow him through the different stages of life, to the last and closing scene of his mortal existence. He comes up like a fair and promising flower, with the sweetness, mildness, and innocency of an angel inscribed upon his countenance. He does not affect the dignity of importance, yet he gains the ascendant by meekness, humility, and an obliging deportment. He presumes not to command, but, with the softness of persuasion, dignity and authority set upon his brow, and voluntary obedience awaits his nod. Love, friendship, and esteem, mark his footsteps wherever they tend. His voice is not heard with the loud and clamorous, yet his accents are remembered with respectful deference, and the power of truth is to

be felt in all his communications. His example points out, with the most undeniable evidence, the ways of rectitude, and the paths that lead to endless fame. Vice, self-convicted, flies unrebuked before him; and Folly hides her head under the mantle of Silence. His politeness is from principle; his professions of regard are in truth and sincerity, and he considers every human being as entitled to his condescension and benignity. He is wise without dulness; free, open, and candid, without affectation or folly; humourous and witty without being ludicrous. In conversation, his mind appears like a well-cultivated garden, stored with the flowers and fruits of every clime and season, which he can cull and serve to the taste of every one, and becomes all things to all men, so as to convey suitable, seasonable, and pleasing instruction.

As the spirit of his life is one uniform tendency to do good, he seeks not to unbend it by trifling amusements. Is he called to the service of the public? He is not lifted up with self-importance, but, sensible of the magnitude of the trust, dischargeth it with fidelity. He enricheth not himself upon the spoils of another, but considereth the toil of him that laboureth. He draws tight the rein upon the neck of licentiousness, and enfeebleth the hands of injustice and oppression, but exalteth the standard of truth and righteousness. His courage is invincible, and in the way of his duty he turneth not his face from any, nor is he dismayed by opposition in the prosecution of a good design, but

with the patient labour of persevering industry he bringeth it to pass.

Whatever department he fills, or whatever be his rank or condition in life, he is a servant of the Highest, an honour to his kind, an ornament to his country, a jewel of inestimable value to the community, a light to his acquaintance, and a blessing to his family; in all which he knoweth that he is no more than just to himself, and to Him from whom he received his ability.

If he live to old age, his grey hairs are as a crown of glory encircling his head, because he is found in the way of righteousness, and as he declines toward the verge of time, the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the well-grounded hope of a blissful eternity in view, sweeten every bitter cup, support him with becoming and teachable patience and cheerfulness under the pressure and languishment of bodily pain and infirmity, and the God of his life is with him in the last strugglings of nature, (and may we not add) angels and the spirits of the just who have gone before, meet him at the gates of eternity, and hail him welcome to the seats of everlasting felicity.

S. M.

Kennet, Pennsylvania, 1794.

Having concluded this little essay, I shall subjoin an invitation to those yet strangers to the wiles of the world, when they set out on the journey of life in the pursuit

of happiness, to consult the experience of the wise King Solomon, who sought it in the heights of ambition, and in all the devious ways that youthful inclinations are liable to run ; and after a full trial he concludes the *summum bonum* of the whole to be “vanity and vexation of spirit,” and that a man can do nothing under the sun better than to “fear God and keep his commandments.”

S. M.



True Christian charity toward those whose belief on all points does not agree with our own, is an excellent virtue.

Thomas à Kempis lived and died in the profession of the Roman Catholic religion. After reading his writings, I believed he possessed a truly Christian spirit; as fully so, as many who suffered martyrdom because they could not join in with the rituals of that Church.

All true Christians are of the same spirit, but their gifts are diverse ; Jesus Christ appointing to each his particular office.



Let no one condemn the subsequent pages, from a narrow conception that piety is not promoted through any other medium than literary truth and plain matter of fact.

We have many examples in scripture and in other writings, where truths have been instructively set forth and illustrated in allegories, parables, and similitudes.

S. M.

PHILOM'S VISION, 1794.

WRITTEN BY A MOTHER FOR THE INSTRUCTION
OF HER CHILDREN.

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

I PHILOM, am a friend to virtue and literature. I was pondering in my mind why vice and ignorance were so prevalent in the world, and why so few in comparison to the numbers to whom the beneficent Father of all has dispensed talents and abilities capable of high improvement, should nevertheless fall so far short of any distinguishable attainment, and pass through life like ships on the ocean, leaving no traces of their course to serve as way-marks to successive voyagers ; whilst the few who wisely improve the talents bestowed, live for ever more, their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them with the Most High, therefore they shall

receive a glorious Kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand, for "with his right hand shall he cover them, and with his arm shall he protect them." (Wisdom of Solomon chap. v.) I became absorbed in deep thoughtfulness, and fell into the following reverie or vision.

I saw the figures of two persons coming toward me : one appeared advanced in age, yet his beauty and vigour were no ways impaired ; majesty was impressed upon his countenance, and a dignity not to be described marked his deportment : the other seemed less august in his looks, but of a very beautiful and comely aspect. I bowed reverently before them, when, with a look of benignity and sweetness, they bid me arise and follow them. I obeyed, and we were instantly seated upon an eminence which commanded the prospect of a vast plain, where I beheld an innumerable concourse of people of both sexes, from infancy to old age, all advancing toward sun-setting. After them followed a great collection of ill-formed, disagreeable looking beings, resembling the forms my imagination had often portrayed of elves, satyrs, spectres, spirits, imps, &c., who came and mixed with them ; their familiarity was at first very disgusting, but the creatures were so officiously complaisant and obliging, that many became not only reconciled, but social and intimate, consulting their views upon all occasions, and even dressed them up in a style that gained them easy access amongst all ranks and conditions, from the king

to the beggar ; and many of them were to be seen in almost all companies, either select or public congregations of people. I queried what this thing meant, and was told by the two venerable beings under whose guardianship I was placed, whose names were Virtue and Literature, that part of the train I beheld were venial sins, such as idleness, ignorance, distrust, curiosity, superstition, effeminacy, affectation, parsimony, prodigality, pusillanimity, idle-speaking, &c. I observed among the number an Elf, who, I was informed, had once been a very useful servant, and was still valuable, when kept in proper subjection, but if suffered to rule, became an absolute tyrant, obliging those subjected to her caprice, to attend her footsteps through a round of the most ridiculous turns and meanderings imaginable. Her name, I learned, was Fashion, and no friend to Virtue and Literature.

After these followed a train of demons, fiends, hobgoblins, and pests, more formidable in appearance, and various in shape, size and aspect; some ridiculous; others terrifying to behold. The preceding group at first disdained them, as beings of an inferior order; but the latter insisted they were of one family; upon which a warm contest arose, and an examination into pedigree was entered into, which resulted in clear proof that a near consanguinity subsisted between them. This point being settled, they soon became friendly and assisting to each other. I queried what those hideous creatures were, and was answered that each one was a

vice, of formidable strength; that every mortal was subject to be pursued and tempted by one or more of these; but the Supreme Father and Governor of the Universe, not willing that the workmanship of His hands should become a prey to those evil spirits, had provided armour, and means of resistance as pointed out in Ephesians, 7th chapter, from the 11th to the 18th verses, and by his own immediate interposition and direction, strength and succour were afforded to vanquish those formidable adversaries. I observed several engaged, for a time, in almost a continual warfare with one or other of the evil spirits. I also saw, with satisfaction, that ability to overcome in proportion to the conflict wherewith they were permitted to be tried, was dispensed, and, like the house of David, they became stronger and stronger, according to their perseverance, which was stimulated by the Omnipotent in power, and boundless in goodness, who deigned to stand on the field of battle, offering the sweetly solacing language, "fear not, for I am with thee." I saw many who put to flight their strong and deadly foes; for, however long the warfare was continued, however great the advantage appeared to be on the side of Vice, yet, whilst there was a reliance upon supernatural succour, it was administered, the assailants foiled, and the prey plucked from their very jaws. Then I heard the song of praises resounding on the banks of Deliverance.

But those who gave up the contest, and were vanquished by one of the Vices, generally were attacked

by a number more, who entered each avenue into their hearts without opposition, and corrupted every thought, word, and deed of their lives, so that the very "ploughing" of such, whatever they did, "was sin." Mournful, indeed, was the situation of the coward, the faithless, the procrastinator, who were taken captives, and whose burdens were increased in rigour by their tyrannizing task-masters, in proportion to every successive submission to their sway. I heard their bitter wailings on this wise: "woe is me, the harvest is over, the summer ended, and we are not gathered."

Here I beheld *Drunkenness*; he had fearful fangs, barbed at the ends. When he had fairly laid hold of any one he rarely ever let him escape; at least not without tearing the flesh from the bone, and leaving visible marks that he had once been victorious. He stood the most formidable upon the list of Vices, because renowned for strength, and cheerful hilarity. He had the greatest number of evils in his train, and treated his unhappy, deluded captives, with the most degrading insolence, obliging some to act the part of demoniacs, others of fools and idiots, stripping them of every thing valuable they possessed, health, wealth, reputation; and utterly laid waste every talent that rendered them pleasing, useful, or beloved. This Vice was regarded with the greatest abhorrence, when seen the companion and familiar associate of another; but he had the artifice to make each one believe, as it respected himself, that he had no other design than to

serve him, by removing some physical complaint, lightening the toil of labour, giving respite to sorrow and inquietude of mind, inspiring cheerfulness, vivacity and wit, or granting a harmless indulgence of appetite, and other such kindly offices. When any or all of these were accomplished, he would leave them to be their own masters. Thus did the monster allure many into his foul grasp, and despoil them of Virtue, who might have shone conspicuously among the praiseworthy.

Avarice held tremendous sway, and was not wanting in insinuation and address. He could couch the greatest inconsistencies under the specious pretext of providing things convenient, and had the art to make the transaction smooth and easy between laudable endeavours and inordinate cravings; so that none but Virtue and Morality could precisely fix the boundaries between them. He wore a disguise, and seldom owned his proper name, but assumed those of Economy, Prudence, Needful Care, &c. But under whatever name or disguise he appeared, he ever bore an indelible mark of his identity, by his readiness to accommodate those who were enlisted in his service with plausible excuses for withholding the needful supplies from the poor and the destitute. Under pretext of getting his own, he would stoop to tear the tattered rags from the limbs of meagre Want, and grasp the morsel from his hungry jaws: nay, he was so preposterous, that he would often rob himself of convenient food and rai-

ment, and cast the gains thereof into fast bound chests and coffers, where it was useless to himself and others. His body was stuck all over with tenter-hooks, which seldom failed to take a bit out of every one who came within their reach. His influence over the human family was known by this criterion: the things of this world, and how to attain them, ever preponderated in their thoughts, and however disinterested their actions appeared to a casual observer, yet every critical investigation into the labyrinth of the human mind, could detect Avarice planning some advantages for them.

Pride was another mighty chieftain. He assumed a high, majestic air, carried his head aloft, and stepped forth with state and arrogance to support his imaginary dignity and importance. He formed devices, coined tinsels, cut out honours, titles, and distinctions of various sorts and sizes, built air castles, and vanquished creation to obtain plumes and feathers. Of all the Vices, none appeared more busy than he, nor more elevated when things prospered according to his wishes, but none more mortified and miserable upon a disappointment. The loss of a feather, or a compliment, would render him very unhappy, and he would bitterly bewail till some new object started some new enterprise. Like a ship upon the unfathomed ocean, he was either towering to the clouds, or sinking into the gloomy caverns of despair. He created innumerable wants, and employed many to encompass them. There was no cell so dark or sequestered that he could not

penetrate, nor any department in life, either political, social, or religious, that he did not enter. To secure vassals, he suited himself to each one's natural turn and disposition, and no one was exempt from his temptations; but being of low extraction, it was no uncommon thing to see him walking hand-in-hand with Meanness.

Wrath, Revenge, Hatred, and Envy, who were indeed dreadful Furies, obliged those they conquered to feed on their own vitals. They formed instruments of war; Death followed in their train, and with the assistance of Pride and Avarice laid the foundations of Hell.

Hypocrisy was of all the Vices the most ridiculous; pretending to be one of Virtue's train, he openly kept the other evils at a distance, but by secret intrigues with them, he had so imbibed their likeness and defects, that he had scarcely a perfect limb or feature, and by often changing his complexion to suit circumstances, became such an incoherent mixture of divers colours blended, that he was the most disagreeable figure imaginable. He wore two faces, the one white, the other black, one leg was shorter than the other, and in order to supply the deficiency and make his gait uniform, he occasionally used a stilt; each eye looked a different way, but that he might not appear to look amiss, he caused a wonderful cross to be erected, and with an engraving tool inscribed it all over with religious devices, so that take him in what attitude you would, his eye seemed directed thereto. This was a mischievous

stratagem, at which the Supreme Governor of the Universe was greatly offended, and annexed to it a double portion of suffering. Being sensible of his own native deformity, he provided a mask, modelled after the similitude of Virtue; this he generally wore, whereby many were deceived, and not scrutinizing closely, thought him one of Virtue's train. But it was impossible to contrive it so that it would not every now and then fall off, and so detect the cheat. He would gladly have had a cloak large enough to cover his whole body at once, but in the nature of things this could not be come at, and being accoutred in one too short and scant for his purposes, he was kept continually busy pulling it this way and that, but still some part of his form was uncovered, so that it cost him more pains to hide what he was, than would have made him what he wished to appear to be.

Lying was a detestable Vice, and knowing himself despised by most, he endeavoured to hide himself and do execution unseen. Being of a low and servile cast, he was often employed as a servant to the other Vices, and accomplished many mischiefs. Sometimes he gained ascendancy over people who would not deign to hold communion with so despicable a Vice for the sake of gain or to do another an injury, but owing to the fertility of their imaginations, a redundancy of ideas was produced, and not setting a guard upon the door of their lips, they flew out of their mouths helter skelter, exhibiting a wonderful train of incredibles, marvellous

stories &c. just to excite admiration. Lying and Detraction were great cronies, and frequently were seen walking hand-in-hand with each other.

Detraction was of the Fairy tribe, low and light in stature and of dark complexion. By magic he could follow persons unseen, and like a snake in the grass, vent his venom upon them undiscovered: his malignant qualities lay in his tongue, he had the longest ears of any other creature in nature, which he could turn every way. He had prying eyes that could peep through the smallest cranny and see what was going forward. He also had a wonderful repository of visionary materials, such as sounds, shadows, and representations; which, mixing with grosser substances collected from mud pools, sinks, scavengry, &c. he blew over the face of creation with the aid of an air gun; and it was no uncommon sight to see those ill-looking sprites flitting about in every direction, to the no small annoyance and detriment of many. There were some people who, when they could lay hands upon them, bound them and put them into strong hold and prisons, but in the general they were too much indulged, particularly by those who had neglected to store their minds with materials for innocent and useful conversation; to these, unless silence were observed, the ill-contrived Imps would find means to introduce themselves and fill up the void, and their influence when obtained, tarnished the fairest complexion, which strongly urged the neces-

sity of guarding every pass whereby they might gain access into company or conversation.

Profane Swearing was an ugly Vice, and though he neither promised nor gave his votaries either pleasure or profit, (his recompense being a very trifling gratification,) yet he gained an ascendant over many, and where he was seen, I was sure the other Vices were not far off.

Ambition was of no mean extraction, and always went on tiptoe. When he wanted to encompass a matter out of his reach, he raised artificial ground, which sometimes enabled him to extend his arms a vast height. His head and eyes were continually turned upward, which often occasioned giddiness. As he stood tottering, he frequently fell; and Disappointment (who was almost his inseparable companion) would deride and intercept his towering aim. Such continued his propensity to be looking and reaching upward, that he seldom desisted whilst there was any ground left for him to stand upon. He allured many by fair promises into his train; but he was a hard master, seldom rewarding his dependants according to the difficulty they encountered, or the promises he made them.

Servility was of small stature, of a mixed complexion, short-sighted and somewhat paralytic. He was mostly seen in a cringing posture: when he came into the presence of his superiors, from whom he expected honour or advantage, he would bend himself to the very earth, and was remarkably obsequious; but when

in company with his supposed inferiors he was supercilious ; he was always seen associating with the other Vices.

Melancholy was clothed in black ; at the first view I could not determine to what order of beings she belonged ; she did not appear to be a fit inhabitant for any region ; and not till I had surveyed her abode, could I say whether she most resembled the Virtues or the Vices. Her dwelling-place was surrounded by thick gloomy shades of discontent, and closed against the light and benedictions of Heaven, by barring the doors. Some faint rays, however, were admitted through a secret window, with iron grates, which just served to show the dust and disorder of her room. She appeared, at times, inclined to entertain the Virtues, but first metamorphosed and dressed them according to her fancy, and stamped their countenances agreeably to her humour, which rendered them scarcely distinguishable as belonging to that amiable and illustrious family, which caused many to shun their acquaintance, as destructive to happiness. Upon a nearer search into her apartment, I found some or other of the Vices lurking in almost every by-place, which she made no efforts to expel, but rather cherished and fed. I also discovered that Divine Love, Humility, and Resignation, were her greatest enemies, and had they been suffered to enter her habitation, would have terminated her existence. This at once determined the matter—that she belonged to the Vices.

I beheld another Vice, who carried in one hand a

torch, that had been lighted by the flames of Hell, and was blown by the bellows of the foulest Fiend, which caused the blackness of disgrace wherever it came. In the other hand he held a poniard, which he struck through the hearts of his victims.

There were other Vices, such as Camelions, Apes, Foxes, Crockadiles, Snakes, Owls, Bats, and Spiders; Centaurs, and the bodies of people united to hogs, dogs, mules, &c. were moving about in all directions; some were so subtle as to transform themselves into different shapes at will.

I observed some who had combated and overcome the more formidable Vices, that were preyed upon by the smaller tribes, whereby their strength, bloom, and beauty were destroyed, their substance wasted, and they reduced to mere anatomies and dwarfs. I also saw at the heels of every Vice a chain, which he endeavoured to conceal, but I was determined to see to the end of it. Here I discovered an object still more horrible than the Vices, who was bound to this chain by an indissoluble link; at least, no mortal could undo it. Those who had cause to fear him, evinced great alarm when they found themselves near him. I asked by what name he was called, and was told it was Punishment.

I must not omit to mention another Spirit that was going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it. Wherever the Virtues met together, he seldom failed to present himself along with them, though often

repulsed with scorn and indignation. He was a sly, insinuating, enterprising spirit, employed as the last stratagem of the Grand Adversary, to lay waste Virtue. He seldom attempted to attack any but the virtuous, and the more eminent in this respect, the more closely they were pursued and beset by him. The artifice whereby he gained his point was to trill soft music, and gently whisper soothing delightful encomiums into their ears, occasioning a pleasing sensation after they had done a worthy action, had witnessed the fervours of devotion, received spiritual gifts and graces, or had foiled the Vices. If he gained admittance in this seemingly innocent way, he grew bolder, and persuaded them that they were the peculiar favourites of Heaven, as were some of old; that the Lord conferred favours and blessings upon them because they were deserving. He next induced a belief that all they had was their own; that they could maintain it against all opposition; and thus becoming confident and secure, they gradually declined from a constant reliance upon the only Fountain of all good, in which case Divine Wisdom was pleased to withdraw his bounties, and leave them for a time destitute of those favours upon which they valued themselves. When this did not bring them to a sense of their own insufficiency, and nothingness, he suffered some of the Vices to exercise dominion over them, till they became convinced they were no longer safe or worthy of spiritual favours than whilst their dependance was only and alone upon God, and they the

objects of his forgiving love and mercy rather than of merit. When it so fell out that this Spirit gained the victory, he soon discovered marks of tyranny and injustice, by stripping his vanquished of all their permanent honours and rewards, and substituting those that were superficial. Though he allowed some the free exercise of their virtuous deeds, yet he tarnished them with a dark hue, and occasioned the brightest gold to become dim. In other instances, he stripped them of their beauty, dignity and influence, dragged them in triumph at his chariot wheel, and then consigned them over to the Vices. Upon observing the mien of this Spirit, he walked with the same rectitude as the Virtues, prayed oft, gave alms, and was adorned with many beautiful ornaments, such as neighbourly kindness, industry, frugality, generosity, &c., and could he have counted the mystical number seven, might have been a Virtue, but he only amounted up to “six hundred three score and six, and what was wanting could not be numbered.” I queried why he was not a Virtue, and was told the grace of Humility was lacking; that he was continually ascribing to himself that which was alone due to the Creator, and coveting his attributes.

This dangerous enemy was called *Spiritual Pride*. I cannot describe the earnest solicitude I felt for the fate of poor mortals, on beholding so many detestable, artful, dangerous creatures, all in eager pursuit to make them their prey. My conductors observing this in my countenance, were pleased to enlarge my vision.

To be thus pursued and tempted, they assured me, was the unvaried lot of every mortal, till the root of evil, whence the Vices draw their sustenance, be withered and taken away from the heart. To effect this was the unceasing purpose of the Great Father of all; hence, he had compounded in a large vessel, an exceedingly bitter drink, called Tribulation, and so great was his love to mankind, that he sent the only Son of his bosom to partake thereof, who in all respects was like unto us, (sin excepted.) He underwent all the temptations and sufferings to which mortals are liable, setting us an example of perfection, and inviting all who would be his disciples to follow his footsteps; and after leaving many excellent precepts and doctrines, he suffered an ignominious death upon the cross by the hands of sinners. But he arose again, leading captivity captive, and dispensing the gifts and graces of his spirit to man, whereby he may become a joint heir with him in his Father's Kingdom, where he sits a continual High Priest, to make intercession for the forgiveness of our sins. Of this drink there still remains a portion for mankind to partake, that, like him, they might be made perfect through suffering, and have fellowship with him in the path he trod, which only leads to glory.

To every one was given a cup, some larger, some smaller, by a hand, to many invisible at the time, but to me it was then plain and bare, in which he dealt out portions according to the size of the cups, with the most exact impartial economy, and by a combina-

tion of second causes and secret impulses that few could see through or understand, he obliged each one to drink in the measure assigned. When this dispensation was administered, great complaints and lamentations resounded from every quarter; some boldly inveighed against Providence as the author of their miseries; others ascribed all to chance, or accident, to this or that occurrence, or to this and the other person, or they should not have had the bitter draught to drink. I observed that though the refractory appeared to drink largely, yet their portions were very little diminished; numbers endeavoured by their own contrivances to avoid taking any, which occasioned their share to be greater, and far more bitter, than if they had submitted to an overruling Providence; whilst those who took the cup as primarily coming from the Divine hand, and designed to extirpate the root of evil within, and to refine their virtue, often had it replenished with a refreshing draught, called Divine Consolation, which made the other much more palatable. Nay, some were so sensible of the salutary effects of Tribulation, that they cheerfully partook thereof, and were desirous never to be without a share, till the gracious designs of *Him*, who had appointed it, were fully accomplished.

Patience followed *Tribulation*, attended by *Resignation* and *Fortitude*, whose benign influences disposed the mind for the instruction of *Experience*.

Experience advanced slowly forward, carrying in one hand a scourge with many lashes, in the other he

held a book of useful lessons, which he read to those who were willing to listen to him. To give the more force to his precepts, he opened a door into an Infirmary, containing the Miserables, commonly attendants of Vice. Here were Poverty, Shame, Contempt, Sickness, Pain, Debility, Misanthropy, Remorse, and numbers more I could not name. On the other hand, he portrayed the attendants and progeny of Virtue. Among them I discovered Peace, Competency, Health, Joy, Love, Philanthropy, True Greatness, Honour, and Dignity. But notwithstanding the forcible lectures and striking examples communicated, many remained infatuated and insensible to their true interest, regarding none of these things further than they were enforced by his scourge. Whilst they felt the smart they would promise amendment, but when stripes were remitted, they forgot, grew careless, and violated their engagement. But if ever they embraced Virtue, it was more through fear of the scourge, than from the genuine love thereof. However acceptable these might be to the Supreme Being I could not then determine; but certainly they were not followers of the pure and exalted race of Virtues.

There were others who stood the tyranny of the Vices, and the bitter lashings of Experience, with amazing insensibility, but their end was without hope.

To many and various states, Experience administered suitable instruction; but there were others that he appeared to spare, who were much given up to follow the

Vices ; at least whatever hidden inquietudes they might suffer, they were not visible to common observation ; they prospered, and accomplished with ease, schemes and purposes which the worthier than they scarcely attained through much difficulty. Their wealth increased, and they reigned as kings and princes on the earth. Thus Fortune, blind to the merits or demerits of her favourites, frèquently bestowed worldly power, riches, and preferment upon the cruel, the proud, the covetous, and the ignorant, who employed them to no good purpose. They added house to house, and field to field, hoarded up useless ore for usury and extortion, or squandered it in supporting needless state, pleasure, and dissipation, and in strengthening the sinews of Vice and Immorality, according to their several turns and dispositions ; whilst Real Merit was often left to struggle with many difficulties, and her ability not made commensurate with her will to aid in deeds of utility, in giving hands to Industry, drying up the tear of Misfortune, causing Poverty to smile, and ministering liberty to the slave groaning under oppression.

However intrinsically vain and worthless worldly power, riches, and preferments are, yet divers examples evince that the abuse thereof is highly offensive to God, and punishable by him. Sacred History confirms this in the case of the great King Nebuchadnezzar, who had power and wealth in abundance, but he magnified himself, and respected not the bountiful Giver, and being warned in a dream of the punishment that would

follow unless he broke off his sins by righteousness, and his transgressions by showing mercy to the poor. He disregarded the Divine admonition: hence the chastening hand of the Lord was laid heavily upon him, until he was brought to acknowledge that the Most High ruled in the kingdoms of men.

Haman possessed all that Ambition could aspire to, beneath Sovereignty, but it availed not to satisfy him, whilst the inflexibly upright Mordecai sat at the king's gate, and refused to bend before him, or flatter his insatiable thirst for renown: but mark the sequel! he was doomed to meet the same ignominious fate he had designed for Mordecai.

Dr. Young, addressing himself to a popular man, says,

“ But great your name—To feed on air,
 Were then immortals born?
 Nothing is great, of which more great
 More glorious is the scorn.”

The danger of more secret commendations; the gentle insinuations of well-concerted flattery, the necessity of barring the ear against it, and of chaining the imagination, which is apt to suck in the delicious poison, to the firm mast of truth and sober reason, is beautifully set forth by Homer in the account he gives of the voyage of Ulysses, and the dangers he sustained in returning from the wars of Troy to his native land, where Circe is represented as giving him the following prophetic

warning against the Island of the Syrens or flatterers, and the way to avoid it.

“ Next where the Syrens dwell, you plough the seas,
 Their song is death and makes destruction please;
 Unbless'd the man whom music wins to stay,
 Nigh the curst shore, and listen to their lay.”

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“ Fly swift the dang'rous coast, let every ear
 Be stopped against the song—its death to hear;
 Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
 Nor trust thy virtue to the enchanting sound.”

My next view was a curtain extended, and I heard from behind it a medley of voices as from a mixed multitude. Being desirous to know the cause, I made signs to a sentinel whom I saw standing before it, to draw it aside that I might see what was going on; but he told me it was the curtain of Death, and seldom raised to discover the secrets there, in order to gratify human curiosity; that I must first pass through his gate to which he pointed. I turned toward it and saw numbers going in, but none coming out. I said I had often mused upon future scenes, and thought if he would gratify me with a prospect, I should not make an ill use of the indulgence. With a smile of benignity, he then drew the curtain partly aside, and my human organs being too weak to take in the sights before me, and the sounds I heard so as to understand them clearly, a Divine Agent placed in my hands a perspective glass and

an ear-trumpet, which enabled me to discern objects and distinguish sounds distinctly. Thus fitted, I looked forward and beheld the most busy scenes imaginable. A vast concourse of people of all ranks, callings, and conditions, engaged in their respective employments, amusements, and recreations. Here were nobility, gentry, statesmen, politicians, civil and military officers, star-gazers, professors of science, scribes and scribblers, merchants, brokers, misers, some hoarding money into coffers, some counting it out for usury. Here also were superstitious worshippers, husbandmen, mechanics of all trades, smokers, snuffers and chewers of tobacco, horse-racers, card-players, gamblers of all sorts, dancers, singers, musicians of divers kinds, slight-of-hand workers, dressers before looking-glasses, play-actors, formal visiters, epicures and pursuers of every kind of sensual pleasure, all occupied in their several avocations. Whatever was necessary, or they desired, was immediately given them. I began to think their situation a very tolerable one, but still there was something ominous of ill ; every countenance was impressed in striking features with despair and misery. I soon discovered that each one was followed by a grim, fierce, unrelenting figure, armed with a sharp pointed scourge, and when any seemed inclined to relax his business or pursuit, whatever it was, he was immediately urged on by the lashes of this despotic attendant.

I was at a loss to account for this strange appearance of things, and why there was so much hurry and bus-

tle in the region of Death. The Divine Agent, before mentioned, then informed me, that whatever it was, whether lawful or unlawful, that had robbed God of his due and right of pre-eminence in the mind and affections in this present life, all that they had chosen and deliberately persisted in till Death had dissolved the earthly covering contrary to the monitions of truth witnessed in themselves, and to the warnings of God's faithful servants and messengers sent to recall them from their wanderings, was now given them in full measure, as a just reward for their works. And not having cherished any thing suited to their immortal nature, which nothing but immortal substance can satisfy, therefore, as a necessary consequence of their improvidence, such souls must suffer the most exquisite sensations of hunger, thirst, nakedness, and penury, without receiving any mitigation from Hope's cordial draught, which often sweetens the bitter cup of human probation. The tyrannic spirits which pursued and lashed them on now, were the very same evil geniuses that had followed them on earth, urging them into their several tracks, and which they might have resisted and conquered had they applied for strength in time; but having submitted to their yoke, they were still the most arbitrary and severe tyrants over them.

Here I made a solemn pause, and closely inspected myself, whether any thing occupied my thoughts and desires, and usurped that place in my affections which was due to God only; and though sensible of my weak-

nesses and wanderings of mind, I could say, with Elizabeth Rowe, "If I love thee not, what do I love?" and with tears I besought his mercy, that he would not suffer my portion to be with those that forget him.

Casting my eyes toward the two-leaved gate of Death, I observed that after the Judge had examined some of them and announced of what class they were, they were immediately arrested by the most terrifying figure I ever beheld, who hurried them away to a place where the focus of my glass was not calculated to extend, but I perceived a great smoke and heard blasphemous words issuing therefrom. But there was a number who passed through the gate that remained within my ken; among whom I observed a class whose minds at the time of their departure from their earthly mansions, did not appear to be engaged in any of the avocations and pleasures before mentioned. They sat apart by themselves, ruminating upon the cross occurrences, and disappointments incident to human life, till they became the very denizens of woe. Their only enjoyment was in sorrow, to which they clung with unshaken tenacity, and unthankfully and ungratefully brooded over their calamities, either in silence or in venting fruitless complaints, murmurings and impatience.—Among these were divers suicides, who had made their exit from Time, in hopes that Death would relieve them from their misery. But Death had no such prerogative, and they were left to the unmolested exercise of those gloomy dispositions which they had willed and persist-

ed in. Here I called to mind a visit, which (according to Homer) Ulysses paid to the regions of the dead, where meeting with his mother's shade he thus accosted it ;

“ But when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,
Say what distemper gave thee to the dead ?
Has life's fair lamp declined by slow decays,
Or swift expired it in a sudden blaze ?”

To whom the Shade replied,

“ For thee my son I wept my life away ;
For thee through Hell's eternal region stray ;
Nor came my fate by ling'ring pains and slow,
Nor bent the silver-shafted queen her bow.
No dire disease bereft me of my breath,
Thou, thou, my son, wert my disease and death ;
Unkindly with my love, my son conspired,
For thee I lived, for absent thee expired.”

The next thing which arrested my attention was a company who were busied by themselves, because they could not carry on their contrivances without the aid of each other. Foremost in their ranks stood an Artificer forming likenesses, as nearly as could be, of various meats, sauces, delicious wines, fine flavoured fruit, &c. which were made up of wind, bitter ashes, and poisonous particles, fashioned according to models that he carried in his own brain and polished agreeably to his own inventive faculty. Next in order of succession, followed a company composed generally of the idle and degenerate part of mankind, who personated Kings,

Queens, Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, &c. Lastly, followed a great number of people of both sexes. Every needful apparatus being made for the exhibition of a specious entertainment, the guests were admitted by virtue of a ticket which they had purchased of those mock nobility and gentry. It was wonderful to see the multitudes that flocked to the feast, with all the eagerness of desire and expectation, when they knew beforehand that it was all sham work ; but seating themselves at the table, the masters and mistresses of the ceremony dispensed the food with much parade, intermixed with many compliments, which the guests with the same kind of politeness praised. They commended the cooks, the skill of the confectioners, the meats were excellent, and extolled the wine and the fruit, upon which regaling heartily, they declared they were exceedingly refreshed. When this sham and mockery was over, the Genius (who had all this time been standing by with scourge in hand to see that the whole was performed according to due order,) took them two and two, and some by dozens, entertainers and guests, and yoked them together, for which he assigned no other reason than that the former could not subsist without the latter, who wished to uphold them, and this had to be done in person, for here there was no doing any thing by proxy. Moreover there was a cap with a turkey's feather in it, given to the Legislature as a reward for its indulgence to this class of people which had to be alternately worn by those who compose that

body. What appeared singular, the Genius who presided over them, yoked as companions the most opposite characters; a man of honour with a thief, an economist with a ruined spend-thrift, a prude with a libertine, high blood and rank with the offspring of beggars, idle vagrants with people of honest callings. This was a mortifying piece of vagary, but if they were refractory, to work went the scourge. Thus bound, they were made to parade backward and forward through the wondering throng, and when they were sufficiently exposed, they were turned back to the place of rendezvous there in continual repetition to go through the same mockery.

I also saw another company, who were mostly genteel, high looking people. When they went through the gate, many of them produced credentials of their generosity and good acts. They were met by a Minister of Justice bearing a pair of scales; upon examining their hands and foreheads he found inscribed thereon: "blood guilty man-stealing, injustice and oppression;" whereat he cried aloud: "this iniquity cannot be purged with burnt-offerings nor sacrifice, but such measure as ye have meted shall be measured to you four times told." Accordingly they were stripped of their decent clothing and ornaments, without respect to persons, clad in the coarse habiliments of negro slaves, and given up to the power of those over whom they had once tyrannized. These, exulting in their reversed situation, with unrelenting hearts dispensed to them the same measure which they had

received, four times told. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah: "They shall take them captive whose captives they were, and they shall rule over their oppressors." xiv. 2.

It would take a volume to relate the cruel sufferings that I saw many undergo, though some were treated with more lenity than others; but stripes, hunger, thirst, pain, labour, weariness, and angry threats, were the most common lot.

Humanity turned from the sight, and melted into tears of commiseration and pity.

But Divine Justice cannot sleep for ever. It must awaken, sooner or later, to render a just recompense and retribution to the oppressor, and to give rest to the oppressed from their "sorrow, and from the fear, and from the hard bondage wherein they were made to serve." Isaiah, xiv. 3.

Gladly now would they have exchanged situations with the most abject slave upon earth; but having refused to listen to the calls of justice and humanity, whilst time and opportunity were afforded, the Divine sentence must be fulfilled upon them, till they had paid the utmost farthing in a four-fold proportion.

Those who had trafficked in the fruits of the labour of this oppressed people, or had made use of their spoil, were sentenced to repay it in the same manner.

Many of these unhappy sufferers appeared deeply concerned on account of others still in the same iniquitous practice which had sealed their doom of misery;

and upon conferring together, agreed to request the Minister of Justice that he would send one of their former slaves to warn them of their danger, and inform them of their destiny, lest they also should come to a like ignominious punishment; but he replied, "they have their own natural understandings as men, which if they were not wilfully and obstinately blind, would teach them, that it is out of the Divine order and harmony for one human being to oppress another; they have the mind of truth inwardly revealed, which instructs to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly before God; they have the doctrines and precepts of Christ, the Saviour, which command: 'do unto all men as you would they should do unto you,' they have a Woolman, a Benezet, a Clarkson, a Mifflin, and many more, some of whom, 'being dead, yet speak;' let them hear them; if they will not hear them, neither will they be persuaded though one were to rise from the dead."

The sentinel, seeing my frail nature no longer able to sustain the view, arose and closed the curtain.

I then asked him if I might not see the place and state of those who had died in favour with God? but he told me, as I was still encompassed with human frailty, it was not meet to unfold so glorious a prospect, lest I should desire the gift more than the Giver, the beatitude more than the Beatifier; but I might rest assured, "that eye hath not seen, ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things

which the Lord hath in store for those who truly love and serve him." I then remembered Experience, and how he was employed when I left him. Though he is mostly slow in his operations, yet, with the most indefatigable pains and industry, he had repeated lesson after lesson, the same many times over; precept after precept, and correction after correction, till he had brought many, of whom I had little hope, to a sense of the error of their ways, and of their miserable condition under the tyranny of the Vices; and finding themselves covered with wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores, were desirous to be healed.

Experience, after faithfully discharging the trust reposed in him, introduced Hope to them, who pointed to the Physician of Value. He, in tender compassion, administered relief, healed their maladies, and cheered them with his loving kindness. But with some, who were not *continually* on the alert, to detect the approach of their enemies, the conflict with the Vices had been prolonged till the afternoon or evening of their day. Their bloom, beauty and strength were nearly exhausted, their faculties impaired and their senses benumbed, insomuch that they now had nothing left for Virtue and Literature, but the refuse of time and talents, which at best are but as the lame and blind offerings, rejected under the law, but under the more merciful dispensation of the Gospel, are accepted, so far as to obtain forgiveness and remission of sins, through Christ, the Mediator.

Had those delinquents and abusers of Divine munificence offered up their time and talents in the morning of their day, whilst endued with animation and vigour, to the noble purposes for which they were given, they might have been distinguished as stars of bright magnitude, upon the rolls of virtuous and literary fame, and their names been transmitted to posterity with just encomiums and deserved praise; whereas their only hope is, to escape infamy and punishment, and to experience the wonders of forgiving love: content that (as to time) the grave should hide their remembrance in lasting oblivion.

When I awoke from my reverie and recovered my recollection, I remembered four promising plants that I had nurtured from their earliest growth, till the suns from eight to fourteen years had so far matured them; and I became increasingly solicitous to dig and enrich the soil about their roots, to direct the tender twigs as they put forth, to assist with care and caution the gradual unfoldings of each promising blossom, and to prune away superfluous and pernicious shoots. In the arduousness of desire that I might be enabled to discharge the trust committed to me, and that the guardian angel of the Divine presence might encamp round about them, and preserve them within the sacred enclosures of truth, that so no devouring beast of prey, no cankering sin might strip them of their lovely foliage, wound their blossoms, blast my hopes and rising comforts, and render them unfruitful to God; my prayers ascended to

the Most High in the following ejaculation, as nearly borrowed from the Wisdom of Solomon :

Oh, God of my fathers, and Lord of mercy, who hast made all things with thy word ! give me wisdom that sitteth by thy Throne, and reject me not from thy children : for I, thy servant and handmaid, am a feeble person and of short time, and of my own ability have no understanding : for though we be never so perfect among the children of men, yet if thy wisdom be not with us, we shall be nothing regarded. And thou having placed me head of a family, and given me sons and daughters, and commanded me to walk circumspectly before them, to teach them thy laws and to direct them in the way that is pleasing to thee ; oh ! send thy wisdom out of the holy Heavens and from the Throne of thy glory, that being present, she may labour with me, that I may know what is pleasing unto thee ; for she knoweth and understandeth all things, and she shall lead me soberly in my doings, and preserve me in her power. So shall my works be acceptable, and I shall be found worthy to sit in the seat of my predecessors, who have borne thy name and supported thy testimony.

ON THE MINISTRY.

“In the discharge of the trust reposed in her as an Elder of the Church, she felt herself bound to address a few remarks to a friend respecting the ministry, of which the subjoined is an extract.”

The exercise of thy gift, when among us, threw me into some serious reflections respecting the ministry.

I was led, according to my measure, to sympathize in the tried path, which, I believe, often falls to the lot of those who are called into that line of service; and I was ready to query, why, in the wisdom and goodness of Providence, it should be, that the creatures of his forming hand who have in good measure submitted to his renovating power, are resigned to do his will, and ardently desirous of fulfilling to the best of their ability the task assigned them upon earth, should, in the performance of their apprehended duty, mistake, err, and do what at the time is not required of them. But this is the case, I charitably believe, having known something of it in my own experience.

Whether a more consistent reason can be given I cannot say, but to me it appears owing to the natural activity of the creature. This activity may be so refined as scarcely to be distinguished (except by the Mystical eye and ear) that it is creaturely. Thus it

may be with us, even whilst the six days' creation is spiritually carrying on, and the lights placed in the heavens for ruling the day and the night (revelation and enlightened reason) shine with considerable brightness, until we come to the seventh day's experience, wherein we witness a rest from all our own activity and conceivings, and the soul comes to sit empty and motionless before God, having no other consciousness than our own *nothingness* and the *all* of God. This Sabbath of rest, I believe it highly needful for all who are accounted the salt of the earth to press after, more especially those to whom is committed a dispensation of gospel tidings to declare unto others.

From my own experience, I believe, where any undertake to promulgate gospel precepts, or to judge of gospel truths, their suitableness as to time, place, &c. who do not measurably witness from season to season this Sabbath of rest, (though ever so filled with zeal and ardour to be doing good,) never get further than the chambers of imagery, where every form of creeping things, abominable beasts, and idols of the house of Israel, are portrayed upon the wall. Their understanding and spiritual discernment may be so enlightened as to see the states and vices of the people in their native deformity and ugliness; they may even see what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark in their chambers of imagery. These they may truly perceive and declare; but to apply the gospel remedy, the holy baptism, belongs only to those, who being fitly pre-

pared, have received the Divine commission, “go teach and baptise.” Unless something of this baptising power and influence attend preaching, I believe neither preacher nor hearer is much, if any the better.

I have sometimes thought I could discern lines of agreement between a rightly qualified minister of Christ in sounding the gospel trumpet, and the golden censor, which, upon the opening of the seventh seal, was said to be in the angel’s hand, which is the true incense, the smoke thereof coming with the prayers of the saints, ascend up before God. This censor being filled with fire from off the golden altar which is before God, and cast into the earth, occasions voices, thunderings, lightnings, and earthquakes, among the inhabitants of the earth: or great inward stirring and commotion in earthly and carnal minds, to the convincement of many, and the awakening into life and sensibility such as shall be saved; whilst the most refined declamations of man, in which the life and power rise no higher than is consistent with the *number of a man*,* is but as the wind ingeniously played through a polished tube, the melody of which is apt to strike the passions of both preacher and hearers, and occasion a counterfeit of real spiritual fervour in the one, and of conviction in the other; but which is commonly of short duration, comparable to the shadow of a cloud

* Revelations xiii, 18.

over the field. With such, the old proverb is often verified: "no longer pipe, no longer dance."

The state of a preacher, thus animated by his own natural fervour, and speaking in the strength of his own natural powers, appears to me somewhat like a stagnant pool of water, perhaps full to the very brim, but to which the vast ocean has no access, so as to fill and empty, and fill again, according to the fluxion of the Divine Fountain, which (with respect to mortals, and perhaps all finite beings,) ebbs and flows.

Now, whether any of these remarks may afford thee the least hint of instruction I cannot tell; but thus my mind was led to communicate. It may be that there is room for both of us to witness further attainments in true Christian experience. The root of that tree which bears twelve manners of fruit, yields her fruit every month, and the leaves whereof are for the healing of the nations, lies deep. That thou and I may labour to grow in the root, and find the foundation, rather than to display leaves and branches, or build a superstructure too large for its basis, is the desire of thy well-meaning and sympathizing friend,

SUSANNA MASON.

The way to administer reproof in order to render it useful.

There is not a more thankless office in the world than that of a reprover ; neither is there any duty relative to others that requires more prudence and discretion to make it useful. He that takes upon himself this office, or receives it from others, should be of upright conduct and conversation, lest in the exercise of his prerogative he should meet the old proverb or reflection, “ Physician, heal thyself.”

Plutarch has laid down some rules that appear worthy of note, from which, however, I have deviated a little, and have made some additions thereto :

We should time reproof seasonably, administer it decently and with moderation, free from all self-love, self-interest, or grudge. We ought not to rebuke a man in wine ; it is like insulting over the weak. Chide not a man in distress, let his faults and his failings be what they may, because he stands more in need of humanity than of sharp sententious reprimands. Neither reprove those who are in calamitous circumstances, because it is observable, that those who servilely admired and adhered to us, in the time of prosperity, like old aches and pains, pursue us the hardest with their censure and reproach, when the golden cup is severed from us. Even those who are esteemed religious, are more apt to speak contumeliously of those upon whom the world has ceased to pour its treasures, and who are

borne down by the heavy hand of adversity, than they do of those who are rich in perishable substance, though perhaps they may possess less merit than those upon whom the chastening rod of Infinite Power and Wisdom has been exercised.

Has thy friend erred, and it be requisite to reprove him, send it not by the lips of another, lest it suffer by misrepresentation or fall into the hands of an enemy, who may use it to his disadvantage and cause him to be dissatisfied with thee; fill his mind with uneasy cogitations; rob him of his peace, and turn the good thou intendest into feelings of distrust and contempt toward thee.

He who gravely magnifies himself, and rebukes others, as if he had no imperfections of his own, is impertinent and troublesome, to no useful end.

Self-love is the strongest passion of our nature; so deeply rooted is it in the human soul, that some suppose it to be interwoven with the very threads of our being; and it is an evidence of our victory over it, when we can bear with humble resignation to hear that others know our manifold errors and transgressions, and we are willing they should reprove us.

“When He (the Lord) giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and when he hideth his face, who then can behold him, whether it be done against a nation or a man only?” (Job, chap. xxxiv. 29th verse.)

Baltimore, 3d Mo. 7th, 1796.

I have sometimes felt an impulse to commit to writing a dispensation wherewith it has pleased God to try me, but have thought, what am I? or what are my sufferings, that I should make mention of them? Yet some beloved friends have from time to time manifested their tender sympathy towards me by letters, with desires that I would inform them how I fared, and to which I could make them no reply, being assured that my deliverance from the surrounding deep, which threatened my destruction, depended upon a silent resignation to the will of God, patiently waiting, and quietly hoping for his salvation. I have frequently taken up my pen to write, and sometimes finished letters to my endeared friends who appeared so kindly solicitous for my welfare, but found so little freedom to send them, that I concluded it safest to avoid any communication respecting myself, unless I could find more openness in my mind towards it, which I think I now do. My greatest fear in undertaking to relate my story is, that by indulging any outward act which requires the exertion of the mental powers, my

mind may be too much drawn off from that state of continual prayer and resignedness of soul to God, which for some time has been my almost unvaried condition, and toward which I feel a flow of desire, as the waters run their natural course.

Favoured with this state of prayer as food for my soul, and a small subsistence for the body, I could retire from the world, live in obscurity, and feel no regret at having my name blotted out from the remembrance of men.

I had a glimmering light which remained with me for several years, that it would be right to remove to Baltimore; this light, as I thought becoming more clear, I concluded it must be the place for us, and whether deduced or not, it was for Christ's sake, for I verily believed it was agreeable to the pointing of the Divine finger.

Previously to our departure from New Garden, a number of solid friends had a sitting in our family; one mentioned a prospect he had of troubles before us. I replied, that I believed he was right, I had no view of escaping a considerable share, go where we might, but was encouraged to look forward with firmness, from a retrospect of the past, having met with many close trials in my way thus far through life, but was sensible they had been to my benefit, and I had now a faith that the Lord would not suffer me to be tried beyond what he would turn to my advantage. Another friend observed that I was a woman possessed of abilities beyond many, and had a way of rendering myself agreeable and beloved, that he had a fear lest I should be too much

caressed, and if I fed upon it, it would be as poison. I answered that I knew I had nothing but what I had received, and for the use or abuse thereof, I was accountable to Him who gave it; that I often felt as poor, empty, and ignorant as the meanest capacity, that the gifts of understanding and extensive abilities were in the Lords hand, and he could bring a cloud over them whenever he saw meet, but concluded with the expression of the Psalmist, "May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget her cunning, if I prefer not Jerusalem to my chiefest joy." Much more was said worthy of remembrance; I felt, as I thought, an invincible firmness of soul to meet every trial and besetment, being convinced that the Captain of my soul's salvation would not suffer me to be foiled in the day of battle, if I continued to put my whole trust and dependence upon him. Thus did my God prepare the way for what was to follow.

Being a member of a large Meeting, by whom (I speak without boasting) I was esteemed and beloved, the delegated Shepherd, or overseer of the flock, and nearly united in spirit and in outward fellowship with a large number of select members, it was no small sacrifice to resign my right of membership in that place; but I felt assured that in doing the will of my Divine Master, in whatever part, or department of the fold, he was able to make all things good, so that no lack would be known or felt.

On the 12th of the 5th month, 1795, our family land-

ed in Baltimore ; my husband and self, two sons and two daughters, all blooming in health, and three coloured domestics. We received a kindly welcome from friends, and were soon fixed in our own habitation ; here I began to be sensible how it was with me. I felt a state of great inward desertion, and when I went to meeting was either lulled into stupefaction, or assailed with temporal schemes ; castle-building, and I know not what phantasms swam before my sight like motes in the beams of the sun.

Our eldest son William had entered his sixteenth year ; he had seen but little of the world, having been mostly kept at school, and to industry at home ; he wrote an elegant hand, understood figures well, navigation, surveying, &c. and was what, in most country places is called, a good scholar.

He was a youth of a pleasing form, and good capacity, but was not in all respects so docile as our other children. A short time before our removal to town, as the tailor was making him a suit of plain clothes, he appeared dissatisfied, and said it should be the last he would ever have made in that way ; I told him I hoped he would have more understanding as he grew older. He replied : “ No, I shall never have that kind of sense.” When I requested him to get ready for meetings, he would tell me, in a pleasant way, “ I am good enough without,” or, “ I am sure it will make me no better.” The last time but one that he went to meeting, he pleaded some excuse, but finding it did not

avail, he said, "how much better off are other people, who are not plagued with going to meeting as we are, and yet are quite as good." I endeavoured to show him the reason and intent of our assembling on stated days; but he appeared nowise convinced, and I could not induce him to a compliance but by a positive command, which he never disobeyed.

As he walked reluctantly before me, I had the most distressing conceptions respecting him, of a hardened abandoned state, to which I feared his aversion to his duty was a prelude. I thought I saw him lying on a death-bed, loaded with crimes, destitute of parents or friends, dreading that eternity into which he was about to enter. Had the scene been realized, I think I could not have felt more deeply affected. It then seemed as if the question were asked me: "If I thought I could resign him to death, now whilst he was measurably innocent, and unspotted by crimes, rather than run the risk of the end I beheld?" After weighing the matter some time, I replied: "Lord, thy will, and not mine be done."

On the following First day he went to meeting, and after he returned he laid down: we sent for him to dine, but he did not come, and upon my going to him he told me he was poorly. His disorder proved to be the dysentery, and though his pain was violent, he bore it with much manly fortitude; yet from the change I observed in him, I believed he was struck with an apprehension that he should die. The humility with

which he spoke when he wanted any thing, and the deep exercise under which he laboured, though he said but little, convinced me that he was aware of his situation. I think it was the fourth day after he was taken, that he said to me, “mother, I cannot live unless I get better soon, for I feel myself very miserable indeed.” I asked him if he were willing to die? He said, “No, I am not good enough.” I told him the Lord was all-sufficient, and able to raise him, if it were his will to spare, as also to forgive his sins, and prepare him for death, should he see meet to take him; and told him, as he had no helper but God only, to direct all his cries and petitions to him.

A day or two after he said: “Oh that I might be spared this once, only this one time, what an alteration there should be in my life; I would use all endeavours to prepare for death, that so I might not be afraid to meet it.” Again he said: “It is a mercy that God afflicts me; for were I let to live in health in this town, I should be wicked, but now I see what poor miserable creatures we are, when we are afflicted, and are not good.”

He took an opportunity when none was present to advise his brother to be a good boy.

Two days before the final close, his pains left him, and he appeared to have nothing to struggle with but weakness, and at times a difficulty of breathing. I thought I had never known his understanding so bright;

he conversed about the world, its emptiness of all solid pleasures, its difficulties and its temptations.

The morning before his departure, the doctor coming in, who was a tender, sympathetic man, evinced by his looks that he had no longer any hope of his recovery, which till then he had not wholly lost, but finding him in a cold sweat, which stood in drops on his face, only as I wiped them off, he sat a few minutes nearly silent, then went away. As soon as he was gone, "mother," said he, "has not the doctor given me over?" I made no reply for a time, knowing that it was near the close with him; but after awhile, I asked him if he were willing to die? He replied, "If I thought I was good enough, I would as leave go now as any time; for die we all must, some day or other, and if I should be taken now, I shall miss many trials and temptations which I shall have to encounter should I live." He also said, "I feel that I love every body, and wish well to all." I told him if he were wicked, he could not have such feelings, and as God was merciful, I hoped he had heard his prayer, and had forgiven him all the evils he had done; and as he gave him a being, he undoubtedly knew, and would do what was best; I desired him to resign himself entirely into his hands. I then kissed him, and told him I hoped he would soon be at rest in the arms of a gracious Redeemer, and before long we should meet in happiness to part no more. He said, with an energy of voice, "I hope so."

The remainder of the day he laid very composedly, and spoke but little. About dusk, he looked at me with a pleasant countenance, "mother," said he, "I am a great deal better, I feel as if nothing ailed me, no pain of body or mind." A few minutes after, he desired his father to turn him upon his side, which, when he had so done, he drew a few short breaths and expired.

I sat by him, till his eyes were closed in death; and felt none of that excessive or frantic grief, which is expressed by vocal cries and lamentations; but a deep awful solemnity covered my spirit, and a secret aspiration arose to Almighty God, that he would assist him in the last strugglings of nature, and receive his soul into happiness.

He died the 22d of 6th month, 1795, aged 15 years and 9 months.

But my fortitude was not sufficiently tried by this event, nor the Divine Will, as yet, accomplished.

Our youngest daughter, Susanna Hopkins, was a sweet, engaging child. Perhaps it might be attributed to the partiality of a fond parent, were I to describe the evident buddings of the many excellent endowments of her mind; suffice it to say, that her understanding surpassed her years, and she was as perfect a model of innocence as I ever beheld in a human form of her age; her father's darling, and a child in whom I took great delight.

About a week after her brother was taken sick, she

was assailed with the same disease. As I had a hope the first day, that she was not ill, I put her to bed at night with her sister in another room ; as I was sitting up with her brother, and heard not the least noise, I concluded she was sleeping, but going in about twelve o'clock, I found her sitting up in the dark. "Mother" said she, "I have been sitting up all night till now ; I am so bad, I cannot lie in bed." I brought her into the room with me, but she slept none ; her disorder proved obstinate, and as in the case of her brother, baffled the force of medicine. She was patient as a lamb, though we believed her suffering exceeded her brother's. Whenever she turned her dear languishing eyes toward me, I thought they reproached me as the cause of her affliction. But I must cut short the narration, it having cost me much to draw my attention from the subject, and many and ardent have been my cries to the Almighty for resignation. She was eleven hours dying, and appeared sensible nearly to the last. It was now that my tortured soul felt the deepest agony of distress ; I doubted whether I should not lose my reason. Twelve months have elapsed since the sad catastrophe, yet still my heart bleeds, as it were, afresh at the recital. She died four days after her brother.

As I could no longer endure the sight of my dear lamb in her last agonies, I had retired into another room. Upon being informed that the last struggle was over with her, at the very same instant I was seized with a pain like the cramp, which proved to be the dysentery.

I attended the burial of my precious Susan, and, observing the spot where both my children were laid, I thought probably, I should soon be placed beside them. I concluded not to apply to a physician, finding they had been so unsuccessful, but the doctor hearing I had taken the disorder, came unsent for to see me, and prescribed to the best of his knowledge. The sufferings I endured were not comparable to any I had ever past through, nor could I get any relief but whilst under the effects of laudanum, which I took so long and to such a degree, that it began to lose its somnific properties, and by the united advice of three skilful physicians, I was compelled to quit it. My pain then returned with the utmost violence, and I had no prospect but to expire in an agony. One night my husband sat up with me alone till towards day, when thinking I was nearly gone, he called in a couple of neighbours, and neither they nor I thought I should live to see the light of the morning; however, after some time a little relief was dispensed, but the ensuing night I was exceedingly ill, and apparently so nearly gone, that they bolstered me up in bed, from which position I expected never to move till death had closed my eyes; but relief was again afforded, and in about three weeks I began to mend a little. Description must here fail to paint my feelings both of body and mind. Willingly would I have embraced death as an asylum from my sorrow and deep affliction, with only a faint hope that it would not fare worse with me in another state than in this; yet I had

not that assurance of happiness with God, which I had often prayed I might be favoured with, when it should be his will to take me: whilst looking death in the face, an impenetrable gloom seemed to wrap every prospect in oblivion, which made feeble nature recoil and turn her desires toward life, writhed as it was.

Oh! saith my soul, may I henceforth be prepared to contemplate the King of Terrors without dismay, and be enabled to adopt this triumphant exclamation: "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" whenever it may please my God to remove me hence to be seen of men no more.

The last of the Seventh month I was removed to the house of a relation in the country. Here I had often to look at my situation—driven from my own house by the unhealthiness of its situation—my children separated from me, as our remaining two had been taken to an uncle's before the death of their sister—no sympathizing friends to visit me. Were I to attempt to make another sensible of the mountainous load by which my soul was oppressed, all description would fall short of the original; I believe human nature incapable of deeper suffering not to be entirely hopeless.

I must not omit to mention that the dutiful attention of our two coloured people, could not have been exceeded by the most tender and affectionate children; day or night, nothing they could do seemed too much. As my relation to whom we repaired held slaves, upon observing the conduct of our blacks whom we had with

us, she remarked, that whenever she looked at them her conduct towards her's reproached her; that the education of ours appeared to surpass most common whites.

Whilst I was confined to a sick bed, from which I hardly expected ever to rise, upon taking a retrospect of my life, there were two things that administered satisfaction, though I had nothing to boast of in any thing I had done; yet I felt comforted in the guarded education I had given my children, and the fruit of innocency and humility that appeared; also that I had, according to my ability, been charitable to the poor. Though I was not looking to be justified by works, yet these two things were brought to my view as having something in them pleasing to God.

We returned with our scattered family to our dwelling in town in the beginning of the Ninth month. I could turn my eyes no way but I saw my dear children. The corner of the room where my lamb was sitting when I went to her the night she was taken ill, the apartments where they had suffered and closed their eyes upon all mutable objects, stung my soul to the quick. Had the same circumstances of sickness, death, and other cross occurrences happened, independently of any thing I had been the means of bringing about, I thought I could have supported it. How it came to pass that I did not utterly sink under it, is only known to Him whom I had not wilfully offended.

Any one whose frame was never shaken by such

long and severe conflicts, can form no idea of my debility, both of body and mind; of which being sensible, in both respects, I kept still, and conversed as little as possible: I even laboured to exclude thought. For a considerable time I could not read a letter from my dear friends at New Garden, or hear their names mentioned, without great emotion.

Not long after our return to town, our beloved friends, Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young, took our family in the course of the visit they generally paid to the members of this monthly meeting. My husband was gone from home: myself, two children, and a coloured woman, were all that were present. Rebecca spoke first; addressing herself to the children, told them of her experience when young, and the blessings attending an early surrender to the manifestations of truth in their own minds, and expressed herself in a very sympathetic manner to me. Soon after her, Deborah said, speaking to the children, "yea, and they will be blessed," and more especially referred to our daughter, and in persuasive terms recommended her to faithfulness to the feelings she then had. Then turning to me, expressed the sympathy she had with me under my deep baptisms, and told me, that if I had been permitted to have my choice, we should not have been in this place: "but, my dear friend," said she, "if it may afford thee any encouragement, let me tell thee, your coming here was not a thing of chance or accident, but by the will of God, and it shall prove

a blessing to many ; thou shalt see of the travail of thy soul and be satisfied, thou shalt look back upon the days of thy distress, and say, ‘ what ailed thee, O sea, that thou fleddest back ? and thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back ? for behold the mountains shall skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs,’ and the latter part of thy days shall be less replete with occasions of sorrow and trouble than some that are past.” What they had to express was altogether sympathetic and encouraging ; whereupon, faith and hope (which seemed to be as near the verge of despair as could be, not to be quite plunged therein) were for a time a little revived.

As soon as I was able to walk to meeting, which was more than a mile, I could not feel easy to stay at home ; but when there, I was either sunk into a stupor, troubled in mind about worldly matters, or attacked with a spirit of unbelief, and, in spite of all my labour to discard the latter, (as I do not know that I ever gave up to it,) doubts were presented of the fallacy of the whole Christian scheme of redemption through Jesus Christ ; whether there were any thing but deception in that which we took to be revelation ; and whether the God of Nature were not so far exalted above us poor, finite beings, that he regarded none of our actions, nor had any thing to do with the appointment of our stations upon earth.

My own mistake, as I now supposed it was, in being a means of bringing my family here, was strongly urged as a proof that it must be so ; that instead of a

blessing, the hand of Divine judgment seemed to pursue us on every side ; but to admit of the hand of Divine judgment, implied the omnipresence of God. Then the evils we suffered would present as no other than what might befall in the natural course of things.

Dreadful indeed were these suggestions, and not to be under the immediate notice and providence of Almighty God, nor in a capacity to witness the second coming of Christ Jesus, without sin unto salvation, as the purchase of his blood, was hell with all its horrors. Under these impressions, I was made as a spectacle to the people ; often, when meeting was ended, and I had been sensible of nothing but the strong assaults of these powers of darkness, I passed through the crowd that stood round the doors, with tears streaming down my cheeks. Had my life been the forfeit, I could not have prevented it, though, in common, I did not vent my sorrows in this way, but endeavoured, all that in me lay, to preserve the form of cheerfulness ; which, in the day-time, when engaged in my business, I could do tolerably well ; yet, at night, when I lay down, thoughts, doubts, and gloomy prospects would pour into my soul like a deluge, so that my very inward parts seemed to burn as an oven ; and from the agitation of my mind, the blood was sensibly driven into my head, so that I was constantly giddy, and I am convinced, that for some time I was delirious ; but I laboured after stillness, and did the best I could to prevent its being discoverable to any but myself.

Some time before I left Pennsylvania, I had read Payne's "Age of Reason," from curiosity, or perhaps with some view, that I should be able to discover his errors, and speak of them to others allured thereby; but in this time of weakness, and great inward desertion, it was like one of satan's battering rams, whereby he frequently assaulted my mind. Sadly did I lament that I had ever put such an instrument into his hands; I thought when I read it, that I was strong enough to withstand all the subtlety of reasoning contained therein; but now my impotency was made manifest by the doubts that assailed my mind; to admit of them was to give up my interest in a Redeemer, and to set myself at an unobservable distance from God my Maker; at the prospect of which my soul shuddered, as on the brink of an unfathomable precipice, and I clung to the little faith I had, with all the feeble powers I was capable of exerting. Instead of admitting that there was any deficiency towards us in God, or deception in the revelation of his spirit through Christ, as manifested in us, I concluded there must be an error in me, and that for want of centering more deeply to the root of Divine life, in the counsel I had taken, the Lord had suffered a lying spirit to deceive me; or that, by my impatience of the evils I had suffered before we came here, I had sought deliverance in my own way and time, and that the Most High had judged me therefor by his severe judgments, whereby I conceived that I should be consumed, and my name made a reproach. That my soul might es-

cape everlasting punishment, was the most I presumed to pray for, and the language of my spirit was often on this wise.

O Thou ! whose mercy and goodness have been celebrated by the penitent in all ages, so that even rebellious and atrocious sinners, when humbled under thy judgments have been brought to a sense of their own vileness and unworthiness, and thy right to rule in, and over all, when they have cried and put up their unfeigned petitions unto thee, thou hast been graciously pleased to hear, and send forth deliverance, that so by living experience, and not a dead faith, or bare assent, they could join the universal song of all nature and creatures, "the Lord is good." And canst Thou, O Lord Almighty, consistently with thy darling attribute, mercy, cast for ever from thy presence a wretch, who, though encompassed with many weaknesses and infirmities, yet has not wilfully offended or run counter to thy holy will ? Make known unto me wherein I have so deeply erred against thy Divine Majesty, that thou hast shut me up in darkness, and left me a helpless prey to fiery spirits, whilst Death shakes his lance over my head, and hell, or some dark unfathomable abyss which lies beyond the grave, yawns beneath my feet.

Cast me not out of thy sight, but give me an interest in Christ the Redeemer, and make me not a reproach to thy truth.

Had I a voice equal to the energy of my soul, surely the very utmost bounds of creation would witness my

cries, though now only breathed in silence, or expressed in groans unutterable.

If I attempted to read the Bible, the life and experience of Friends, or any other good book, it would immediately be suggested, this is priestcraft, the power of imagination, or wilful deception to delude the simple. I would then close the book and labour to retire inward, determined that if God should never see meet to open my understanding, yet I would get as near to him as I could, and form no judgment or conclusion upon any thing, but wait my dissolution in humble hope, and a degree of confidence that he must cease to be God omnipotent, ere he would reject the cries of his dependent creatures, who have none in Heaven but him, nor in all the earth in comparison of him.

The deep conflicts, varied trials, and exercises I had passed through, had so reduced my powers of body and mind, that I was unfit for any kind of business. It was in this spot I felt myself nailed to the cross, and in agony of spirit not to be expressed, cried out, "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabacthani." Let none take offence at this comparison of my situation with that of the suffering Lamb. Though none of us may lay claim to his immaculate purity, yet he having left a measure of suffering for those that follow him to fill up, I am fully persuaded that there is often a near similarity with him in the path they have to tread, and which may be in best wisdom so directed for their full confirmation, that this is indeed the Son of God; and that they may learr

by blessed experience of the fruits of those sufferings in themselves, that there is no other way to sanctification and true holiness, than by witnessing that baptism, and that conformity to his life, sufferings, crucifixion, and death, which is so amply testified of in the scriptures to be the only way of following him in the regeneration, and without which we can have no well-grounded hope of a resurrection with him unto life eternal.

As my husband had embraced an offer of some business in the western country, which appeared likely to detain him some months, I concluded to break up house-keeping, stow our goods in a friend's house in town, and go into the country to my sister's, in order to try whether my health were recoverable, which I very much doubted.

My kind and respectful brother-in-law, E. W., came with his carriage, and took me and my daughter home with him. I had been so long tossed in mind that sleep had almost deserted me : my memory was so impaired that I could scarcely recollect words sufficient to convey my ideas upon the most trivial subjects, and my tongue was fain to cleave to the roof of my mouth. Here, feeling myself at liberty to indulge my inclination, I slept almost successively for nearly ten days and nights. However, my friends and acquaintance thereabout, who had known me when I had wit and loquacity, respectfully came to see me, and showed such marks of kindness, that still having a sense of urbanity, I used what endeavours I could to render myself agree-

able, and visited several of them. In about five weeks I began to feel a little more like my former self.

I felt a secret draught to be present at the preparative, monthly, and quarterly meetings, which preceded the Yearly Meeting; but on weighing the matter, I concluded that I was but as a leaf driven to and fro with the wind, and that it was of no consequence where I was; but receiving a letter from a friend in town, which informed me of a circumstance in my mundane affairs that required my attention, I was under the necessity of going. I left my daughter with my kind relative, C. Ellicott, a few miles from town, and staid myself at a friend's house, whose wife had invited me. The man is thought by many to be more of a Methodist than a Quaker. Here I felt much straitened, from a belief that he had imbibed unfavourable impressions respecting me, and for several days we observed a distant civility toward each other; however, by degrees our acquaintance increased, as did our esteem for each other. He makes no noise or talk about his religious experience, but I had no doubt he was under a daily devotional exercise, and is withal a man truly amiable and of intrinsic worth, and I was convinced I was welcome to him and to his whole family. After staying in town about three weeks, my cousin Ellicott sent for me, and I returned to my daughter. Here I remained two weeks, where nothing of hospitality and respect were wanting to make my time pass agreeably, and of all the places I have been in, in Maryland, here I felt the most peaceful.

As to the state of my mind and my spiritual concerns, I am free to mention, that when I first went to my brother-in-law's, I remained in a kind of stupor, only as recollection whetted my feelings, and caused my wounds to bleed afresh: nor did anticipation offer any emollient to heal them; silence seemed my only safeguard—not only silence from words, but silence in thought, and without language or expression, I laboured to lie continually prostrate before the Most High, without any form of prayer that could be uttered; in which situation I was doubtful whether He observed me or not, but I found no other remedy against desperation; for the Heavens seemed to be as brass. But in about five weeks, my heart began to be a little softened, and aspirations to God arose, which I perceived to be the spirit of prayer. This was the first ray of encouragement that had darted upon my soul for many months, yet I seldom dared, by language, to prefer a petition, but remained with my spirit lifted up to God, without making use of any medium to convey my desires; yea, they were beyond the power of expression. The most pathetic language would have been cold and flat, in comparison with the inexpressible ardour of my soul.

Above twelve months had now elapsed, since I could read the scriptures without being beset with a spirit of doubt and unbelief; but this day I felt an inclination to look into them. Upon opening the volume, the first place which presented was the forty-ninth chapter of

Isaiah, from the 7th verse ; and I felt something like consolation and encouragement to flow. Fearing that, even in this, the enemy might take advantage, and set my creaturely cogitations and conceivings to work, I closed the book and retired into silence. Oh, what would my thirsty soul have given for one draught of consolation, which I could have been sure flowed from the Divine Source !

One morning, just as I awoke, the following words sprung lively in my mind : “ Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of them ;” which I felt as having an allusion to the Divine life in the soul, and that it was equally impossible *it* should remain a captive under the pains of death, as for the *Son of God* to be holden of it.

I went to meeting (it being on First day) and it was the first meeting I had attended since my coming here, that I could feel any thing within myself like the performance of worship ; and even now, my devotion was a mixture of worldly cogitations which I laboured to banish with all my powers. When meeting was nearly over, something like an accuser presented to my mind, saying this is very lame and imperfect worship, which is despised and rejected of God ; I replied in the spirit of my mind, I have endeavoured to do the best I could and must leave it to Him to accept or reject. Not long after, in another meeting, I thought myself called upon to speak to the people, and words as put into my mouth

presented; but I doubted, and discouragements like a flood poured into my soul, and I reasoned and entreated on this wise—"I have passed the meridian of my day; I am in the forty-eighth year of my life. Why may I not retire into obscurity, and my name be blotted out of remembrance, there to pour out my soul in supplication till my change come?"

Those who have experienced the same thing can only know the conflicts I have passed through.

Some time after this, I paid a visit to my native land, and there I was made willing to express a little, which I apprehended was required of me to declare in the assemblies of the people, which yielded peace.

Here, also, I had exercise and deep concern of mind, because of the oppression of the coloured people; whilst on their part, stealing and licentiousness were generally imputed to them, and many complaints of their insolence made. Indeed, in several places where I have been in Maryland, I have been much distressed on their account; many, perhaps all, had food sufficient, but set for them in no kind of order and decency; their lodging places were dirty, and even some gave them neither bed nor blanket, and the creatures slept upon the floor or benches. I expressed my mind very freely to some of my relatives on the subject.

I think I may say, that since coming to the land of my nativity as an inhabitant, I have been as a dove sent forth from the ark: whilst yet the waters covered the earth, I have not found rest for the sole of my foot, and

my trials (many more than I have here noted) have not been as wave succeeding wave, but as mountains piled upon mountains, and why I have not, or whether I may not be crushed, God only knows.

How hard when the storms of life thicken around us as from every quarter, to maintain a firm unshaken confidence in the everlasting arm of Power, which, though I believe it is able to do all things in and for us, yet whether I am so far worthy of his Divine regard as to be distinguished by his showing me any good, is a matter of which I am doubtful ; nor indeed do I desire a blessing so much on my own account as upon that of my husband and children. But above all things I humbly implore that the Divine principle whereby I profess to be led and guided may not suffer and become lightly esteemed through me.

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And now I can say, that through earnest labour and resignation to the will of God under every trying dispensation, I have obtained the spirit of prayer, not transiently given, but I live and move in it. I can set the seal of my experience to the words of the Psalmist concerning the goodness of Israel's unslumbering shepherd. "I was brought low and he helped me. Return unto thy rest, O my soul ! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from falling." (Psalm, cxviii, 67th and 68th verses.)

“It may afford encouragement to the traveller through this vale of tears, to mark the closing testimony in the memoirs of this tried hand-maid of the Lord; that by patiently waiting for him, he was graciously pleased to ‘arise with healing in his wings,’ and in his own time to ‘put a new song into her mouth, even praises to his holy name.’ But from the subjoined memorandum of a visit to her native land, it appears she was still a participator in the portion of those whom the Heavenly Father designates as his legitimate children. The weight that hung so heavily upon her spirit at that time was chiefly on account of the coloured people, whom she found ‘as sheep scattered upon the mountains in a dark and cloudy day,’ and few stretching forth a hand to gather them into habits of moral rectitude, or concerned for their eternal well-being in that after state, whither the rich and the poor, the bond and the free are alike hastening, each to render an account of the measure of grace received and to stand adjudged thereby.”

Deer Creek, 8th Mo. 13th, 1796.

I have spent four weeks among my nearest kindred, and am about to leave them with a burdened mind.

Truly I can adopt the following language:—“I remembered God and was troubled, I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. Thou holdest mine eyes waking, I am so troubled that I cannot speak. I considered the Lord of old, the years of ancient times. I

call to remembrance my song in the night. I communed with mine own heart, and my spirit made diligent search. Will the Lord cast off for ever, will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Do his promises fail for ever more? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?"—(A Psalm of David.)

The treasures of this world are entrusted to us with an intent that those who stand in need should be benefited thereby. That we ought to consider ourselves as stewards whose indispensable duty it is to hand forth of the Divine bounty, placed in our keeping, is evidently set forth by the parable where the sheep on the right hand, and the goats on the left,* take their denomination and destiny according as this circumstance operated for and against them.

“A Sketch of Ellicott’s Mills, and an Account of Benjamin Banneker, compiled from remembrances of 1796.”

Whilst indulging reminiscences associated with a beloved mother, the period she has noted as the most

* Matthew, chap. xxv.—33.

peaceful that she had participated in since her return to the land of her nativity, has been revived with peculiar interest.

Though the impress made upon my mind is undefinable, yet I well remember the elasticity of feeling produced by a survey of the wild scenery of nature, as descending from the south-west, my eye first rested on the winding Patapsco, rolling its tribute to aid mechanical skill and industry over rocks, and through deep ravines, laving in its course the margin of gardens, where floral taste was exhibited in all the beautiful diversity of hues that distinguish every specimen traced by the Hand Divine.

The neatly arranged dwellings of the proprietors of the soil, stretching along the valley; the 'busy mill,' whence the village derives its name; the well replenished store-house, and the cottages of the hardy sons of toil, presented monuments of the plastic powers vested in man, thus to convert this rugged wild into a beauteous asylum, suited to the elegant refinements of social life.

In a narrow pass, between two lofty hills, and at the very base of the one in the rear, the first emigrant to this spot, John Ellicott, had erected his domicil. It is built of stone, as are the mills, the store-house, and nearly all the edifices in the village. His wife, who was now a widow, was nearly related to my mother; they had not seen each other for many years, yet that love, which 'Time nor distance can sever,' was in its

freshness. She felt the effect of circumstances so favourable to cheerfulness of spirit, and exerted the ability offered to rise above the clouds that for many months had encircled in gloom her every mundane prospect.

Near this village resided Benjamin Banneker, of whose fame as an astronomer history has not been wholly silent. According to a delineation of his visage, as given by himself in a letter to Thomas Jefferson, in 1791, then Secretary of State, wherein he pleads the cause of his brethren in bonds, he was ‘of the African race, and of that colour which is natural to them of the deepest dye.’

Having to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, he received nothing more than the rudiments of an education at a little country school. The slender stock of knowledge there acquired, proved a clue to great attainments.

By persevering industry he gained a view into the planetary system, and with the aid of books and philosophical instruments, received from his philanthropic friend, George Ellicott, he calculated almanacks for several successive years, some of which were published, and proved as correct, and were in as good repute as others then extant.

My mother, who ever felt a deep interest in this department of the human family, had a desire to see him. Accordingly she, her cousin C. Ellicott, and a number of young friends, walked thither. We found the vene-

rable star-gazer under a wide-spreading pear tree, laden with delicious fruit; he came forward to meet us, and bade us welcome to his lowly dwelling. It was built of logs, one story in height, and surrounded by an orchard. In one corner of the room was suspended a wooden clock of his own construction, which was a true herald of departing hours.

As no 'thrifty wife's' smile had ever enlightened his abode, I have no remembrance that neatness and comfort were conspicuously depicted there.

He took down from a shelf a little book, wherein he registered the names of those by whose visits he thought himself honoured, and recorded my mother's upon the list; he then diffidently, but very politely requested her acceptance of a manuscript almanack, which she received with evident marks of gratification, derived from this interview with him.

In the course of a few days she addressed the subjoined poetical letter to him, and in a reply shortly after received, he acknowledged the pleasure her attention had given him, and apologized that his answer was not in measured lines, as he was not gifted for that kind of composition.

In a late visit to Ellicott's Mills, two beloved friends and myself, who alike enjoy converse with Nature in her deepest solitudes, essayed to find the spot where the mental eye of this sable son of science had often pierced into futurity, and where his hand had recorded events as yet buried in its vast abyss. After mounting

and descending successive hills, high and steep, and sometimes wending along the banks of the little streamlets that crossed our way, we found that memory had no chart whereby to direct our steps, and we returned without accomplishing our purpose.

But I have heard from those who have passed that way, that a fire kindled by some unknown hand had consumed the cottage, and wasted every vestige belonging thereto. The pear tree and the orchard have not yet yielded to that Sovereign Power, which continues to inscribe this motto upon every terrestrial thing, 'It shall perish.' "

An Address to Benjamin Banneker, an African Astronomer, who presented the author with a manuscript Almanack.

Transmitted on the wings of Fame,
 Thine eclat sounding with thy name,
 Well pleas'd I heard, e'er 't was my lot
 To see thee in thy rural cot,
 That genius smil'd upon thy birth,
 And application call'd it forth;
 That times and tides thou couldst presage,
 And traverse the celestial stage,
 Where shining globes their circles run
 In swift rotation round the sun:
 Could'st tell how planets in their way,
 From order ne'er were known to stray;

Sun, moon, and stars, when they will rise,
When sink below the upper skies;
When an eclipse shall veil their light,
And hide their splendor from our sight.
Now we'll apply thy wond'rous skill,
The wise may oft be wiser still.
Though saving knowledge to impart,
To guide the life and mend the heart,
Belongs to Him who rules the spheres,
Whose potent Arm all nature bears,
Whose sovereign wisdom governs all
If worlds consume or sparrows fall.
Yet nature in its wonted course
Some useful lessons may enforce.
A little star, like speck appears,
Scarce obvious 'mid the mightier spheres,
Into the wondrous field of space,
Eludes thy sight and runs its race,
Yet no account thou make'st of it,
Its waxing, waning, or exit ;
What time it pass'd from mortal sight,
Or when again 'twill come to light ;
But brighter orbs thou mark'st their way,
Observ'st their motions night and day :
Describ'st the speed at which they run,
And what their distance from the sun :
A speck in these is quickly seen,
If opaque bodies intervene,
Their native brightness to pervade,
And o'er their lustre cast a shade.
Now, as I've said, though thou art wise,
Permit me here to moralize.

Some men who private walks pursue,
Whom Fame ne'er ushered into view,
May run their race and few observe,
To right or left if they should swerve,
Their blemishes would not appear
Beyond their lives a single year.
But thou, a man exalted high,
Conspicuous in the world's keen eye,
On record now thy name's enrolled,
And future ages will be told,
There lived a man called Banneker,
An African astronomer.
Thou need'st to have a special care
Thy conduct with thy talent square,
That no contaminating vice,
Obscure thy lustre in our eyes,
Or cast a shade upon thy merit
Or blast the praise thou might'st inherit :
For folly in an orb so bright,
Will strike on each beholder's sight :
Nay, stand exposed from age to age,
Extant on some historian's page.
Now as thy welfare I intend,
Observe my counsel as a friend.
Let fair examples mark thy round
Unto thine orbit's utmost bound.
"The good man's path," the scriptures say,
"Shines more and more to perfect day."

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

Oh Thou who rul'st with a supreme command,
Who weild'st all nature with a mighty hand,
Archangels bow with faces veil'd before thee,
And should not mortals worship and adore thee?
Each suppliant wish to Thee is fully known,
Great source of good! good flows from thee alone,
Grant me I pray, that life which is most pure,
That suffering love which all things doth endure;
That conquering faith, before which mountains fly,
That Christian hope which leads to purity.
True resignation free from all self-will,
That lamb-like patience which resents no ill;
An holy fear, best guard of innocence
Of truths Divine, a quick and lively sense,
Bright charity of all the virtues, best,
Which proves the weight and value of the rest,
Without it, well may other virtues pass
As tinkling eymbals, or the sounding brass.
A peaceful home, free from domestic strife,
A soul serene amid the storms of life,
Tempers all mild, and placid as the morn,
As calm as eve, ere ruffling winds were born;
All other things conducive to my bliss
I leave to thee, thou canst not judge amiss.
Let ever thus my warmest wishes run,
Thy will is best, then let thy will be done.
Of ills I've borne, or yet may have to bear,
Let me not murmur to receive my share.

Life void of woe, a wish, a hope, most vain,
"As sparks fly upward, man is born to pain."
Press onward still, whatever ills may rise,
They'll tend to raise me to my native skies.
No wished for praise, nor thirst of other's fame,
Than to deserve and bear the Christian name,
In each pursuit, in all I say and do,
'Thy cause, thy honour, ever have in view :
And though my task I sometimes arduous feel,
If thou requir'st it, may I not rebel,
But with my powers the weighty trust engage
To give instruction to the rising age,
With prudent care inform the minds of youth,
Adorn with learning, and enrich with truth ;
The budding genius bending to my sway
May bless my labours in some future day,
When on the rolls of just and virtuous fame,
I view the list and read my pupil's name,
'T will doubtless yield more true and lasting peace,
Than pride's vain toiling for ignoble ease.
And when the work I have to do, is done,
Shine thou propitious on my setting sun :
Grant thy strong aid whilst I resign my breath,
An easy passage through the gates of death ;
A safe admittance to that peaceful shore,
Where pain and sorrows shall be known no more,
Where joys on joys in endless circles flow,
And holy souls in sacred raptures glow.

To an amiable young friend, on her expressing a desire to become a subject of the Muse—1796.

Seek'st thou for Fame? It shall be shown
For what her trumpet may be blown.
'T is not, my dear, thy charming face,
Nor yet thy soft engaging grace ;
Nor yet the pomp of dress or state,
Such things as those must yield to fate,
And to "forgetfulness a prey,"
Like empty sounds shall die away ;
They 're all a shadow, all a dream,
However permanent they seem.
But would'st thou wear the lasting bay,
Which with thy form shall not decay,
I'll tell thee how, in lessons plain,
The summit of thy wish to gain.
A light within thy God did place,
With thee and all the human race ;
Its state at first is small indeed,
Compared to a mustard seed,
Yet grown mature, becomes a tree
Of stately growth and majesty.
Then know, dear child, this light within
Commends for good, reproves for sin ;
And points the way which thou must go,
To shun the evils here below,
Which stand replete on every side ;
'T is this will be thy safest guide,
When books, nor friends, shall know the charm,
The bait that lures thee to thy harm ;

Turn to this light, 't will stand confessed,
In consequential terrors dressed ;
To worthy deeds it will excite,
And animate with pure delight.
When fit occasion thou shalt find,
To prove the virtues of thy mind ;
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
The stranger succour in his need.
With sickness pale and sorrow drear,
To drop a sympathetic tear ;
To prisons strong, and dungeons deep,
Where sorrows nightly vigils keep,
Teach thy benevolence to flow,
To mitigate the sufferer's woe.
But pride, methinks, I hear exclaim,
Are these, forsooth, the paths of Fame ?
Accomplishments would doubtless shine
Much brighter in some other line :
If to this rule all should agree,
The vulgar might as famous be.
But shun, O shun that fatal shelf!
Think none less worthy than thyself.
Let others judge thy merits due,
Or should'st thou deem my verse untrue,
Let me refer thee to that page,
Which stands the test through every age,
Where sheep and goats, the highest name
That any mortals then may claim.
Peruse the page, 't will tell thee plain
Immortal honours how to gain.
How would my soul exulting stand,
To see thee on the favoured hand ;

Hear from the eternal rolls thy name,
The great Encomiast proclaim,
“Come, for thou worthy dost appear,
An everlasting crown to wear!”



“In compiling this work, some letters have been inserted more as links in time than from any intrinsic value attached thereto.

The subjoined communications addressed to her son and daughter, verify the testimony of her intimate friend, Martha Carey, ‘that she had never known any one so continually alive to every thing connected with the present and eternal well-being of her children, and so unremittingly ardent in desire that their walk through life might be in the path of innocency and peace, as she.’

The concerns of this life held due estimation in her mind, as manifested in many little particulars to which she called my attention. Here it may be seen that industry, frugality, and order, were strongly inculcated. But predominant was her solicitude that we should keep a steady eye to that internal guide which ‘is a lamp unto the feet, and a light unto the path’ of those who are willing to trace its course through the vicissitudes of time.

She had tested its sufficiency to preserve from evil.

It had opened to her a vista to joys unfading, eternal in the heavens ; and in the winding up of the thread of mortality, she had the solacing assurance, that her fidelity to the trust reposed in her was accepted, and her peace sealed."

New Garden, 10th Mo. 30th, 1796.

MY DEAR R.

Meeting with a favourable opportunity to forward a letter by H. Jackson, I embrace it to inform thee we had a pleasant sail down the river to Wilmington the evening after we left Philadelphia, and in a few days proceeded to New Garden, since which thy father has been very poorly, but is now something better, and able to walk about a little. Dr. Ross has administered according to the best of his skill. I am very thoughtful about thy brother, but it is uncertain when we shall get to see him, as it does not appear likely thy father will be able to bear the journey soon.

I am very desirous to hear from thee, and do let me know every particular matter.

From my long experience of the true benevolence and real worth of the family where, perhaps, Providence has cast thy lot, all anxiety upon thy account, respecting thy treatment amongst them, is taken away ; but I am very solicitous thou shouldst conduct thyself worthy of their favour, and not forget to return grati-

tude to Him who is the kind Benefactor of every blessing, and who by various ways and means can annoy and frustrate every enjoyment, when he beholds that we make a wrong use of it, or are ungrateful receivers of his benefits. Be sure let no gratification, or desire of indulgence in those things which thou feelest and knowest to be contrary to the dictates of that light and knowledge which heaven has inwardly revealed, as the standard of thy actions and the rule of thy conduct, divert thee from a daily and strict attention thereto; for if thou do, thou mayst most certainly be assured that judgment will succeed, and the rod of correction, in one shape or other, be thy portion.

Be as subject and obedient to cousin C. and P. M. as thou hitherto hast been to thy parents, and demean thyself toward the girls as elder sisters. And as dear old father Marshall expressed to me, he would have a care over thee for good, be not wanting in respectful, dutiful attention to him.

My love is to the whole Marshall family; I have not time to write to any of them at present, but would take it kindly if cousin E. would let me know how thou behavest thyself, whether thou lie in bed too long, or be tardy in getting ready to go to meeting, as was sometimes the case before I left thee; whether thou be careful to keep thy clothes in order, not leaving them carelessly thrown about. I have thought much of the trouble I am fearful thou wilt give in such matters, but

thou must use thy utmost endeavours to improve in these, and in all other respects.

I have nothing further to communicate but the unfeigned love of thy mother,

SUSANNA MASON.

Baltimore, 11th Mo. 22d, 1796.

MY DEAR R.

Thy letter to thy father informed that thou wast indisposed with a cold ; I am very desirous to hear that thou art better ; I wish thee to use exercise, and be sure to make thyself as little trouble where thou art as possible.

I so often repeated to thee many necessary cautions and counsels before I left thee, which I hope thou wilt not soon forget, that perhaps it may not be needful to say much at present ; but I would have thee daily bear in mind, that the comfort and happiness of thy maturer years may much depend upon the prudence and stability of thy present conduct, and I sincerely wish thee to be guarded in thy thoughts, words, and actions, nor let any desire of taking liberty in either, draw off thy attention, or darken the counsel, which if thou keep thy mind in the innocency thou mayst have recourse to upon all occasions, when perhaps friends nor parents may be aware thou needst it ; I mean that inward Teacher, which I believe thou art in good measure ac-

quainted with; nor ever suffer a suggestion to rest on thy mind, that thou canst find a readier road to tranquillity and happiness by such ways as point contrary to the dictates of this sure guide, and unerring monitor. For let me assure thee, my dear child, however pleasing they may be for a season, they bring a cloud upon the fairest morn, and in their consequences cast a gloom upon every prospect.

I wish thee to conduct wisely and prudently upon all occasions; the example and counsel of thy amiable cousins, E. and P. M. and their valued parents, who have promised to regard thee as their child whilst thou art with them, may be of great use to thee, and in every matter, small or great, wherein thou art at a loss, consult them freely, and be guided by their judgment.

And now accept thy mother's love,

S. MASON.



12th Mo. 1796.

MY DEAR R.

I have nothing very particular to inform thee, only that I am now in Baltimore and in tolerable health, and am very desirous to hear from thee, not having received a line for a considerable length of time; if thou should not write to me soon, I shall think it an omission of duty, as I consider myself justly entitled to every satisfaction it is in thy power to give me. I am very anx-

ious for thy welfare, and desirous that thou shouldst be concerned more oft than the morn to walk in the path of innocence and simplicity, being guarded in thy conduct and conversation, remembering that the peace and comfort of thy future days, will depend much upon the rectitude of thy present deportment; then suffer no illusive dream or phantom of enjoyment to deceive thee with false hope or expectation that thou shalt find peace and happiness in those things that are not strictly within the bounds of innocency and piety.

C. Randall departed this life a few weeks after we left Baltimore; she was resigned and willing to go; the rest of thy acquaintances are well.

My dear love awaits all the family, and accept for thyself a large share from thy mother,

S. MASON.

Baltimore, 1st Mo. 4th, 1797.

DEAR R.

I received thy several letters a few days ago, and was glad to hear thy cough was better, I had been uneasy about thee in this respect; I wish thee not to be too delicate, but desire thou mayst take every prudent and necessary care of thy health, as we know not how to prize it till we are convinced what a blessing it is, by the want of it.

I hope thou wilt endeavour to make every recompense

in thy power to our kind friends where thou art, for their attention to thee, by conducting in the best manner thou art capable. I am often concerned lest thy heedless inattention in keeping thy clothes in order, should occasion thy friends trouble with thee; do, my dear child, studiously endeavour to improve in this very respect, for though thou art young, thou hast had experience enough to know the advantage of care and economy, and the disadvantage arising from the want of them. Neglect in these things when young, becomes a habit which may prove of no small consequence in after life; I have been apprehensive that thou needst a mother's authority in this particular, as much as in any other matter at present, and if thou wilt but become sensible thereof, and turn thy attention thereto, it may in some measure make up for the want of my oversight. The tenderness of thy friends toward thee, may perhaps occasion them to say less to thee on account of thy deficiencies than would be best for thee; be sure and keep thy handkerchiefs nicely darned, and thy gloves mended—so much for thy clothing.

Be circumspect in all thy behaviour and conversation as though the whole world were spectators of thy conduct, and remember that without the Divine blessing, affording inward peace and contentment, no outward thing can yield any true or lasting comfort; but where that peace is wanting which the world cannot give nor take away, our quiet will be fluctuating as the tides, and changeable as the winds, and my daily prayers for thee

are, that like Mary thou mayst choose that good part, which shall not be taken from thee.

'Thy father has gone to thy uncle W's, thy brother was well when I heard from him ; he has learned nearly as much as the master can teach him, and is anxious to be placed in some business.

And now I shall just remark, that there is an air of carelessness in thy letters. When thou writest, do it as well as thou canst, and if thou could find matter to fill up more of the blank paper, it would not be unpleasant to me to read it.

My love is to cousin Parrish, father Marshall, and the whole family, in which bundle include thyself.

Thy affectionate mother,

S. MASON.

Baltimore, 1st Mo. 4th, 1797.

We have just received information that thy cousin ——— went off last Fifth day, and was married to a youth ; from whose conduct, it is supposed, she has taken a bad step, to the no small grief of her affectionate parents. Thus we see what indiscretion and evil the youthful are liable to, and which, I am firmly persuaded they would be preserved from, by a timely adherence to the monitor within, the dictates of truth in their own minds. This, if attended to, would point out the lurking danger and the way to avoid it, when

as yet no friend was privy thereto, nor had any knowledge that counsel and warning were needful upon such an occasion.

Mayst thou, my dear child, walk carefully and circumspectly upon every hand, knowing thou art no longer safe from surrounding danger, than as thou art humbly dependent upon the Divine Arm for all good, and willing to be guided by his counsel.

I cannot express how ardently thy welfare is desired by thy affectionate mother,

S. M.

Baltimore, 2d Mo. 6th, 1797.

MY DEAR SON,

This is the morning of Quarterly Meeting, and the time is short, wherein I shall inform thee I received thy few lines. I feel thankful thou art favoured with health. That thou art lonesome and hast nothing to do, are trying circumstances at thy active time of life; but beware, my dear son, that for amusement thou do nothing that looks like mischief; but often endeavour to improve thy mind, by reading and reflection, which may form a good foundation to build a life of activity upon. Consider, my dear, that Providence (no doubt) in wisdom, early made thee acquainted with scenes of sorrow and disappointment, which may serve as a lasting proof to thee of the uncertainty of life, and of the things of time, and teach thee the necessity of securing

a more permanent inheritance, even durable riches and righteousness. Endeavour to secure the favour of Heaven, and there is no doubt thou wilt obtain it in His own way and time.

I thought it might be acceptable to thee to hear we have some prospect of placing thee with a wholesale merchant. I have also queried of a worthy mechanic, if he will take thee, which he seems disposed to do; but thy father intends to see thee, and will let thee know more particularly. I have not heard from thy sister for several weeks. I have nothing more to add, but love to thy uncle Charles and aunt N., and a large share for thyself. From thy affectionate mother,

S. M.

Baltimore, 3d Mo. 27th, 1797.

MY DEAR R.,

When I last wrote to thee, I felt such an anxious desire to see thee, I thought I could not rest unless thou returned by the first opportunity. I had also let in discouraging thoughts respecting thee, particularly thy youth, and the need thou mightst be in of parental help, care, and authority. I have since received a letter from thy father, who seems to think thou hadst better remain where thou art some time longer; but if thou have a choice in returning, the opportunity by J. T. and daughters is a favourable one. Should thy inclination

lead thee to stay some time longer in Philadelphia, thou hast my permission. Consult thy friends there, and what they candidly think best, thou mayst do.

J. T. expects to go for his daughters the first of next month, and will take the necessary care of thee if thou come with them.

I am, as ever, thy affectionate

MOTHER.



4th Mo. 1797.

MY DEAR R.,

The solicitude which appeared in thine per post, dated the 27th last month, and my permission by J. T. for thy longer stay, leave me little or no ground to expect thee. Thou mentionest as arguments in favour of thy staying, thy content, thy learning those things which may prove useful to thee, and that thy cousin, P. M., thinks thou hadst better remain till next autumn. These are reasons which I confess act forcibly upon my mind. In the first place, thy content and happiness are what I desire more than my own satisfaction in having thee with me. Thy improvement in whatever is right and fit for thee, is a consideration of importance; and that cousin P. thinks thou hadst better stay till fall, affords a presumption that our kind friends are not so tired of thee as to wish thee away. The friendliness of their disposition toward thee I never doubted; but I have had my fears that thy disposition

to indulgence, and their backwardness to reprove thee, might tend to habits of idleness, and render thee burdensome. As I know thou wilt not deceive me, let me know exactly how it is, what thou dost, whether thou be careful of thy own clothing, to keep it in order, &c.

By a letter from cousin E., I find they wish thee to stay; and as thou desirest it, I shall endeavour to suspend those anxious parental feelings, which at times so possess me, that I think I cannot longer endure thy absence. However, as thy happiness and advantage by far overbalance any gratification of my own in regard to thyself, remember, my dear, it is with this hope and expectation that thou art improving, that I consent to thy stay; and if at any time thou desire to return and thy friends approve it, the least intimation will suffice. I have tolerable health. My love awaits all the family.

From thy affectionate

MOTHER.

Baltimore, 5th Mo. 1st, 1797.

DEAR R.,

I received thine per L. T., and though I derived some satisfaction from the consideration of the blessings thou enjoyest, health, content, and divers other pleasing gratifications of life, yet I must confess I often feel concerned lest thou should not pay that humble gratitude to *Him* from whose bountiful hand every good proceeds; or lest, instead of that, even his very bless-

ings should elevate thy mind, cause thee to forget him, and lead thy desires and affections after those short and unsubstantial enjoyments from which we are sure one day or other to be separated: and if we have neglected to secure that good part which shall not be taken from us, we shall have lived but for a poor end. Let not a day or an hour pass without thinking upon these things, and send thy aspirations to *Him* who sees the bent and intent of the heart, for strength and resolution, so to order thy conduct, that it may indeed be said to be void of offence toward God and man, watching against pride, vanity, and all high-mindedness, for they are dispositions which set us at a distance from God our Maker, and with which his Holy Spirit cannot dwell: and it is my belief, that so far as we recede from the path of rectitude pointed out by the invisible Monitor, the light which enlightens all men, if we be ever made partakers of eternal happiness, we shall be recalled to the path from which we have erred, by bitter stripes and afflictions, to which the happiness we enjoyed by our deviation will bear no proportion.

If, when I see thee, I should find thee vain, conceited, and proud, I shall think no attainment thou canst make, a compensation for that innocent simplicity which, when I left thee, I thought thy best adornment.

Several of thy acquaintances were much disappointed that thou didst not return with J. T., but I am well satisfied that thou didst not; and I hope thou wilt en-

deavour to make good improvement of the opportunity thou hast of learning useful things, and not set thy mind too much upon the opportunity of pleasure which it affords thee : for the time may come, my dear child, when thou mayst have to experience quite different scenes, and to have thy mind prepared to meet all events, the worst as well as best, thou wilt be better enabled to bear them with equanimity and firmness, be it which way it will.

Thy father is making ready for an expedition to the western wilds, but how far I cannot tell : however, I am endeavouring to be, and am, in good measure, resigned, and desire to be preserved from repining at events and casualties, which the hopes of Christianity induce us to believe will terminate with this mode of existence, beyond which I often look with an eye of faith, for that felicity which this world affords not.

I do not wish to cast a gloom over thy mind, but I desire thee to remember, that however fair and promising thy morning sun may be, yet many a dark cloud may obscure it ere it shall sink below that horizon toward which we are all hastening : and be sure keep such a guard upon all thy conduct, that through all changes and vicissitudes, innocency and truth may be found in thee.

Baltimore, 5th Mo. 17th, 1797.

MY DEAR R.,

I have deferred writing to thee longer than I wished, on account of the smallpox being in the family, lest thereby the infection might be communicated to some one that had not had it. I have assisted in nursing, so that indeed I have not had time to write since the receipt of thine by S. M.

So poor dear father Marshall is gone! After paying a tribute of tears due to his memory, I have, with a mind awfully solemnized, frequently accompanied (mentally) his freed spirit into those regions of beatitude, where, I have no doubt, he gained admittance through the efficacy of that love in which he had such hope and confidence; but am sensible that my apprehensions must fall far short of the actual enjoyment. I also had sympathetic feelings with those who mourned the decease of dear Sarah Marshall. It is not long ere we shall know the mysteries of the spiritual world, by the same experience.

The account of the sudden death of Mary Gray, with the occasion, was very affecting. How sad, that the pleasures and pursuits of this world too often obliterate from the memory, that we are daily obnoxious to accident and death; and that there is no back door whereby to escape, (however unprepared,) when the solemn messenger arrives!

I have lately had a pretty sharp spell of the pleu-

risi, which occasioned much pain for several days. I wish, whenever it may be my lot to be removed from mutability, I may feel as perfectly resigned to go, as I did at that time ; but I have no doubt further refinement is needful for me, for which reason I may be continued a longer probationer.

Thy father set out from Baltimore the third of this month for the west. If he can but please himself in a situation that will be likely to answer the purposes of life, I feel as willess in the choice, as to any views or interests of my own, as if I were not to have a being in it. Upon thy account, my child, I feel some solicitude, and at times anxious thoughts; but when I am favoured to resign all things relative to the concerns of this life into the hands of *Him* who is the Ruler of events, I resign thee also. If any thing upon earth can raise my mind to a degree of gladness, it will be thy promotion and advancement in that which is truly valuable, in things spiritual as well as temporal, and that thou mayst really possess every excellence the enlightened mind ought to aspire after; which thou knowest, my child, will raise thy views and desires above those trifles which are but too apt to captivate the minds of unwary youth. I would wish thee to give matters of inferior moment their due place in thy attention; but let those of lasting consequence ever have the supremacy in thy desires and pursuits; so shalt thou draw down upon thy head the blessing promised to those who seek

first the Kingdom of Heaven and the righteousness thereof.

Do not omit writing very soon to thy affectionate mother,

S. M.

Baltimore, 6th Mo. 19th, 1797.

DEAR R.,

I have written several letters to thee since I received any bearing thy signature, but not doubting thou art anxious to hear from thy father, I can now inform thee he has returned after having performed a tour of more than one thousand miles. He found some things he liked, and others that he disliked. The lime-stone water did not agree with him, and he is now so poorly that it will take him some time to recruit his strength: he then proposes to pay a second visit to Muncy, to see what he can do there. I feel so desirous that he should fix upon some place of residence, that I think I could be contented to live with him and my children, even at the Cape of Good Hope. I want much to hear from thee; a mother's heart has many anxieties. I hope my dear child thou art aware of the importance of forming correct habits. Many things press upon my mind respecting thy deportment in life. Let plain, open sincerity ever stand pre-eminent in all thy words and actions, nor mar thy dignity as a rational accountable being, by affected gestures, and airs of sickly sensibility.

I have seen those who scrupled not to wound the feelings of others by words and deeds of unkindness, apparently overcome by the entrapment of a mouse, or the submersion of a kitten. Avoid all distorted benevolence, my dear. Direct thy endeavours to attain those substantial virtues which enrich the mind with fruits of love to God and man; then will consistency mark thy conduct, and peace dwell in thy bosom. I am as ever thy affectionate mother.

S. MASON.

EXTRACT.

1797.

“Lord, who shall abide in thy Tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?” In the responses of the Royal Psalmist to interrogatories made to his own heart, we find recorded the following requisites. “He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.”

I believe the indulgence of a disposition to defamation has blighted many a fair and promising plant, designed to beautify the vineyard of the Lord, and to yield fruit to his glory. Were we carefully to examine its effect upon our own minds, we should undoubtedly discover that the missile of malice aimed at another had rebounded, and its poison was rankling in our own veins, sapping our strength and impeding our progress toward

holiness, without which, "no man can see the Lord." Whilst the objects of our vituperation, unconscious of the guilt imputed to them are pursuing a course of rectitude, not warped by good report nor by evil report, but enjoying that peace with God which the world cannot give, neither can it take away. Our blessed Saviour in his memorable sermon on the Mount, pronounced a blessing upon the peace-makers. Are we pressing after this blessing? Do we desire to be numbered among the children of the Most High? Then let us be vigilantly on the watch, and we shall find the enemies of our houses or hearts the most potent, and till the strong-man armed be bound down by the power of an endless life begun and carried on in ourselves, we have no right to impugn the motives of others. "First cast the beam out of thine own eye." "God is love," and every disposition which is not sanctified by his spirit cannot work his works. Our days are few and fleeting, our bond to terrestrials slender as "the spider's most attenuated web." Let none "presume upon tomorrow's dawn:" but awake thou that sleepest in carnal security and call upon thy God. He will give thee strength and resolution to combat and overcome every foe to his righteous government in and over thee, and thou wilt find in the line of thy own experience, that the clean handed grow stronger and stronger, and thy mind attuned to harmony can unite in the angelic anthem, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men."

Baltimore, 8th Mo. 18th, 1797.

Thy feelings, my dear R., I observe to be very delicate. I cannot say I was displeas'd to find thy sensibilities somewhat nice upon such important points. Truth, justice, and honour, to these I would have thee pay due attention in all thy movements through life, even upon small and trivial occasions, but let it be without dissimulation or affectation, with which I by no means charge thee, but only mention as caution and advice.

Thy happiness and advantage are to me matters of great moment; I wish them far more earnestly than I do my own, nor could I be easy to omit any thing in my power that I thought would contribute thereto: but much depends upon thy own prudence and conduct. I wish thee to exercise the former upon every occasion, and be guarded in the latter, nor let any one instance of unguarded conduct wound thy peace upon mature reflection. Be sure keep thy mind humble, and let no loftiness of thought or expectation upon any account elevate thee above that lowly self-abas'd dependence upon Him, who in early life has given thee to see that many and deep trials await our passage through this world, but there are none so deep and hard to bear as those we occasion by our own imprudence.

What comes to pass which we could not avoid by any precaution of our own, we can more easily summon fortitude and resignation to support, than when we our-

selves form the rod that corrects us. Accustom thyself to ponder these things, endeavour the best thou canst and often request the protection and assistance of Him who only is able to keep thy feet from sliding and to direct thee in the way thou shouldst go, to meet the good and to shun the evil that may cross thy pathway through life.

With dear love to all the family, and much to thyself, I remain, as ever, thy anxious mother,

S. M.

Ellicott's Mills, 9th Mo. 1797.

MY DEAR CHILD,

Thy letter dated the 23d of last month, with cousin E.'s appendix was acceptable, and its contents were very satisfactory. It is always pleasant to me to hear of our dear friend's care and attention toward thee, and of a corresponding improvement on thy part.

Whilst thou art satisfied to stay, and they are willing to extend a watchful eye over thee, I think I shall not request thy return; at least not before we shall have fixed upon some place to locate our family. But thy father must take his own time, I trust he is doing for the best, and that Infinite Wisdom will ere long determine the bounds of our habitation. Thy brother, cousin E. Snowden, and myself, are now at Ellicott's Mills, on our way to Baltimore, where I do not pur-

pose remaining long, but shall return to South River. I have not yet been in the neighbourhood where the most of our relations reside, and who appear very desirous I should pass some time with them.

I intend to see thee in Philadelphia pretty directly after our Yearly Meeting, unless some conclusion of thy father should turn the scale another way. If I should find that thou hast given thy mind to vanity, instead of treasuring up that knowledge which will qualify thee for usefulness upon the stage of mortality, then indeed shall I be disappointed. Let no phantom of pleasure lure thee from a strict adherence to the law of the Lord written upon the tablets of thine heart. It is a law that will initiate every one that is dedicated thereunto into the gifts and graces of his Spirit. This is the adornment I desire for thee, my child—that thou mayst be clothed with a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is a pearl of great price.

Accept thy mother's love, and remember that her aspirations are often directed to the Throne of Grace for thy preservation from evil, and for thy advancement in all things connected with thy present and thy eternal well-being.

Patuxent 10th Mo. 28th, 1797.

MY DEAR RACHEL,

A tolerable degree of resignation to the many trying events of Time, which, no doubt in wisdom, are permitted to be my allotment in this my pilgrimage state, has in good measure preserved me from giving way to much fruitless anxiety on thine and our dear friends account with whom thou art, through a season so proving as the alarming visitation must have been to you and others in the city, and to those who left it on that account. Many and frequent have been my serious reflections respecting you, and my aspirations for your preservation have been fervent. To a mind warmed as mine is with all the ardour of sincere friendship and affection, it is hard to restrain impatience to see, or at least hear from you. It is now about three weeks since thy father set out for the North Western Territory. I cannot say I see or feel any thing respecting it, but resignation, and a belief that corroborates with the testimony and experience of many tried servants, that those who steadfastly put their trust in and under the shadow of the Divine Wing shall be preserved, whatever they may have to encounter in their pilgrimage through this world. I know not how to speak my gratitude and affection to our beloved friends for their care and kindness toward thee. The last instance of dear cousin P.'s sympathy as expressed in a letter from her daughter E., which was written to prevent my entertaining any uneasy or

discouraging thoughts on thy account, I have often remembered.

From the overflowing of my mind I could say much, but it is needless. In despite of all my magnanimity, gloomy thoughts respecting thee will sometimes enter. Write, I desire thee, (and if it be so) let me know that thou art alive and well and the same of the rest of the family.

I hope, my dear child, thou wilt endeavour to improve in those things which are of lasting consequence, seeing the shortness of Time and the uncertainty of every worldly blessing, how liable we stand to be separated from them, or they from us; and if we have not placed our hopes and dependence upon something more substantial, when a time of trial comes, which will overtake us sooner or later, what poor beings we shall be, and to how little purpose shall we have lived! whereas if time and opportunity have been improved to the best of our ability, whether long or short, great or small, it will be to us a glorious thing that we have undergone a state of probation here.

If ever I should be so happy as to see thee, which I hope for ere long, I shall enroll it among my most peculiar blessings and comforts, to find thy young mind engaged in the pursuit of that substance which endureth, or like Mary, is choosing that good part which shall not be taken from thee.

Thy aunt and cousins are in tolerable health, and desire thee to write to them. I do not know that any

of thy acquaintances in Baltimore have died with the fever, though it has swept off numbers of all ages. By accounts it has nearly subsided there. It would be a great satisfaction to me to hear Philadelphia was quite clear of this malady.

I have more love than I have words to set forth, to cousins C. P. and all the family in which respectable number is included R. Mason, by her affectionate mother,

S. MASON.

11th Mo. 14th, 1797.

MY DEAR R.,

My patience on the occasion of not hearing from you for such a length of time, has never been so nearly exhausted as at the present period since I last saw thee. Though I cannot say I am under much concern on thy account, yet I desire exceedingly to hear from you after such a storm,* and whether, under the shelter of the

* "In consequence of the yellow fever, which prevailed in Philadelphia in the autumn of 1797, the intercourse between that and neighbouring cities was interdicted, and among the inhabitants who sought safety in flight, was the family with whom I sojourned. Baltimore, soon after, being visited by the same calamity, my parents retired to the country, and we were kept in trying suspense respecting each other's welfare for many weeks."

Divine Wing, you have not been reserved for further usefulness in your day and generation. As for thee, my child, I do not suppose thou hast as yet been of any great use in the world, but as thou hast understanding to know that there is some sphere of usefulness upon the stage of life designed for every one that is placed upon it, I hope thou wilt endeavour to emulate every good example thou mayst have the opportunity of, and make a proper use of those seasons which may be put in thy power, nor let a day nor an hour pass without making some progress in some attainment, either mental or external, that may be likely to tend to thy future advantage.

Do not defer writing, for though it often feels to me to be the will and good pleasure of Him who knows what is best for us, to appoint unto me a season of weaning from all visible enjoyments, yet the ties of nature are strong, and however resigned to so long a separation from thee, still my love to thee is as fervent as if I were with and saw thee daily.

Farewell, my dear child; endeavour to deserve the Divine blessing, and thou wilt assuredly experience a continuance thereof.

Thy affectionate mother,

S. M.

Baltimore, 11th Mo. 21st, 1797.

MY DEAR COUSIN, E. M.

I have long been a proficient in the school of patience, but I am not yet so entirely perfected as to be exempt from anxious feelings on particular occasions. Though I have heard nothing to contradict that you are all well, and replaced in your former situation in the city, yet to be confirmed of this by a few lines would remove a considerable share of solicitude, of which, I think, I cannot be divested till I receive the desired tidings. I believe, my dear cousin, thou hast sufficient affection to relieve me, and I hope it may not be long before it be effected.

My letter to R., a few days since, informed that her father had not yet returned. I am fearful he and Co. will suffer on their journey back, as it is uncommonly cold for the season. A number of the young women here, induced by the calls of suffering humanity, are willing to organize themselves into a body, for the purpose of relieving from the pressure of adversity those who are bending under its burden. The matter is not yet matured further than to take down the names of those we think suitable to co-operate in our plans, and a few have been selected to wait upon them with the proposition. As they depend upon me in settling the preliminaries, I should like a sketch of your first operations; also the rules by which you are guided; they

may cast light upon the subject, and be of considerable use to novices.

Thou canst scarcely imagine how sincerely and ardently I desire to see you. I have forgotten Rachel entirely, as to her form or figure. Believe me, I do not remember her appearance in any way, very little more than if I had never seen her—though I think of her daily, perhaps hourly when not asleep. In my dreams I have never seen her but once, and then she did not appear to be the same person I had known her to be.

I know not, my dear cousin, for what purpose I am to be so thoroughly weaned from the world, and all, even its lawful enjoyments and satisfactions. I sometimes think my situation resembles the opening of the sixth seal, as described by Job Scott. If so, as I continue in the faith and patience, I may in due time hope to experience the opening of the seventh. Your kindness to my dear R., I hope will be placed to a good account on your behalf, when a reckoning respecting your stewardship shall be called for. That her conduct whilst under your care may be such as to give you no uneasiness, but on the contrary afford you every satisfaction, is the desire of thy affectionate cousin,

SUSANNA MASON.

Baltimore, 12th Mo. 1797.

DEAR R.,

I doubt not thou art anxious to hear from thy beloved parents. I should have written to thee ere this, but I waited till I could ascertain, with some certainty, what to inform thee.

Thy father & Co. have returned from their north western expedition, so well pleased with the country, as to come to a result to repair thither again in the spring, in order to prepare for the reception of their families. I cannot, my child, help having a hope, that through the favour and continued mercy of Him who wounds to heal, kills to cure, and breaks down that he may build up again upon a more sure and safe foundation, that we may yet experience comfortable days in a family capacity. But, however tossed and troubled we may be, may our faith and dependence upon the Divine Arm of support never fail. For certain it is, his whole goodness stands bound to help and succour those who have no helper but him only, and who look not for enjoyment but in his favour and blessing. That this may be our case, is the earnest petition of thy affectionate mother.

I wrote to cousin E. some weeks since, respecting the rules adopted by the Benevolent Society in Philadelphia. I thought they might be useful, in forming a similar institution here, which is progressing. I have written an introduction to the business, and we are to

meet at Elisha Tyson's, next Seventh day afternoon, for the first time.

My dear love awaits thee and thy kind protectors and friends, with whom thou art. May the blessing that maketh rich, and whereunto no sorrow is added, be your individual portion, is the closing salutation of thy affectionate mother,

S. M.

Baltimore, 2d Mo. 5th, 1798.

DEAR R.,

This is the first day of Quarterly Meeting, and I am sitting in a room at my friend James Carey's, surrounded by a large collection of the old and the young, all busily engaged in conversation on various subjects, which makes it difficult to collect my thoughts, or arrange them in order fit to be seen upon paper. But hearing that J. Cope intends to leave for Philadelphia to-morrow, I thought I would not omit enforcing, by my own example, what I have repeatedly pressed thee to observe, which is, to let me hear frequently from thee. But I do not find that my example or solicitations are sufficiently regarded. I wish thee to bear in mind, that thy duty to thy parents stands paramount to any sacrifice thou canst make in lieu thereof; and I shall expect my care over thy helpless infancy and heedless childhood, to be rewarded with a ready attention to all my requisitions. Thou hast not often given me cause to

complain, except in the particular I have here noted, and I am not disposed to let it pass unreprieved. Let me assure thee, my dear child, that sooner or later, every wound inflicted on the parental heart, will be an arrow in thine own. Then be vigilant, lest the enemy in some false guise, lure thee from happiness. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, and he will be thy shield through every peril and deep conflict, that may be thy portion in days to come.

Thy mother's love awaits thee.



TO E. M., PHILADELPHIA.

Baltimore, 5th Mo. 26th, 1798.

Thy conjecture was right, my dear cousin, that my R's company has, in some measure, cheered my solitude. I call it solitude, because there are situations of mind wherein we feel solitary and alone, though in the midst of company, which is often my experience. I find R's improvement every way equal to my expectation, especially in regard to her deportment in company. I hope her long sojourn with you will prove to her advantage; she has been very respectfully treated, and her society sought for by many here, but there is a modest reserve in her manner which excludes too much familiarity with any; this, for one young as she is, is the most prudent.

I would willingly write thee a long letter, if I thought it would tend to thy satisfaction, but to me there is no new thing under the sun; time gradually steals away without much change or variety, and as to the things of this world, I feel very little of hope or fear; if I have but tolerable health, I am neither elevated nor depressed. I am sometimes led to compare this my evening, with the morning and noon of life, when my sensibilities were often wrought up to the highest pitch. There is indeed variety of care and trouble, or circumstances that would once have occasioned it to be such in my allotment in life, as also some occurrences that would have given me pleasure, but now they are so much alike that I scarcely feel sensible of one or the other; and so little do I know, that I am sometimes at a loss to determine whether I am most of a stoic or a Christian; but this I know, if it please Him who has the hearts of all men in his hands, and can turn them as a man turneth the water courses in his fields, that he can quicken our feelings, and cause the most acute sensations of pain or pleasure, so that we know not how soon our state may be changed.

I am, with sincere affection for thy dear parents, brother and sisters, thy cousin,

SUSANNA MASON.

TO C. AND P. M. AND FAMILY.

Baltimore, 10th Mo. 26th, 1798.

It is with much satisfaction I embrace the present opportunity of saluting you, my beloved cousins, who, I have been informed, are still in the land of the living.

Whilst I daily read in our papers of such numbers consigned to the grave by a pestilential fever, a fear arises that some of the family most dear to me of all others in your afflicted city, may be included in the next account, but I am thankful you have so far escaped. I doubt not it has been a melancholy time to you, as well as to many others, with whom I have nearly sympathized. This place never experienced a more healthful season than through the last summer. Why we have escaped a like visitation, I cannot ascribe to any other cause, than the merciful interposition of Divine Providence.

My health in general is tolerably good, though I have lately had about six chills, succeeded by fever, but they have not prevented me from attending to my home duties.

I believe, my dear cousins, it will give you pleasure to find that I am still enabled to stem the mighty torrent, and have been borne up through the boisterous waves that have passed over my head as one devoted to destruction. At present, my greatest enjoyment is, that I have not any uncommon troubles to contend

with. Tolerable health, the competency within my reach, children healthy, dutiful, and respected, seem nearly all I could wish for, or expect from the world.

My husband is still in the western country, where he has made some purchases of land and put in a crop; what else he may determine upon I cannot tell. I find my health of body, and peace of mind depend much upon perfect resignation—thankful for present favours, without anticipating future events.

I expect R. will write to you. With dear love to all, I am your cousin,

S. M.



South River, 10th Mo. 10th, 1800.

No doubt, my dear children, you have thought your mother neglectful in not writing to inform you of her state of health. I can now tell you I am recovering, though it is but slowly; I was confined to my bed twelve days with a remitting fever, and the first time I went out, staying rather late in the evening, I took a cold, and the chills and fever returned for several days. Since, I have been a little about in the neighbourhood, but felt too weak to enjoy it; however, for a few days past I have been stronger and have a pretty good appetite. I have spent about four weeks with our kind relatives at South River: to-morrow I expect to return to cousin John Snowden's, where I have received every affectionate attention I could desire: should an opportu-

nity offer I shall gladly embrace it to spend a week in Montgomery.

You can hardly imagine how ardently I desire to see you once more, and to be some where near the atmosphere of Baltimore; the accounts we hear from there are sorrowful. I confess nothing but my strong endeavour after resignation and composure of mind, preserves me from great depression of spirits, which at times are scarcely sufficient to bear me up. Let me be where I may, or in whatever company, distressed Baltimore predominates in my thoughts, so that my own indisposition added to the affecting remembrance of the poor inhabitants in the city, have prevented the satisfaction I might otherwise have participated among my friends and relations. Your father is on a visit to his brothers James and John, and was in good health when he left me.

Upon thy account my dear R. I have not been uneasy, nor once wished thee with me, believing thou couldst not be more pleasantly situated than with our friends Elias and M. Ellicott. I feel as much obliged to them for their kindness to thee, as if conferred upon myself, and having a pretty good opinion of thy prudence, hoped that propriety would mark thy conduct.

As soon as I shall have heard the yellow fever has abated in town, I shall try to join you at the Mills and spend a week there. . It is long since I heard from you: a few lines will be gladly received by your affectionate mother,

S. M.

Baltimore, 1801.

MY DEAR R.,

I have just received thy letter. I shall be glad when circumstances and thy inclination suit thee to return. The weather is warm and I miss thee much. I hope, however, a favourable change will soon take place, when I shall anticipate thy speedy return. Were I in possession of the news of the day, it would scarcely be worth repeating. The common topics of conversation seldom rise above the concerns of this life. I have often wondered why it is, that so many of the candidates for bliss beyond the grave should so carelessly glide down the stream of time, amusing themselves with the straws and bubbles floating upon its surface, reckless of the awful consequences of mooring, light freighted in the harbour of eternity. I feel that it is needful for me to be watchful, to be diligent, lest in the day of final account these dread tidings should appertain unto me, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

It is seldom, my dear child, that my mind is divested of solicitude on thy account. Thou art daily thrown into the way of temptation, to wander into by-ways and crooked paths; but remember, that there is no other medium of access to that Kingdom, "where the righteous shall shine as the sun," than through the straight gate and the narrow way. Seek the favour of Heaven by a life of self-denial in all those things which stand adverse to the humility, the meekness, the gentleness,

and the long forbearance which distinguish every genuine disciple of the Lord Jesus, for however high our professions, if we have not his spirit we are none of his. Thou wilt find this mutable scene replete with trials, but when rightly appreciated, they are messengers of mercy sent from God to invite the soul to seek in him its strength, its treasures. If we accept the call, then however dense the clouds may roll over our heads, however loud the tempests of time may howl in our ears, yet these quickly pass away, and the consoling conviction that we have a building sure, a house eternal in the Heavens prepared for us, will be our glorious reward.

I am, as ever, thy affectionate

MOTHER.

“I have inserted the following letter, as a specimen of the cheerful pleasantry that continued with her through all the saddening realities of human life. Nor did she deem it incompatible with the dignity of a Christian, occasionally to unbend her mind to meet the vivacity of those, whose feet were still pressing the verdure of Spring, and whose perspective of the future was taken, whilst the bright tints of a morning sun were gilding every surrounding object. To these, religion appears more lovely when it is arrayed in smiles,

and blended with those social virtues that ever tend to promote the happiness of others.”

Baltimore, 1802.

MY DEAR R., at Willow Grove,

If thou desire to come home, come; if thou desire to stay—stay, till further orders from me; that is, if our friends be willing to keep thee.

The musquetoos are as voracious as ever. When I hear their hostile din about my ears, I am ready to imagine that the malicious King of the infernal regions has sent forth his minions in the form of emmets, to torment the human race. I fight against them till I am weary, but they only exult at my impotent rage; and if I get any rest at all, it is attained by retreating within the entrenchment of the sheets, whence the intense heat often expels me, and again exposes me to their envenomed stings. This kind of nocturnal combat renders me so weak the succeeding day, that I am hardly able to bear my own weight. Thy father is nearly in the same situation. But with the aid of old Nanny, we make out to live, though thou art not with us. I am in hopes, however, that ere long, old Eolus will open a north-west passage for the winds, in order to fan our parched city with a cooling breeze.

Being absent when thou departed from home with our friend, I do not know whether thou be supplied with work; but if he go out this afternoon, I intend to send thee some. Thou wilt perceive that it was an

outside covering which I wish transmuted into another form. Be sure, then, to observe the following directions : In the first place, reverse the sides ; in the next, transpose the ends ; in the next, connect the pieces ; these done, take a tepid triangular piece of iron and smooth it all over ; then complete it by putting a hem on one extremity and a binding on the other.

I have nothing more to communicate just now, than my consent to prolong thy stay, if agreeable to thy wishes, and a request that thou and Mary let me know how you spend your time, by transmitting an account to me upon paper.

I remain yours, affectionately,

S. M.

Baltimore, 6th Mo. 7th, 1802.

MY DEAR R.,

I thought it would be pleasant to thee to hear that my health has continued tolerably good since thou left me. I wish thee to share every innocent enjoyment that the present opportunity may furnish, but remember my dear, that "sobriety is the strength of the soul, for it preserves its reason unclouded by passion."

Nature at this season is an apt emblem of the present period of thy life ; and to a reflecting mind many objects are presented, fraught with instruction, which, I hope may not pass unobserved by thee.

On various subjects important to thy welfare, my

counsel has not been withheld; and a sanguine hope cheers me that it has not been bestowed in vain. But there is another subject that I have not often touched upon, on which, as thou art now brought more into contact with the world, and as yet art a novice in its wiles, I feel it incumbent upon me to offer a few hints, which may serve as way-marks to shape thy course over this sea of peril, when, perhaps, my feeble bark may no longer float upon its turbulent waves.

Think not every one thy friend who flatters thy vanity, and professes to love thee, but test her sincerity by her conduct toward others, who share her favours and her protestations of affection. If, in their absence, she dwells upon their faults, and is prone to speak lightly of her intimates, trust her not with thy confidence, for she will assuredly betray thee.

“Friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core.”

I am aware that friendship is a hackneyed theme; its virtues have been reiterated from generation to generation, by the joyous in heart, and the inexperienced in the school of adversity. When power, wealth, and influence are casting their dazzling lustre over the character, then friends, like insects over a flowery mead, flutter around to sip the honeyed nectar of popular favour; and like these, retire when the sun of prosperity is sinking below the horizon.

To take human nature in the aggregate, this, my dear,

is not a distorted picture, but still many honourable exceptions may be found; friends, who neither moved to envy by good report, nor shaken from their fidelity by evil report, stand firm through all the diversities peculiar to this mutable scene. When thou hast found a friend, candid, open, and sincere, never desert thy post in a trying hour, but ever be ready to plead the cause of the oppressed. A word in season will sometimes ward off the weapons of the ingrate, and cause malice and contumely to shrink into silence.

I wish thee to act wisely, to walk circumspectly; endeavour to form a correct standard in thy judgment of things, avoid all high-toned, extravagant expressions and exclamations upon trivial matters, they do not comport with the gentle in spirit, the refined in manners. And in thy epistolary communications, be not lavish in professions of ever enduring friendship, nor clothe in the sombre hue of wearisomeness and languor of spirits, the hours of separation from those who are dear to thee.

To a rational reflecting mind, nature opens a wide volume; thy heart presents a book replete with objects of the deepest interest to thy present and future being. Turn to these in thy leisure moments, become acquainted with thyself—and “through nature, look up to nature’s God.” He will enlighten thy eyes, He will teach thee wisdom, He will open to thee the treasures of his love, and instead of being dependent upon others

for enjoyment, retirement will be thy delight and thou wilt never find thyself "less alone than when alone."

Nothing new has occurred to acquaint thee with; nothing but just the common occurrences of life. Some marriages, some burials, some sinking, some rising as the wheel of fortune, as it is often termed, rolls around. These claim the wonder of the day; to-morrow something new succeeds, and the things of yesterday are forgotten, and unless I find myself affected in sympathy with some friend and relation, they soon pass from my remembrance.

A letter from thee will be acceptable to thy affectionate mother,

S. MASON.



TO H. O., PHILADELPHIA.

Baltimore, 1803.

I acquiesce with thee, my dear cousin, that a pleasing sensation accompanies the reception of a letter from a friend we love. But either through a torpidity which creeps over us as we advance in years, or in consequence of the various turnings and overturnings, both outwardly and mentally, that I have experienced, I find the exquisite sensibility which I once possessed, in respect to pleasing or displeasing events, very much diminished. Though in the place thereof, I feel a more substantial impression, that is not so easily effaced by the presentation of new objects.

I was pleased to find thy observations and experience in life had furnished thee with so just a conception of things; for indeed, (as thou hast observed,) “The vicissitudes of each day are sufficient to convince us that there is no permanent happiness here.” My sentiments are in unison with that eminent minister, Samuel Fothergill, that we can have no lasting peace till we submit to the rules of the everlasting gospel, and through their virtues are brought into a holy conformity to the Heavenly Teacher. To seek for it in any other way, or upon any other terms, is labour in vain.

I dearly love our relations whose case thou hast mentioned. They have often occupied my thoughts, from my younger years up to the present day. I have considered them a family peculiarly favoured by the kind Author of good. Exempt from arrogance and self-attribution, they possess those qualities which have rendered them a blessing to many. The abundance they possessed appeared to be rightly placed in their hands. When I reflect how much of their time was spent in seeking out and relieving the children of adversity, I feel a sanguine hope that they will not suffer more from this adverse stroke than is necessary for their further refinement.

Their visit to Baltimore was to me as an exhilarating cordial. I spent as much time with them as I could. The morning they left us, I went to take leave of them. I never before was so affected on the like occasion. My feelings were most keen and portentous, which I

construed into a presentiment that they and I should never meet more.*

My ardent wish for them is, that Divine help, strength, and consolation, equal to every conflict, may be afforded them.

Thine affectionately,

S. M.

TO C. AND P. M.

Baltimore, 4th Mo. 1804.

Such have been the feelings of my mind with and for you my endeared relatives, since I heard of your trial, that though you have become doubly dear to me, yet I have found myself incapable of acting otherwise than as a silent sympathizer, often breathing to the only fountain of all true succour, that His arm of Divine consolation and support might be underneath to sustain and comfort you, and that His presence might be so sensibly experienced as to lessen, and in due time take away the force of affliction, and render life's bitter draught salutary and useful. I am no stranger to the bitter cup, and many and varied have been the trials that have attended me through a considerable part of my life; many of which are unknown to any, save Him who sees the secret recesses of every heart; and though my pathway is still arduous, yet upon retro-

* It was their last interview on earth.

spection, I am "thankful for all, but most for the severe," being sensible it has been best adapted to my real advantage.

I believe it to be consistent with the designs of Him who hath seen meet thus to checker this present state of being, that we should deeply and sensibly feel the afflictive part; though from experience, I know it is hard to bear, and under the pressure thereof I have sometimes been ready to query, "can any good result from it?" perhaps the omission or commission of some trifling circumstance might have prevented it.

It now occurs to me, having had ten weeks' illness, wherein my pains of body and mind were often beyond description, during which time my faith, hope, and confidence were so closely tried, that I was, at times, ready to doubt the omniscience and omnipresence of a Deity; and I thought I was such a worthless creature, that he did not deign to regard me with that fatherly care with which he did the more deserving of his workmanship; but whether I may not presume too highly upon this dispensation of the Almighty toward me, I cannot tell; but I have since been ready to conclude it was a season, wherein (according to my measure) I experienced the opening of the sixth seal.

If we can be so far favoured as to receive trials as coming primarily from the hand of God, let the secondary cause be what it may, and be endued with strength to labour for resignation and dependence upon that bounty which cares for the sparrow, I have no

doubt but all things will work together for good, and it will be found by happy experience that "afflictions spring not out of the ground," but "are blessings in disguise," which so far from being marks of Divine displeasure, are proofs of our being of the number of the favoured and legitimate children of the Most High; for it is through trials he causeth us to tread in the footsteps of our Great Leader and his flock.

I feel it unnecessary to say much. You are surrounded by friends to whom you are deservedly dear; they will (I speak without doubt) afford you every consolation in their power; but among them all, rest assured that none will be found possessed of more love and sympathy toward you than your unaltered friend and relation,

S. MASON.

Baltimore, 3d Mo. 30th, 1805.

To E. M.,

I perused thy letter, my dear cousin, with a melancholy kind of satisfaction, such as the circumstances of your case are calculated to excite in the bosom of a friend. It caused me to look around upon the situations of a number of my acquaintances, who sat out in life under the sunshine of prosperity, many of whose days have since been clouded by trouble and adversity. I have been thinking whether they suffer most, who

see the stroke inevitable, a considerable time before it arrive, or those upon whom it falls suddenly and unexpectedly. I have experienced something of the former, and believe both to be very hard for poor mortals to bear; but endure it we must, when it falls to our lot. We cannot flee nor get from under it, in our own way and time. When the cup may not pass from us, we can do nothing better than endeavour to be resigned.

“By resignation we defeat the worst that can annoy,
And suffer with far more repose than worldlings can enjoy.”

I was much pleased to hear thy dear parents had supported their trial with considerable fortitude and composure. The feelings of the younger part of the family must be more acute than theirs. The prospect that they may have more days to live in this world, wherein they might do good with the blessings of wealth, and enjoy them longer, doubtless aggravates their distress. But my dear creatures, you must endeavour to become resigned. Providence is all-sufficient. You may yet be as happy as if this adversity had never befallen you: if not, who shall presume to say to the All-wise Disposer of events, “what doest thou?”

I am no enthusiast respecting dreams, but several times of late, I have had such concerning your family, as have caused pleasing sensations to rest upon my mind after I awoke. Thy dear father was particularly distinguished: I saw him, at three different times, in a

large assembly of serious, good-looking people ; he did not appear younger than he is, but was more beautiful, graceful, and dignified, than I can describe, and he always recognised me in the company.

I know not that these dreams imply any thing more than that you are frequently in my thoughts by day, with this difference : when mentally with you in my wakeful hours, I feel anxiety ; when in dreams of the night, a solemn sweetness rests upon my mind.

My health has been very poor through the winter, and my cough worse than usual. I have had a sore throat for the last six weeks, which renders the cough very distressing. I can take no rest at night, but under the effect of laudanum, which is very distressing to me ; but I hope to decline the use of it when my throat gets better.

If my family could spare me, I should be very happy to get to Heaven, where, a daily hope cheers me, I shall arrive at last. As to this world, it contains nothing to please or gratify me, though sufficient to prevent me from murmuring or repining at my lot.

I sometimes indulge the pleasing idea of meeting in those blissful regions, whither my spirit is bound, many whom I esteemed and loved whilst yet they were clothed with the habiliments of mortality.

If I should not write to cousin H., please to tell her I received her letter, and the reason I have not answered it is my feeling so poorly. I have had to decline the use of my pen, except where unavoidable ; but to-

day I am somewhat animated to exert it. I have not written a letter of such length for months. I think it is time for me now to conclude. With dear love to each and all of you, I subscribe myself

S. MASON.



“The preceding letter appears to be the last she ever traced, as through the spring and summer her cough was wearisome, and her physical powers very languid.

“It is encouraging to observe the efficacy of religion in mitigating the toil of human life, under the pressure of sore disease. Here she is holding out to the afflicted burden-bearer a place of refuge from every storm, whilst she permits the pleasing anticipation of recognising, in the mansions of everlasting blessedness, those to whom her sympathies and her affections were united, when fellow probationers, by the strong bond of a mutual alliance with Him, by whose Spirit all his devoted children, of whatever sect, or wherever scattered upon the face of the earth, are united into one body, of which he is the Head. Clothed with this sure badge of discipleship, she was prepared to assimilate in feeling with all who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity of heart. Hence her intercourse with those who differed from her in religious opinions, was not thereby restrained. But, faithful to the light of truth, as opened upon her

own mind in early life, she was neither afraid nor ashamed to support those testimonies which designate the sect of which she was a member, fully believing in their sufficiency to guide in safety through life's besetting snares, and in the regeneration for which they call, secure to the soul an admittance into that Kingdom prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world. She closed in peace her earthly sojourn, on the 11th of the 10th month, 1805, leaving an indubitable evidence upon the minds of those who best knew her walk through fifty-seven years of probation, that her 'faith was no fancy,' nor yet her 'hope a dream,' but that they were to her the power of an endless life, begun in time, and now swallowed up in fruition in a blissful eternity."



"I have subjoined a few letters from her correspondents, for the purpose of adding disinterested testimony to the estimation which her mental and religious attainments had obtained for her."

BENJAMIN SWETT TO SUSANNA HOPKINS.

Burlington, 6th Mo. 2nd, 1772.

DEAR FRIEND,

If I thought I could in the least degree contribute to the real satisfaction of my friend Susan, by a reply to her letter of the 15th of the 3d month last, it would

sufficiently compensate for the trouble ; but when I view my own inability to effect that which is intrinsically good, I am almost ready to waive an essay thereto ; but I hope I shall be preserved from injuring that which is good, if I cannot promote it. Therefore in a degree of simplicity, and a feeling sense of my own weakness, do I at this time repeat my continued esteem for thee my friend, and hope that however distant from each other, our access to the same Divine sensations is often participated wherein we are brought to remember each other for good. In this enjoyment, the soul is enlivened and animated to hope that a short period will centre us in a habitation that is eternal, which fadeth not away, where we shall never separate, but live to worship, adore, and magnify the Lord God and the Lamb, who giveth to his humble followers the victory over every impediment to these sublime blessings. Therefore, I hope our fight will not be in vain, as it is through Him only we are made conquerors. Thus, my dear friend, the heart of the humble traveller experiences the administration of strength, even in the midst of weakness, from the blessed assurance that the Lamb and his followers shall have the victory. Therefore let us reverently adore his mercy and supplicate his power to enable us, (as I trust we have enlisted under his royal banner) to become valiant in this fight, that his glory may not be stained by any act of our own, but on the contrary in our measure, we may proclaim it to others, by and through our good conduct, for it is written, “ a

City that is set on a hill cannot be hid," hence we are exhorted in scripture to let our lights so shine before men, that others seeing our good works may have cause to glorify his name. A capacity to fulfil this holy injunction can be attained only by an humble attention to Divine grace revealed in the heart. I write not this from a belief that thou knowest it not, for I am assured they are thy sentiments, but perhaps the confirmation thereof as my experience may not weaken thee in thy journey Zionward.

I am with a joint stock of love from my wife and S. M., thy affectionate friend,

BENJAMIN SWETT, Jr.



FROM ANTHONY BENEZETT, TO S. H.

Philadelphia, 31st of 3d Mo., 1775.

I have often, dear S., thought of thee with concern and sympathy, understanding how much thou hast been affected with the misconduct of that unhappy woman. I have often mentally queried, as though thou hadst been present, why dost thou thus suffer thyself to be so much afflicted: is there any thing in this world that deserves an anxious thought but how to be fitted to leave it? Are not disappointments of this kind meant to drive us to seek comfort in God alone? But I must acknowledge, that to a tender, sympathizing mind, abuse and ingratitude, particularly where we have sincerely en-

deavoured to serve the party, is one of the hardest trials. With persons in whom the selfish nature is unsubdued, the human heart is hard and bad, as the Indian expresses it, until radically changed by grace. This I have frequently to my cost, found to be the case of such as went under the appearance, and were ready to persuade themselves that they were persons of extraordinary piety. Nevertheless, every degree of selfishness indulged, particularly under a cloak of religion, is a torment to the party. That poor woman, by the prevalence of wrong propensities, is already herself, as well as the sorrowful family with whom she is connected, sufficiently miserable. We will draw a veil over what is past. Let us improve by the experience hereby gained, and learn to look to God alone for strength and comfort. Where pride and want of candour, and of course ingratitude, are suffered to prevail in any, especially high professors, such are sick of a bad distemper, and are objects of great pity. Thy resolution to seek for strength and comfort in retirement and silence, is very much my own. Nevertheless, in the way of our duty, or in the worship of God, where we meet with help from our fellow men, it is matter of joy. There is, as it were, a repeated cry in the ear of my mind, "Come away;—come away from any hope of true happiness from the world, or expectation of any real comfort or strength, but from God alone."

"Lean not on earth,—'t will pierce thee to the heart,

A broken reed at best, if not a spear."—YOUNG.

With sincere affection, I remain thy friend.

FROM JOB SCOTT TO SUSANNA MASON.

Portsmouth, 11th of 6th Mo. 1788.

DEAR SUSANNA,

I seasonably received thy token of kind remembrance dated first month last, which afforded satisfaction on the fresh revival of sympathetic nearness : for although it was far from me to have forgotten thee, yet thy lines tended to quicken the sensibility of remembrance.

I shall make no apology for my long silence either before or since thine came to hand.

The Lord knows how it has been with me, and I scarcely wish thou or any one else *should know* : however, at this moment I fully believe with a sensible writer, “all is best as it has been, excepting the errors of our own free will :” let this apply to thy trials as well as to mine. But do we expect to be exempt from trials ? Then let us conclude at once to relinquish all claim to Divine favour, renounce our adoption, and be content to drag out an unjoyful life here below, as bastards and not sons : Will this do ? Oh no ! it will not, it cannot do for *me*, nor for *thee*. How some who have known but little of any thing better, may possibly weather out the storms of life to some tolerable degree of content in the mere enjoyment of terrestrials, I will not presume positively to decide ; but sure I am, that we can never have true joy in life unblessed by that presence which is not long vouchsafed to shine upon us, before our tribulations are, and will be, in one shape or another *renewed*. And blessed be the hand that renews them : And blessed be the power that so orders

and directs that this revolution, this rotation and change are still carried on in us. Oh! miserable moment, should it ever arrive, when our souls are left at ease, unanxious for the turnings of that holy hand which *fills* and *empties* and *fills*. Hear what he saith, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn, until he come, whose right it is, and I will give it him." And so it *must* be; there is no other way: he does not say it may, or it may not be so, but "I will," and indeed he *must*, in all that are given to him, and this overturning is of absolute necessity renewed in us from time to time, even after we have thought every thing was subdued, and not one stone left upon another in the house of our hearts. For that wound which seems deadly, is too apt to heal again, and then in great loving-kindness the wounding instrument is again exercised upon us, and must be exercised till we come to love it, and not flinch from, or shun the keenness of its edge; nay, not in any degree. Then comes he to reign whose right it is: "Here is the faith and patience of the saints." "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and seen the end of the Lord." Here is the Lord's end and gracious purpose in the turnings of his hand in judgment. Thus, the ministration of condemnation and tribulation is glorious; let him therefore whose right it is, not only overturn every thing in us once or twice only, but overturn, overturn, overturn, till thorough work is made, and his glorious kingdom brought in, even here on earth, and his will done as in Heaven.

As to the mysteries in the Revelations ; I am cautious of meddling with them unless immediately opened, lest I should be found busied in that which pertaineth to the number of the beast which is but the number of a *man*, and never did or can rise to the number of Christ, or to the true Sabbath of rest from all *creaturely activity and conceiving* : for this is on the Seventh day, and goes beyond the number of the beast's name, or the *number of a man* ; however high it rises, it never gets to the *Sabbath*, never gets to the *sevens* but falls below in the *sixes*. Oh ! how near it can come up, how near it counts in *resemblance*, and its refined activity being multiplied, and magnified, mounts high in estimation, and rises to six hundred three score and six, that is 666 ; great and specious indeed, and seemingly much refined, yet all below the seventh, the true Sabbath wherein man rests from all his works, as God did from *his*. Here is wisdom : let him that hath wisdom count the number of this name, and press forward into that which is wanting of the seven, for it is not of or by man, and as man it ever will be wanting, and though it is but one, it is the one thing needful ; and that which is wanting cannot be numbered : Therefore let us press forward into that rest which remaineth for the people of God, beyond the number of a man, in the true and everlasting Sabbath of God. This, I doubt not, is thy travail and sincere desire, and with a wish that thou and I may therein more and more succeed,

I rest thy assured friend,

JOB SCOTT.

*Extract from a letter from Catharine Haines, to
S. M.*

Philadelphia, 11th Mo. 13th, 1791.

I perused thy salutary letter, my beloved friend, with much pleasure; but many engagements at that time prevented me from answering it. The next week I went to uncle Wistar's. Cousin C. and I, often recurred to the few pleasant hours we spent with thee, and were united in a wish to repeat the visit; but cousin could not leave home, so we suspended a personal interview until a more favourable period. Should this period prove a distant one, I sincerely desire we may be had in each other's remembrance, amidst the many vicissitudes we may have to pass through.

Very just is thy observation, "as the health of our bodies, so neither is a comfortable state of mind always at our command." I sometimes think there is no person, whose mind is so tossed, so barren and weak as my own; almost void of that settled calmness I see my friends blessed with, and those too, who have the thorny path of affliction meted to them. Trials and afflictions make up our bill of fare through the journey of life; though some have their lots more chequered than others; and how apt are we to conclude our own the worst. "In this world ye shall have trouble." This is really verified to all; but how abundantly are some supported, far beyond human compre-

hension, with *His* holy preserving ARM of Power, who alone is able to stay the poor mind in its most pinching conflicts. May thou and I, my dear friend, witness the efficacy of Divine help and strength extended to us, is the fervent desire of thy poor friend,

CATHARINE HAINES.

Philadelphia, 10th Mo. 1st, 1795.

TO S. MASON.

I had a little expectation of seeing thee here at this Yearly Meeting, as I thought it would be refreshing to thy bodily health and encouraging to thy tried mind; but as that is not the case, I felt a desire to visit thee in this way, although it is almost impossible for me to say any thing that will in the least alleviate thy late uncommon distress; but thou knowest where help is only to be found, and in this Helper thou hast, no doubt, taken refuge in the day of tribulation. He then vouchsafes more peculiarly to own his servants, and cover them with his loving kindness. From my small experience, great afflictions are more easily borne than trifling ills: for, at such seasons the mind is not so humiliated, and the cross occurrences of life take a deeper hold; but when the stroke of Death rends from us a beloved friend, we feel in great measure loose from earth, and cast all our cares and hopes on Omnipotence, and feel that nothing here is worth building upon.

Thou hast had a tried path in this life ; but hast thou not also had bread to eat which the world knew not of ? When I have been looking over thy various troubles, my heart has been sorrowful, and I have queried with myself, what dost thou not owe for favours received ? and yet what poor returns ! At other seasons, when the world has allured, I have even wished for afflictions, to keep me in my place ; then again looked at thee with very different sentiments, believing thy tribulated path has been sanctified to thee.

I fully intended visiting you before you left Chester County, but the roads being nearly impassable in the spring, and my leaving home for New York, prevented. I passed some time in that place, which was favoured with our truly honourable European women, at their Yearly Meeting ; from thence they went to the Annual Meeting held at Newport, Rhode Island, which I also was at. Their company has been sweet to my mind : I never felt myself so fervently united to any friend as to dear Deborah Darby, and have had frequent trials in my mind to suppress the more than filial love I feel towards her. How seldom do we see, as in her, a woman of the first estimation, as to family and wealth, so divested of all self-superiority ! She is all softness, and sweet humility is conspicuous in every word and action. But thou *knowest her*. Rebecca Young is also a dignified woman, and of uncommon stability : she appears to have given all up to the Master. They intend for your Yearly Meeting ; and by the return of

the young man who drives their wagon, I should be pleased with the information of thy health, and whether thy present residence affords the place thou wished for.

My love to thy husband and children.

Farewell, dear Susan. Thy affectionate

CATHARINE F. WISTAR.

SELECTIONS BY S. M.

All tempers are increased by indulgence, and the more we yield to any disposition to evil, the stronger it grows; it is therefore certain that self-denial is our only cure.

Some would be very sorry to be remarked for an envious and malicious spirit, who at the same time make the faults of their acquaintances the pleasure of their lives, and who turn all their conversation into evil speaking and detraction.

Innocence is no protection against tyrannical power. Accusing is proving, where malice and force are joined in the prosecution. Force governs the world, and success consecrates the cause. What avails it the lamb to have the better cause if the wolf have the stronger teeth? It is no use to stand reasoning where the adversary is both party and judge.

“ With the permission of a friend, the subjoined piece of poetry, of trans-atlantic origin, has been added to this volume. The language of encouragement and consolation it holds out to the tribulated traveller, assailed ‘ with doubts and fears,’ has induced me to desire its publication.”

Traveller, through this vale of tears,
 Art thou tried with doubts and fears ?
 Does the tempter still assail,
 'Till thou thinkst he must prevail ?
 Do the clouds that intervene
 Dim the light thou once hast seen ?
 Dost thou fear thy faith is gone,
 And that thou art left alone,
 A wanderer on life's dreary coast,
 Thy guide and comfort nearly lost ?

Hear a fellow traveller's lay
 One who has trod this painful way,
 Who in the journey he has past,
 Has met with many a bitter blast ;
 Upon whose head the storm has beat,
 And many a thorn has pierc'd his feet,
 But matchless mercy hitherto
 Has interposed and brought him through ;
 And has enabled him to raise
 At times the cheerful song of praise.

In patience, then, possess thy soul—
 Stand still,—for while the thunders roll

Thy Saviour sees thee through the gloom,
And will to thy assistance come:
Trust—humbly trust in his defence,
Preserve thy hope and confidence:
To him apply in humble prayer,
On him, in faith, cast all thy care,—
Then will the tempest pass away—
Then will the night give place to day—
And thou rejoicingly shalt find,
These trials wisely were design'd,
To subject every wish of thine
Completely to the Will Divine,
To fix thy heart on things above,
To fill thy soul with heavenly love,
And through the power of mighty grace
To fit thee for that glorious place,
Where saints and angels round the throne
For ever sing “Thy will be done.”

THE END.



JUL 10 1934

